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COUNTRIE  
TOWNE



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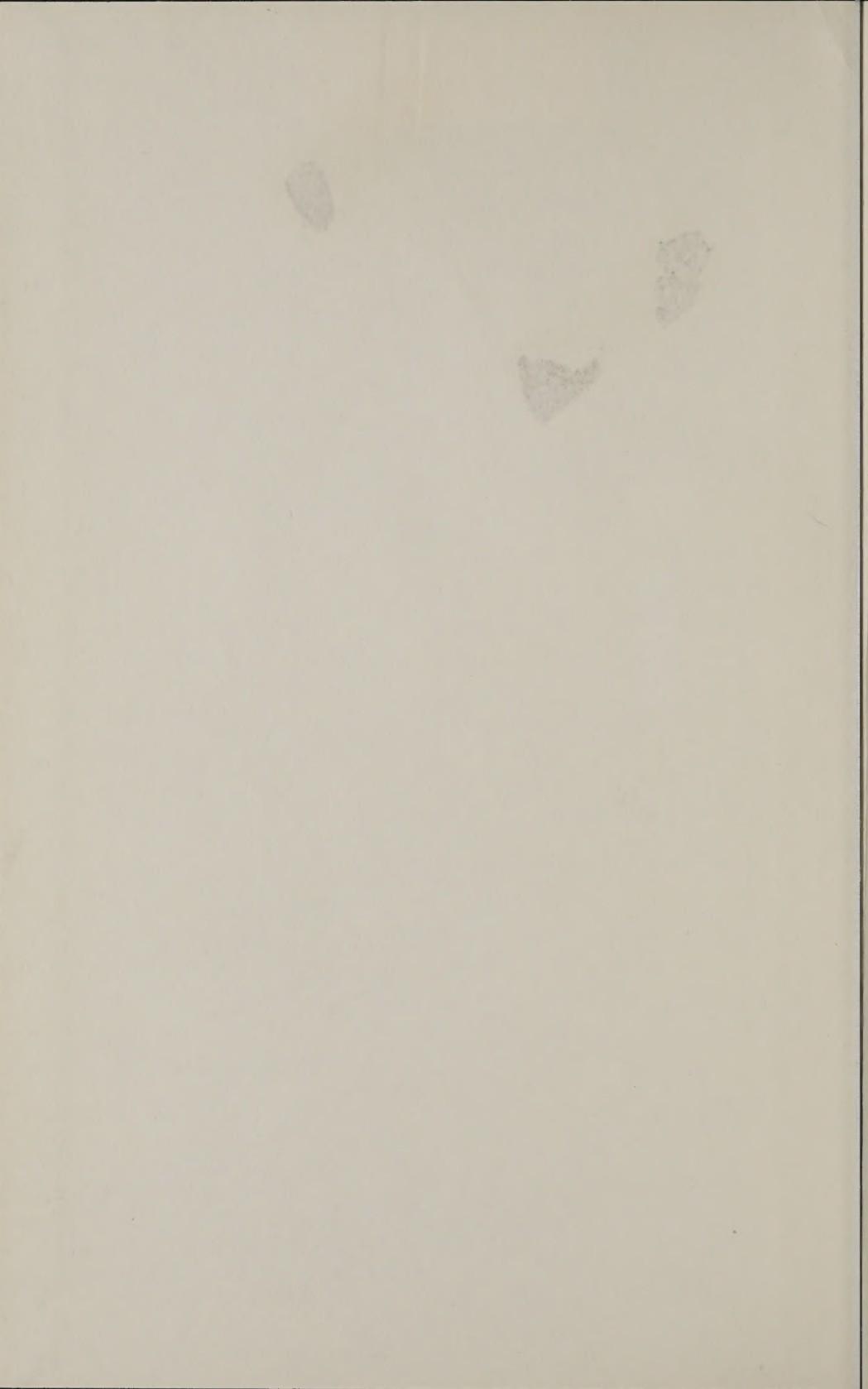
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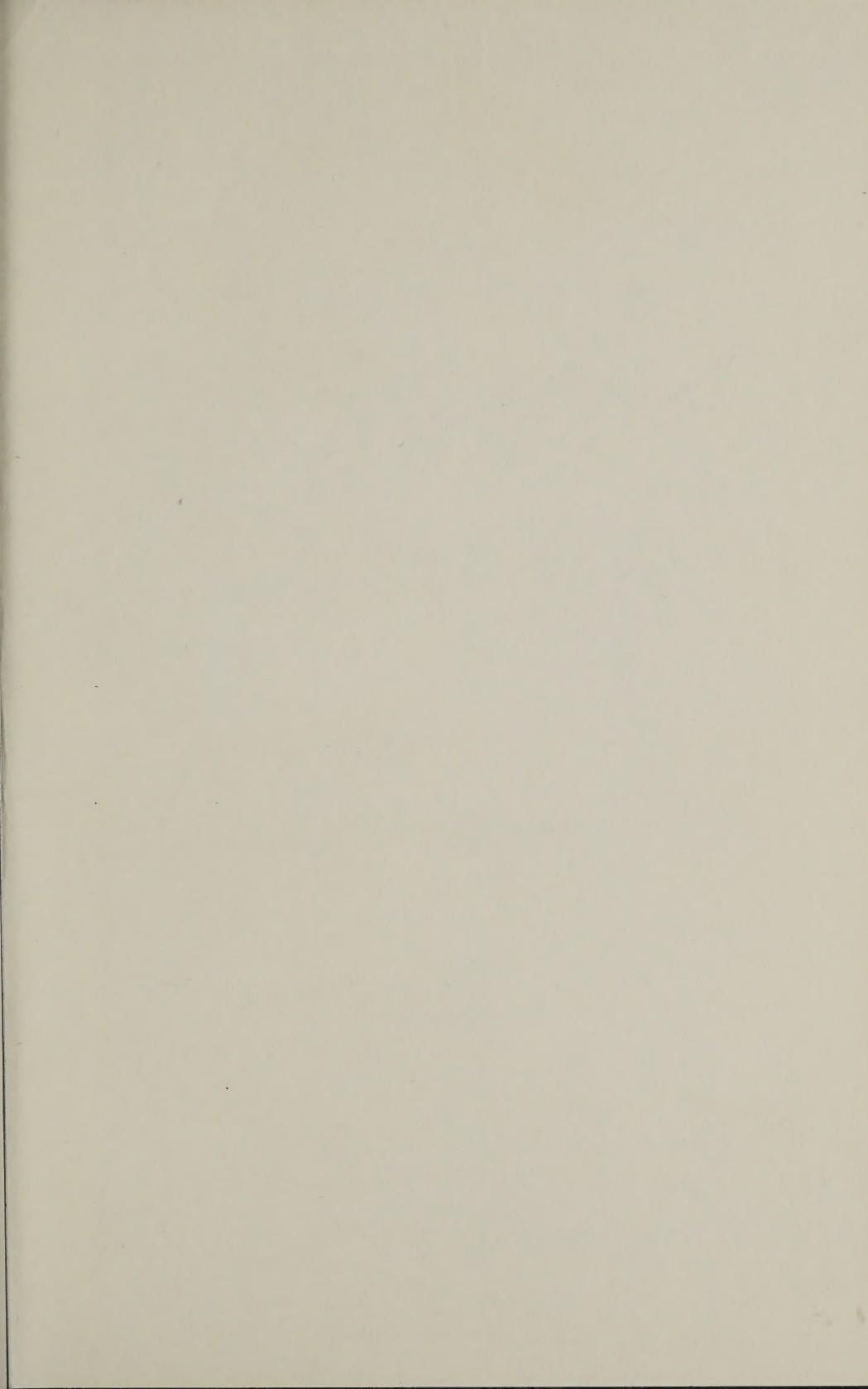
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We are tomorrow's past

J.W. Harris

Sept. 17, 1954







# **“A Greene Countrie Towne”**

Based on the  
CHRONICLES OF GREENFIELD AND THE  
COUNTY McARTHUR  
1799-1870



By  
**FRANK RAYMOND HARRIS**  
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Author of:  
*“Itchin’ Feet: Around the World in Fifty Years”*

Sponsored by  
**GREENFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**ROSS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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YEARBOOK OF THE STATE OF  
OHIO - 1954

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GENERAL DUNCAN McARTHUR  
1772 — 1840

PIONEER AND PATRIOT  
FOUNDER OF GREENFIELD 1799  
SOLDIER OF THE WAR OF 1812  
COMMANDER OF ALL THE ARMIES OF THE  
NORTHWEST TERRITORY 1814  
GOVERNOR OF OHIO 1832-1834

### McARTHUR'S VISION

An early springtime morning, sweet with dew,  
The trees as green as Eden's garden knew;  
A stranger walked the fragrant forest trail  
While his companions slept — so goes the tale;  
Surveyors, hardy, brave and skilled were they,  
With rod and compass to lay out the way.  
Westward the stranger's questing footsteps led  
Through paths the lithe Red Man was wont to tread;  
The morning scene with radiant light aglow,  
The silver stream that we call "Paint" below;  
McArthur then, with eager steps, returned  
To join his comrades where the camp fire burned,  
They noted well the beauty of the place  
Before they went their way the road to trace;  
To found a town was in McArthur's mind,  
A site more suitable, where could he find?  
He saw, as looking down the coming years,  
In homes, Life's pattern traced in joys and tears;  
New homes in which to toil and love and pray,  
Around whose humble doors would children play.  
Above the stream, upon the gentle slope,  
A church, the sacred shrine of Faith and Hope,  
Would stand; upon the hillside near, a school,  
Where Youth might profit both by rod and rule;  
And well the Founder knew that soon or late  
Would come the messenger all men await,  
So, on the slope that greets the morning sun,  
Was made a place to sleep when toil is done.  
Along the years the Founder's dream took form  
In rude log structures, then in nobler mold  
Of planed and polished wood and chiseled stone,  
As year by year Life's story was retold.  
Few traces of the wilderness remain,  
That virgin growth the early settlers found;  
We walk paved streets that then were tangled trails  
And Nature smiles in well tilled farms around.

\* \* \* \*

And now . . . we mark a century and half  
Of years, each with its miracle of spring,  
Since that far distant April morning dawned  
With dew-washed leaf and flutter of soft wing.

— MARGARET PLYLEY MURRAY

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*Remembrance of things Past*  
— SHAKESPEARE

### **"A GREENE COUNTRIE TOWNE"**

Its hills are green as emeralds in the dewy dawn,  
It's just a bit of Arden that God has smiled upon.

Its streets begin as country roads and ramble on and on,  
Past little wooden houses with a bit of lawn.

The Blue Bird sings in every yard and every garden plot  
Is fragrant with the lilac and the blue forget-me-not.

Riot run the roses and the hollyhocks,  
Every nook discloses buds in dainty frocks.

The sunlight sifts and filters through the branches overhead;  
With arabesques of gold and shade, the flagstone walks are spread.

A little creek winds lazily, meandering up and down  
Through meadows thick with sedges on the edges of the town.

It's not a populous metropolis with power in the air,  
And tom-toms beating endlessly on every thoroughfare.

It's just a little country town old Father Time forgot  
But it has a calm serenity the Big Town hasn't got.

The folks you meet along the way have time to chat with you  
And pass a cheery "time o' day" with strangers passing through.

It's just a friendly sort of place to live and work and play  
And when Sunday rolls around to go to church and pray.

It has no topless towers to tumble over on you bye and bye,  
It's a peaceful place, a pleasant place to live your life — and die.

This little town, this country town our fathers used to know,  
Is nothing but a memory, it vanished long ago.

But sometimes in the dead of night when goblins hold their sway  
Our streets are filled with shadowy forms, the ghosts of yesterday.

— F. R. HARRIS

## **DEDICATION**

One hot summer afternoon I happened to cross the Public Square which has been the center of Greenfield's social and business life for a hundred and fifty years. It was as quiet and somnolent as a Mexican plaza during the siesta hour. The only sign of life and activity was a group of young people on one of the corners. I caught a snatch of their conversation as I passed by. "Nothing ever happens here," one of the boys complained. This is the story of a town where nothing ever happens — just "a heap o' livin'." I would like to dedicate it to

### **THE YOUNGER GENERATION**

whose ancestors conquered the wilderness and bequeathed to them the priceless heritage they enjoy today. We hope and believe that the contemplation of the hardy virtues of their fathers will inspire them "to match those noble ancestors with virtues of their own and by their fruits proclaim the stock whence they themselves have grown."

— F. R. HARRIS

Greenfield, Ohio,  
June 1, 1954

## LOOKING BACKWARD

"A people without a history is like the wind in the buffalo grass," so runs an old Indian saying. Greenfield has had a history, a rich and fruitful history. It is older than the state of Ohio. It began its existence as a part of the Northwest Territory out of which six great states have been carved. Its basic law was the *Ordinance of 1787*, one of the great charters of human liberty. The people of Greenfield may well be proud of the fact that they live in a land that has never known the taint of human slavery. On the first engraved map of the state of Ohio, made by John F. Manifried in 1806, its name appears in letters as large as those accorded to Cincinnati. It was one of a dozen or so settlements which dotted the vast area north of the Ohio, bounded by the Scioto and Miami rivers, known as the Virginia Military District. Its history is not unlike the history of all pioneer settlements — first a cluster of rude log cabins along Main street on the site of an Indian village where wolves howled in the streets on winter nights; then a straggling "green country town" largely dependent upon its agricultural interests for support; and, finally, the thriving little city of today, affording all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

An Oldtimer, returning to the scene of his happy boyhood days, finds that time has not stood still in the old home town. Old landmarks have disappeared, old buildings have been demolished, some have had their faces lifted, others have moved to other locations and seem none too happy in their new environment. Greenfield is no longer a town of stone, as it was described by a visitor from a distant state in the Nineties. The general store with its cracker barrel and brass spittoon has given way to the supermarket where everything from coffee to breakfast bacon is cellophane, dated and vacuum-sealed. Grass no longer grows in the streets. Hitching racks have been replaced by parking meters along the curbs. The lightning rod has given way to the TV aerial. The cast-iron stag no longer adorns the lawns of the more pretentious houses. The wooden Indian in feathers and full regalia no longer guards the entrance to the tobacco shop. The dapple-gray horse of *papier-mache* has disappeared from the saddlery shop. Only the red and white barber pole remains, reminiscent of the days when barbers found a profitable sideline in blood-letting. The blacksmith whose sinewy arms were "strong as iron bands" has given way to the "grease monkey" of the modern garage and filling station. The old log pump on the Public Square no longer dispenses refreshment to man and beast. It has been replaced by a bubbling fountain but the water it dispenses is still the coolest and sweetest in the forty-eight states.

The skyline in the business section still has a vaguely familiar appearance but the shops look out from behind new and fancy facades and the names above the doors are not those the Oldtimer knew in the days of his youth. Old customs and old costumes have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. A new generation has taken possession of the old home town, intent on working out its own design for living and working it out in its own way. For

*"Childhood's town of long ago  
Is always what we used to know;  
And when we visit it today,  
How we resent each alien way  
Which breaks our cherished mental mold,  
As it grows new . . . and we grow old."*

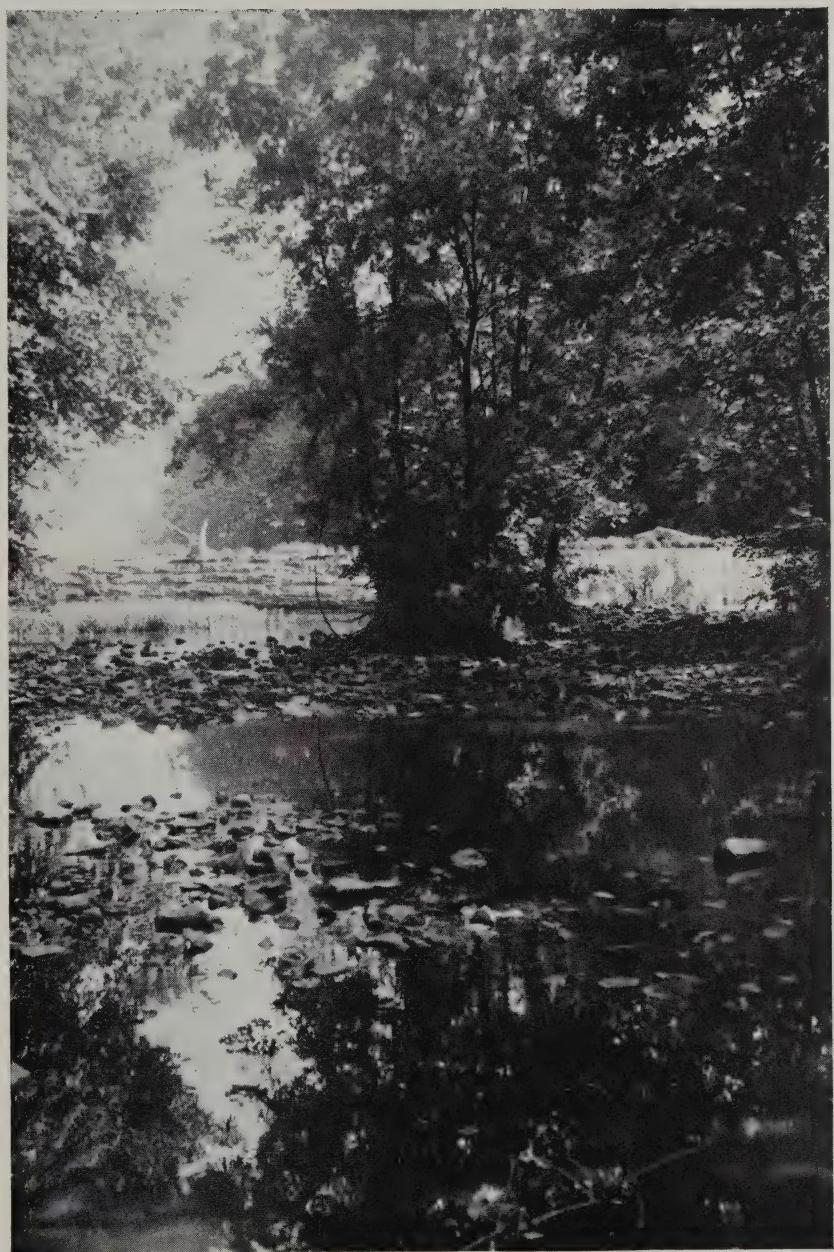
A few things remain fixed and immutable, however. The town still rests on its old foundations. Time has not robbed it of its superb setting. Paint Creek of beloved memory still meanders through fertile meadows and rocky gorges on its way to join the Scioto. And "the distant hills still swing up and down the land, like burly giants roistering together hand in hand." The old Town Clock still marks off the flight of time although its four dials rarely agree upon the time of day. Sometimes it refuses to strike at all, occasionally it throws in an extra strike or two for good measure. Once in the long ago it is said to have gone on a rampage and struck ninety-nine times without stopping. The Oldest Inhabitant attributes its eccentricities to the fact that Greenfield and Hillsboro ordered clocks from the same firm at the same time and, by mistake, Greenfield got Hillsboro's clock. However that may be, the old clock seems to say, "I am too old to change, you keep your time, I'll keep mine."

There is a Greenfield which exists only in the memory of a fast receding past; in fact, there are many Greenfields which were cherished by those who knew and loved them. A community is not a static thing. It is not a place where time stands still. It is continually altering its form to meet the changing conditions of an ever changing world. It is like a series of dissolving views which fade into each other. The backgrounds change slowly, almost imperceptibly, but they change inexorably. Yet a thread of continuity runs through it all, connecting the past with the present, binding the old to the new, giving to the community an individuality all its own. "The more we change, the more we remain the same."

Gold is where you find it. Like gold the material out of which these *Chronicles* have been made has been found in unexpected places — in family scrapbooks redolent with the fragrance of the days that are no more; in old newspapers carefully folded and laid away but now in an advanced state of disintegration; in ancient records and deeds; in the minutes of organizations which have long

since passed away; in old books and manuscripts, hastily scribbled letters, notes and diaries; and particularly in the reminiscences of Oldtimers who, having reached their anecdoteage, live more in the past than in the present. "There's gold in them thar hills." All you have to do is find it. We have taken our material where we found it, we have used it in whole or in part, sometimes in quotation marks, sometimes in paraphrase. We have given credit where credit is due but sometimes material from many different sources has been so interwoven into the warp and woof of the narrative that it is impossible to separate the strands without destroying the fabric. Our only hope is to preserve some of the facts which, if not soon recorded in some permanent form, will be lost to posterity.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Greenfield Daily Times* in whose columns the *Chronicles of Greenfield* and the *County McArthur* — a mythical county which might have been but never was — were published in 1948 and 1949 as background material for Greenfield's Sesquicentennial, the finest cooperative effort ever made by the citizens of our town. We are indebted to Virgil Whited and Fred Addy for the Sesqui views; to James V. Oldham for many local views, particularly those of the historic houses of Greenfield; and to many people living and dead, for the material out of which these *Chronicles* were made. The poems scattered through the book are all the work of Greenfield poets. The story of Greenfield's first one hundred and fifty years will be continued in *Hometown Chronicles* covering the period from 1870 to 1949.



Upper mill dam. Island grove in the background dates from 1802.



Upper — Ruins of first lime kiln, 1810

Lower — Corner of first quarry, 1810



## PART I

# PIONEER TOWN 1799 — 1825

*Study the past if you would divine the future.*

— CONFUCIUS

**THE GLACIAL BOULDER**

Half sunk in earth, naught stirs thy slumber deep  
Save once a century a lightning scar  
Or once a century an earthquake jar  
Starts memories that through thy dreamings creep  
Like troubling phantasies to one asleep —  
Dreams from the past eternities afar,  
Ere fire-mist had congealed to crystal spar —  
Dreams of the glacier's slow majestic sweep  
Strewing a continent with giant traces —  
Dreams of the mountains moving from their bases,  
Or of the cloven ice-field's thundrous roar  
By Titans riv'n in elemental war.  
Nature has calmed to kindlier mood with age:  
Thou knewest her youthful riot's Amazonian rage.

— ARTHUR B. DUNLAP

## 1.

*Foundations of Stone*

A hundred million years ago the foundations of Greenfield were laid on the bottom of a shallow sea which covered all its site. The warm waters of the sea fairly swarmed with marine organisms. Ripley tells us that an oyster, if left to its own devices for four generations, would produce a pile of shells eight times the size of the earth. Fortunately an oyster is never left entirely to its own devices; otherwise we would be sitting on top of a pile of shells reaching half way to the moon. The marine organisms which filled the waters of the shallow inland sea deposited their shells and bony structures in the calcareous ooze at the bottom of the sea. Eventually the waters receded and the calcareous ooze hardened into the sandstone, shale, dolomite and limestone which form the bluffs along Paint Creek and constitute the foundation upon which Greenfield rests today. No town ever had a firmer foundation. A mere three hundred thousand years ago glaciers moved down from the North, slowly but inexorably altering the face of the land, covering it with a great ice-cap which lasted two hundred and fifty thousand years. They rounded our hills, leveled our plains and plowed furrows through the bedrock for our rivers and creeks. Eventually the great ice-cap receded, leaving behind immense deposits of glacial drift, sand and gravel, silt and rich alluvial soil.

To the geologist Paint Creek Valley is one of the most interesting spots in Ohio as it affords ample proof of the existence of the Ice Age. For twenty miles of its course, the Paint offered an impassable barrier to the further advance of the glaciers. North of the Paint there is abundant evidence of these glaciating agencies not only in the form of glacial drift but in huge granite boulders, weighing from twenty to thirty tons, which had been caught up by the glaciers, carried many hundreds of miles and deposited in our own backyard. South of the Paint there is no evidence of these glaciating agencies. On the high plateaus of this section it is possible to walk for hours without seeing a single granite boulder. The glaciers, checked by Paint Creek, piled its channel high with great ice masses in the vicinity of Slate Mills forcing the stream to cut a channel through the solid rock in order to reach the Scioto. The walls of the new gorge were rough and sharp and evidently of a much later origin than the weather-worn, honey-combed cliffs through which the Paint flows at other points along its course.

After the ice-cap had receded the trees appeared. The greatest hardwood forest which the world has ever known grew up in the Ohio Valley. A squirrel could journey all the way from the Al-

legheñies to the Mississippi without touching foot to the ground. It took fifty thousand years to produce that forest. In slightly more than a century and a half we have almost destroyed it. The bottom-lands along the Paint were covered with a dense growth of vines and shrubs, with pawpaws, dogwood, blackhaw, sassafras, redbud and the occasional wild cucumber tree whose fruit, we are assured, made an excellent tonic bitters when steeped in whisky. The up-lands were covered with a virgin forest of elm, oak, walnut, chestnut, hickory and sycamore. An occasional natural meadow could be found in this vast forest where wild millet and blue grass grew abundantly. Such a meadow could be found within the present limits of Greenfield just south of the Old Burial Ground. It was a favorite rendezvous of the Indians before the white man came.

## 2.

*Paint Creek*

*Paint Creek* may not be “the longest creek in the world,” as one writer describes it, but it is certainly one of the most beautiful. It rises in Clark county, flows placidly through the fertile meadows of Madison and Fayette. As it approaches Greenfield it acquires some of the scenic splendor for which it is noted among the smaller streams of Ohio. Above the town is beautiful Island Grove, once a popular summer resort, and the highly picturesque old mill dam. Along its eastern border, it forms a long narrow island, bordered by man-made cliffs and abandoned quarry ponds which lend a pictorial touch to this section of Greenfield. Below the town the creek traverses a section of green-clad hills and wild scenic beauty which long ago gained for it the title of the *Wonderland of Ohio*. From Greenfield to the *Falls of the Paint*, the stream traverses every foot of the great Niagara series known to geologists as the *Silurian System*.

Here in the *Valley of the Kings* are the famous *Seven Caves of Ohio*, two thousand feet of subterranean caverns and passages along a winding trail, a region of magnificent gorges, rocky ravines, lovely glens and strange, fantastic rock formations. A lofty dam has recently been constructed across the *Rocky Fork of Paint Creek*, creating the largest artificial lake in the state. It promises to become the favorite playground of the people of Ohio. This is a region rich in Indian lore.

An old book published in 1855, written by an Englishman named Thomas Pownall, contains a map of Ohio on which the *Paint* is designated the *Necusnia Skeintat*. No one seems to know the meaning or the derivation of the name. The Indians are known to

have called the *Paint* the *Olomon-Sepung*. It is mentioned by an early poet:

"Where the tall sycamore o'erhung  
Pellucid Olomong-Sepung  
The warrior rested from his flight  
And waited for the veil of night;  
Selecting then his strongest bow  
Enwrapped with wild cat's wiry thews,  
He from the sheaf of arrows chose  
Two shafts whose flints were sharpest clipped  
And in the deadliest venom dipped."

We do not know why the early settlers abandoned the name *Olomon-Sepung* which falls so trippingly from the tongue. In any event "Paint" happens to be the literal translation of *Olomon-Sepung*. An early Chronicler tells us that the name is derived from the practice of the Indians who were wont to resort to the Copperas hills along the stream where they daubed their bodies with red clay. One of these red clay banks is found between Greenfield and Bainbridge. The early settlers, it is said, used the red clay to paint their barns. The iridescent play of color in the limpid waters of the stream, due to the presence of ochres and oxides of iron in its bed, made the name of *Paint* peculiarly appropriate.

Two tributaries of the *Paint*, the *Buckskin* and the *Rattlesnake*, have played an important part in the history of this community. The *Buckskin* owes its name to a skirmish between the early settlers and the Indians who had raided their farms and carried off horses and other plunder. The settlers caught up with the Indians on the banks of the *Buckskin* where they were busily engaged in drying deer skins, with the aid of a fire, in a hollow sycamore tree. The old sycamore stood for many years. It is said to have been so large that a man with a ten-foot pole on his shoulder could turn completely around in its interior. The *Rattlesnake* got its name from the immense number of rattlers of the spotted and black species which infested its banks and cliffs. Old settlers used to maintain that, in the spring when the snakes came out of their dens to bask in the sun, they were often seen "rolled up in large bundles and faggots half the size of a barrel, forming a frightful circle of heads, glaring eyes and forked, hissing tongues." One old settler was involved in a battle with the snakes, clubbing eighty-four to death.

There are a number of smaller creeks and runs which have endeared themselves to several generations of Greenfield youth. *Sugar Creek* prides itself on the fact that it is the birthplace of a famous Admiral of the U. S. Navy, the present Commander-in-chief of all the armies of the UN and the USA in the Far East and a prosperous Chicago racketeer who rides about in his own silver-plated limousine. *Walnut Creek* is the birthplace of Rex Stout, creator of Nero Wolfe and author of a score or more of celebrated detective

stories. Indian Creek has been celebrated by Frank Grubbs in song and story:

Dear little stream, one scarce would know  
 Which way your tepid waters flow,—  
 So dormant and so still you lie  
 Beneath the brazen summer sky.  
 In youth I trod your winding shore  
 And pebbled shallows o'er and o'er;  
 From source to mouth, no finny nook  
 But what I probed with line and hook.  
 Your name begets those earlier days  
 When wigwams decked your primal ways,  
 And Indian warriors roamed your vales  
 Or trod their far-flung tribal trails.  
 Dear little creek, I hold in fee  
 The joyance of your comradery,  
 And I would give all I possess  
 For those old days of happiness.

## 3.

*Prehistoric Inhabitants*

In the very dawn of human knowledge we find the *Valley of the Paint* the favorite abiding place of a mysterious race which, for want of a better name, we call the Mound Builders. They left behind them innumerable burial and ceremonial mounds which, when opened, disclosed a high degree of Paleolithic culture. Artifacts and ornaments taken from the mounds reveal that they were skilled artists and artisans. Where they went we do not know. Many authorities now believe that they were merely the ancestors of the Indians who succeeded them and who, in the course of time, had reverted to their old nomadic habits. Within easy access of Greenfield are many of the world's greatest earthworks. South of town near Bainbridge is the famous *Seip Mound*. Southwest of Greenfield is *Fort Hill* whose flat top is encircled by embankments of earth and weathered stone. Farther south is the *Great Serpent Mound*, stretching along the bluffs overlooking Brush creek and guarding, as one writer insists, "the entrance to the Garden of Eden." The smaller mounds near Greenfield were plowed under by the early settlers. Out of these mounds came vast quantities of ancient relics which now adorn private collections and museums.

After the Mound Builders came the Indians — the Shawnees, Wyandots, Delawares and Miamis. They paused in their wanderings to pitch their wigwams on the banks of the Paint, to fish in its waters and hunt in its forests. Even after the early settlers of Greenfield began to build their rude log cabins, there were Indian settle-

ments both above and below the town. The settlers lived on terms of friendly intercourse with their Indian neighbors. Within a few years most of the Redmen had migrated to the North but there are still a few settlements in Highland county whose inhabitants show unmistakable traces of Indian ancestry.

It is quite possible that the white man passed this way half a century before the first permanent settlement in Ohio. In the old family burial ground on the Dean farm east of Greenfield is an ancient limestone marker which presents a striking contrast to the sandstone markers with which the early settlers marked the graves of their loved ones. The earliest date on the sandstone markers is 1801 but, if you will push aside the vines and brambles which have grown over the limestone marker, you will find the initials C. F. and, underneath the initials, the date 1744. This would seem to indicate that white men reached the vicinity of Greenfield during the period of the French and Indian wars. Who these early visitors were is, of course, a matter of conjecture. They may have been either French or British soldiers who at that period were fighting for the possession of the Ohio country. They may have been exploring parties which passed this way.

It is even possible that they may have been squatters on the land. A few hardy souls did seek to establish homes in the wilderness long before the country was formally opened to settlement. They built rude log cabins in some favored spot, lived by hunting and fishing, maintaining their claim to the land on which they settled by what were known as "tomahawk rights." There is evidence that a white family lived on the Buckskin as early as 1779. When the first settlers of Greenfield arrived they found Job Wright perched in a log cabin on a bluff overlooking the Paint. The squatters were not outlaws. They were merely the vanguard of the land-hungry settlers who were soon to pour over the mountains into the Ohio Valley in vast numbers. They preceded the settlers and blazed the trail for them.

#### 4.

#### *Duncan McArthur*

The first recorded visit of the white man to the site of Greenfield occurred in 1796 when a party of surveyors, exploring the rolling uplands on the west bank of Paint creek, camped on the site somewhere in the vicinity of the present Public Square. Their slumbers the first night were disturbed by the howling of a pair of panther cubs in a near-by tree. The party consisted of William Rodgers, James Mannery, Joseph Clark, Thomas McDonald and Michael Thomas under the leadership of a bold and intrepid young frontiersman by the name of Duncan McArthur. Duncan is de-

scribed as "a splendid specimen of a man, upwards of six feet in height and straight as an arrow, hair and eyes black as night, complexion swarthy, his whole frame stout, athletic and vigorous, his step as elastic as a deer." His parents were fighting Scotch Highlanders. His mother belonged to the Campbell clan famous in border warfare between England and Scotland and celebrated in the song *The Campbells Are Coming*. His father belonged to the oldest clan in all Scotland. "Nothing has stood longer unless it be McArthur, the hills and the Devil," according to an old Scotch saying.

According to tradition the founder of the clan was King Arthur of the Round Table whose son, Smerve Mohr, took the name of McArthur which means the Son of Arthur. A variant spelling of the name is MacArthur. The fighting McArthurs were involved in plots and counterplots which made and unmade kings. John McArthur was beheaded by King James I of England because he feared his royal pretensions. But the McArthurs could not refrain from fighting. The clan was involved in the attempt of Prince Charles Edward, the Stuart pretender, to seize the throne of England. After the Battle of Culloden in 1746 they found it expedient to immigrate to America. A half dozen families of McArthurs settled in Dutchess county, New York. Here Duncan McArthur, son of John McArthur, was born January 14, 1772.

While a mere boy Duncan left home and joined a pack train engaged in transporting powder, lead, pots, kettles, blankets, rum and other merchandise over the mountains, a dangerous and hazardous occupation. Duncan became an expert rifle shot and versed in the lore of Indian fighting. At eighteen he joined the Harmar expedition against the Indians and floated down the Ohio to Fort Washington near Cincinnati. His extraordinary exploits as an Indian fighter and "spy" on the frontier are a part of the history of the Ohio country. A "spy," it might be explained, was a scout who went ahead or guarded the rear of a surveying party from attacks by the Indians.

The story of Duncan McArthur, whose name is inseparably linked with the early history of Greenfield, has all the elements of a Horatio Alger rags-to-riches story. The early Chronicler traces his rise step by step—"a farmer's boy, a packer, a private in the army, a salt boiler, a hunter and trapper, a spy on the frontier, a chain-bearer, a surveyor, a member of the legislature, and at last the highest honor in the gift of his adopted state, its governor." At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he was Major General of the State Militia. He offered the services of the entire militia to the federal government but the offer was not accepted as the army was enlisting only volunteers. Duncan announced his intention to "shoulder his firelock and march in the ranks." He enlisted as a private. Most of the Militia followed his example.

Duncan did not remain a private very long. Within a few months he had attained the rank of General, second only in command to General William Henry Harrison. Upon the resignation of General Harrison in 1814, he succeeded to the command of all the armies of the Northwest Territory and was set to invade Canada when the war came to a conclusion. After the war he served several terms in the state legislature, was elected to the United States Congress and served as Governor of Ohio. During his term of office he suffered a serious accident which crippled him for the rest of his life. He retired to Fruit Hill, his beautiful estate near Chillicothe, and there he died April 28, 1840. Greenfield has every reason to feel proud of its founder.

When Duncan pitched his camp on the future site of Greenfield in 1796, he found the rolling uplands very much to his liking. He was impressed by the beauty of the situation, the distant hills, the unbroken forests and the fertility of the bottom lands along the Paint. He was convinced that the uplands, with their natural drainage and abundance of pure water, would be an ideal site for a town. Most of the leaders of that day were ambitious to found towns. Highland county is dotted with such towns most of which were destined to remain mere hamlets or to disappear entirely. The plans of no less than ten "ghost towns" are on file in the county seat. McArthur was a canny Scot. He knew that land which could be purchased for  $66\frac{2}{3}$  cents per acre would bring many times that amount if sold in the form of town lots. He had been deeply impressed by the success of his friend and co-worker, Nathaniel Massie, who had founded the town of Chillicothe where lots were selling for the fabulous price of ten dollars apiece. On his return to Chillicothe, McArthur took steps to acquire title to the land on which he had camped.

## 5.

### *John Watt Survey*

Many Virginians who had served in the Revolutionary War crossed the mountains and settled in the Virginia Military District, a circumstance which accounts for the fact that this section of Ohio even today is more nearly akin to Virginia in manners, customs and social graces than to New England. This is particularly true of the early architecture. A warrant was issued by Virginia to each of her soldiers permitting the holder to stake out a claim in the bounty lands which the state had reserved when she ceded to the Federal government her claims in the Northwest Territory. The selection of a suitable site was frequently done in such a haphazard manner that conflicting claims were a matter of litigation in the courts for many years. Having selected and surveyed his lands, the

holder of the warrant returned the survey to the proper authorities and was granted a patent which was the equivalent of a deed in fee simple. If a man did not care to file a claim, he could sell his warrant to someone who did. Several years might elapse, and usually did, between the granting of a warrant and the time the patent was recorded.

The first man whose name is associated with Greenfield was John Watt, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. He was a citizen of Chillicothe, a Virginian by birth and an irascible gentleman by inclination. He carried on a bitter feud with Nathaniel Massie, the founder of Chillicothe, extending over a period of thirty years. It is said that "every young lawyer in Chillicothe cut his eye-teeth on the litigation growing out of that feud." A warrant was issued by Virginia to John Watt, the land selected and a survey made in due time. The *John Watt Survey*, as it is known, called for "one thousand acres on the west side of Paint creek beginning at a walnut, box elder and elm corner of John Anderson's Survey." It might be difficult to locate that "walnut, box-elder and elm corner" today. The *John Watt Survey* is the original site of Greenfield.

John Watt sold his claim to Thomas Hott who, in turn, sold it to Duncan and Nancy McArthur. The date of the legal transfer is given as May 29, 1801, although the actual transfer was undoubtedly made at a much earlier date. Duncan McArthur had been employed by the Commissioners of Ross county to survey the Old College Township road from Chillicothe to the western border of the county. The road was completed in 1799. It could hardly be styled a coincidence that the new road ran directly to the site of McArthur's proposed town of Greenfield.

## 6.

### *A Town is Founded*

In the Fall of 1799, Duncan McArthur proceeded to lay out the town of Greenfield on the so-called *Philadelphia Plan* in "squares" created by intersecting streets. The plat contained 190 lots and 92 outlets. The plat, inscribed with the following inscription and attested by James Dunlap, Justice of the Peace, was placed on file in the land office in Chillicothe where it might be inspected by prospective settlers:

*"I do certify that the annexed is an accurate plat of the town of Greenfield. Beginning at the Corner of in lot No. 100 on Jefferson and Washington Streets laid down by a Scale of 30 poles to an Inch. Jefferson Street running North Seventy degree East and South Seventy degrees west. North and South Streets are Parallel thereto. Washington Front and Fifth Streets are at right angles each five poles wide. Jefferson and Washington Streets continue their*

width through the out lots the other streets are each three poles wide and the alleys are each one pole wide the lot marked A cornering on Jefferson and Washington Streets is ten poles square intended for a Court house Jail etc. The lot marked B bounded by Jefferson front and South Streets and paint Creek contains Six acres for School house meeting house burying ground etc. the inlots are five poles front and ten poles back the full out lots contain four acres the contents of the Fractions may be ascertained by the plat Given under my hand this 28th day of April 1802."

Duncan McArthur, Prop.

Duncan McArthur seems to have been allergic to periods and commas but quite susceptible to capitals. The writing is clear and legible, however. The fact that the plat was recorded on April 28, 1802, does not indicate that it had recently been surveyed. Many months and even years might elapse between the founding of a town and the formal recording of its plat. New Market, which is a few months older than Greenfield, was not recorded until April 19, 1802, although its plat contains the statement under the signatures of its surveyors, Henry Massey and Joseph Kerr, that the town was laid out in February, 1799. The first settlers began to arrive in Greenfield in the spring of 1800. They made their way from Chillicothe to Greenfield in pack trains over the recently constructed College Township Road, now known as the Duncan McArthur Highway. Each horse had a pack saddle formed by two forked limbs, the forks turned down to fit the horse's back; then two boards along each side, nailed inside the forks. Heavy pads had been inserted inside these boards to save the backs of the horses. They were strapped on with strong leather girths and cruppers so that they were prepared to go over a rough country. And the country between Chillicothe and Greenfield was certainly rough and rugged, a succession of steep hills and valleys, the dirt road filled with ruts and gullies.

John Coffey, Samuel Schooley, Lewis Lutteral, Joseph Palmer, James Murray, James Milligan and William Bell with their families were the first to arrive. They constitute the "First Families of Greenfield." They were soon followed by Isaac and Randall Death, James Cummins, Francis Knott, Colonel James Curry, Elijah Kirkpatrick and a man named Hogshead whose son was the first boy born in the new town. The first girl was Susan Farmer. These two children each received a free lot from the founder of the town. The new settlers proceeded to clear the land and build rude cabins of logs and poles. They set about the serious business of establishing homes in the wilderness. John Coffey opened a tavern, which an early chronicler refers to as "the original Coffee House." It is doubtful, however, whether it ever dispensed any coffee. Joseph and Charles Bell established a blacksmith shop at the foot of

Jefferson Street, which for over a hundred years was always referred to as Main street. As a sort of side-line, Joseph operated a ferry across *Paint Creek*. No bridge was built until 1835.

Josiah Bell opened a hat shop, manufacturing his own stock. A pioneer community had to be a self-supporting economic unit. It could not depend upon the outside world. It had to have the "know-how" to provide all the essential services required by a pioneer town. Isaac Death followed the trade of a cooper, making the barrels and vats needed by the settlers. James Cummins engaged in hackle making, the hackle being a necessary instrument in combing out wool. Elijah Kirkpatrick opened the first general store. He is also said to have been the first tax-collector in Highland county. The first interment in the Old Burial Ground was an infant daughter of John Coffey, the tavern keeper. The first adult to be buried there was William Bell who died November 18, 1801.

John Coffey became the first Justice of the Peace in Greenfield and his tavern the first courthouse. The tavern, however, proved too small to accommodate the crowd when the first case was tried. The jurors adjourned to the back yard where they pondered their verdict sitting on a log. One of the pressing needs of a pioneer community was a grist mill to grind the corn and wheat. In 1802 John Kingery constructed a grist mill north of town. He built a rude dam across the creek to utilize the water power. The mill itself was a log structure about thirty feet square. The millstones were made from huge boulders, chipped and fashioned into shape by hand with infinite labor. A hundred years later those rude millstones could still be seen near the original site of the mill, half buried in the earth. Greenfield was at last a going concern.

While the settlers of Greenfield were still busily engaged in building their home in the wilderness, the people of the Ohio country were agitating for statehood. The project was bitterly opposed by Governor Arthur St. Clair who liked his job as Territorial Governor and the honorarium of \$400 a year which accompanied it. On one occasion an angry mob gathered in front of St. Clair's home in Chillicothe and the Governor was forced to flee through the back door. On November 29, 1802, thirty-five pioneers signed a Constitution for the new state to be presented to Congress. The opponents of statehood made a last minute effort to defeat the proposition by proposing that the present territory included in the state of Ohio be divided into two states. The northern state would be known as *Washington*, the southern as *Polypsia*. Fortunately better council prevailed, otherwise we southern Ohioans might now be known by the weird name of Polypsians. It was decided to name the new state from the beautiful river which forms its southern boundary. Contrary to popular belief, Ohio doesn't mean the Beautiful River. According to some authorities it is derived from the Iroquois word

*O-he-o-peek-hanu* which signifies "deep frothing river." Ohio became the 17th state of the Union but failure to observe certain technical requirements has led some Ohioans to claim that it never really became a state. To calm the fears of these Ohioans, the U. S. Congress passed a resolution in August, 1953, affirming the statehood of Ohio and making it retroactive to 1803.

## 7.

### *Naming the Town*

The origin of the names of places is a fascinating study. We have in America places named for battles, saints and comrades; places named for a tavern sign, a future wife, a dead pony, a deer in the creek, a bad night at cards, a cockfight, a flagpole, a tombstone and a Scotch poem. All Europe and Asia gave us names, all religions, races and occupations — Puritans, Huguenots, Mormons and Quakers, miners, missionaries and outlaws, fishermen and scholars, traders and trappers, kings and queens. And particularly the Indians. How did Greenfield get its name? An early Chronicler ventures the opinion that it arose from no natural cause. He tells us that the town was probably named for a village in Erie county, Pennsylvania, where McArthur had passed his boyhood days and where his mother was sleeping beneath the churchyard's willows. Unfortunately no atlas, new or old, lists a Greenfield in Erie county, Pennsylvania.

Greenfield, however, was not an unusual name for a town. There are no less than fourteen Greenfields in the United States and at one time there were two Greenfields in Ohio. The name may be traced back to a little Yorkshire village in England near Manchester. It is today a pleasant village of stone cottages set high on a hillside through which rushes a noisy brook. Its Main street is lined with a dozen tiny shops, mere cubicles opening on to the street — dry goods shops, green grocer shops, flower shops and little pork shops. There are no movies, no soda fountains, no "hot spots." Its inhabitants are a simple, thrifty and contented people who gather around their open hearths, drink their tea and talk about the really important things of life — the weather, the vicar's latest sermon and the government. England's Greenfield is set high in the hills and its name most certainly was not derived from any natural cause.

Another and far more romantic explanation of how Greenfield came by its name is given by Daniel Scott in his remarkable *History of Highland County*, published in 1858: "When McArthur encamped on the site of Greenfield in 1796, it is related that McArthur, who was an habitually early riser, arose while the others were still sound asleep and wandered a short distance from the camp. He came upon an old Indian woman who was, with difficulty, carrying

a fawn which had recently been killed. He endeavored to secure by barter a sufficient quantity of venison to afford his men's breakfast. The squaw told him by signs that, if he would carry the fawn to her wigwam, she would share it with him. He threw the fawn over his shoulder and, guided by the squaw, proceeded a short distance through the forest to an Indian encampment at a point which can now be identified as South street. Here he found to his amazement a natural meadow, enclosed on all sides by a dense forest in which a herd of Indian ponies was grazing. This circumstance, when he came to name the town, naturally suggested the name of Greenfield.”

## 8.

*First Citizen*

Greenfield's first citizen was a squatter by the name of Job Wright. He is described as “an odd sort of genius,” a sieve-maker by trade and a hunter and trapper by inclination. When he couldn't get wire with which to make his sieves, he invented a hair-sieve which proved quite satisfactory. All we know of his personal appearance is that he was red-headed with a long sandy beard and that he had two thumbs on one of his hands. The extra thumb, according to Job, was “the badge and token of his gift of prophecy.” Upon this slender basis one of his biographers has built up a detailed description of the man, much in the manner that a scientist, if given a single bone, will build up a huge pachyderm of some prehistoric period:

*“Job was five feet, eight inches in height, stooped shouldered with a sparse and loosely-built frame. His hair was red, long and unkempt, and his loose-jawed face was covered with a long, uncombed, untrimmed, straw-colored beard. He had a large mouth, thin lips and a long, sharp, rubicund nose. His eyes were yellowish gray, deep set, and overhung by shaggy eyebrows. Job was slouchy in his habits and wore number ten cow-hide boots with his trousers always snugly tucked in their tops. He was always clad in a suit of coarse homespun, wore a tow linen shirt in the summer and a like garment of linsey-woolsey in winter.”*

Job had been born in the Carolinas but had spent most of his life following the ever-advancing frontier. He wanted to “get away from it all.” He was allergic to civilization. Eventually he settled on the high bluffs below Chillicothe but he didn't remain very long. The bluffs were becoming uncomfortably crowded so Job decided to move on to a more congenial neighborhood. He found a spot that suited him exactly on the banks of *Paint Creek*. The stream fairly teemed with fish and the woods abounded in deer and wild turkeys. There wasn't a white man within the sound of his gun. Here he

could be "monarch of all he surveyed." We can imagine the shock he experienced when he learned that he had selected, of all places, the site of a future town.

Job's favorite fishing place was a rock just north of the present D.T.&I. R.R. Station. It projected out into the creek and was partly surrounded by deep water. Job frequented this spot so long and so persistently that the settlers called it "Job's Hole." It did not take the boys of the community long to discover that Job's Hole was an ideal spot to swim on hot summer afternoons. In the bottom of the creek the swimmers discovered a large round boulder which the older boys could just touch with the tips of their toes while keeping their heads above water. Some of the boys maintained that it wasn't a boulder at all but an iron caldron such as the settlers used in rendering lard or making apple butter. In the course of time a legend grew up, just as legends do. Job, according to the legend, had used the kettle as a sort of diving bell when he wanted to cross the stream. He would undress, place his shoes and clothes on his head and, protected by the kettle, walk across the creek. One day something happened — the story is rather vague at this point — and Job dropped the kettle. It sank to the bottom of the creek and there it rests even unto this day. If you don't believe the story you can verify it for yourself. Job's Hole remained the favorite swimming spot of several generations of Greenfield boys.

Job's strange appearance, nomadic habits and secluded life, combined with the mystery in which his early life was veiled, combined to produce a deep impression upon the minds of his neighbors, particularly upon the superstitious. He was believed to be the possessor of certain occult powers not bestowed upon ordinary mortals who possessed the usual number of thumbs. Some believed that he had knowledge of witchcraft and many were willing to bear witness that he had effected many remarkable cures without even seeing the patient.

Job departed from Greenfield about 1808. He is known to have served in the War of 1812 after which nothing is known of his wanderings until he turned up in Cassopolis, Michigan, in 1829. Job settled on an island in Diamond Lake, built a log cabin and lived as a squatter on the land just as he did in Greenfield. When it became evident that the island might pass into other hands, he entered the land May 15, 1832. It was known as *Wright's Island* until recent years when it was rechristened *Diamond Lake Island*. Six years after his appearance in Cassopolis, a woman appeared who claimed to be Job's wife. Job cleared and cultivated a small part of the island, raising corn for his horses and vegetables for his table. In summer he followed the business of a huckster, making a circuit of the surrounding country, peddling needles and pins and other small articles.

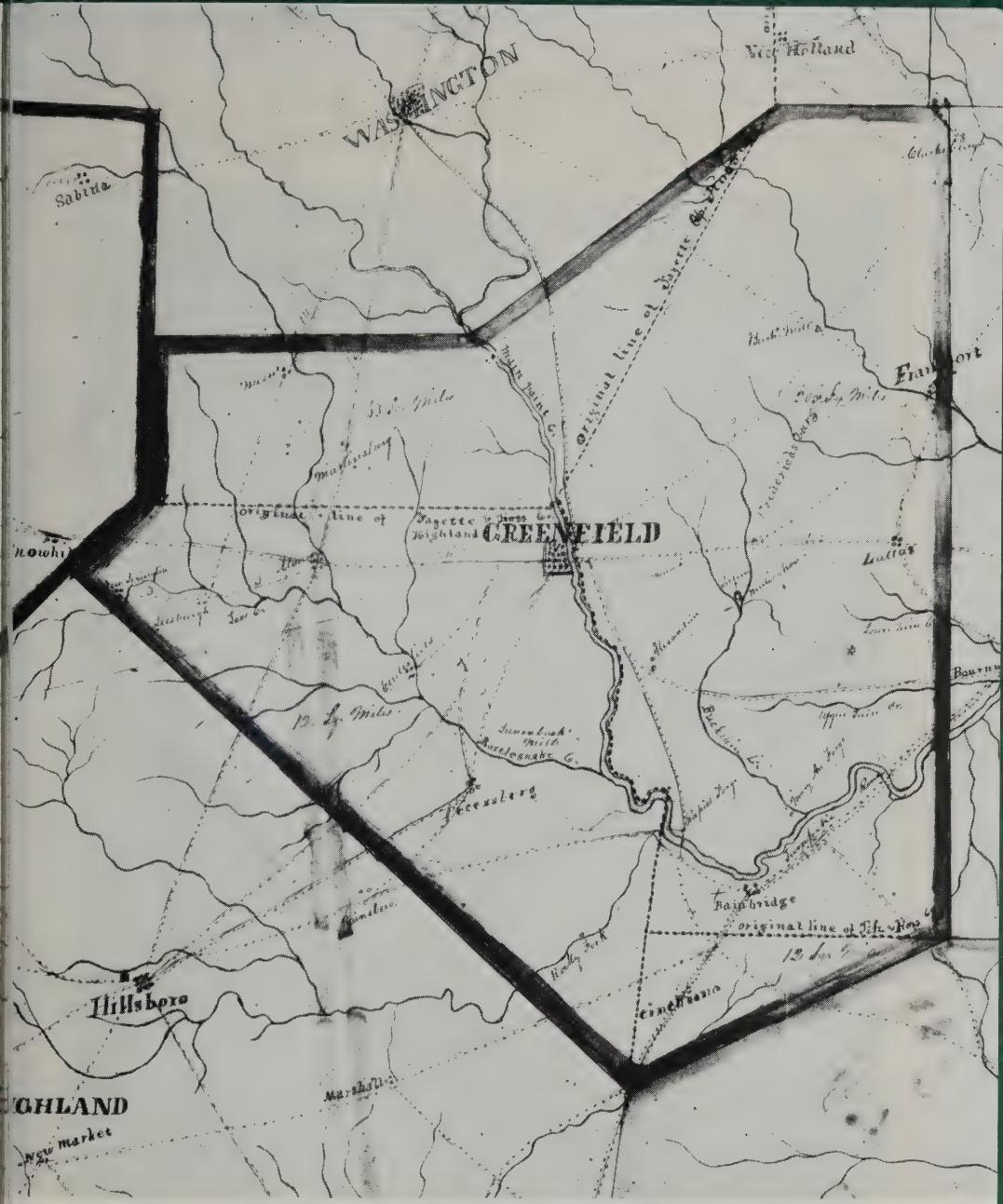
From time to time other relatives appeared and took up residence with Job. Finding that his island refuge was getting too populous to suit him, Job's nomadic spirit again asserted itself. He disappeared and was gone for several years. He reappeared in 1845, broken in body and health. He died soon thereafter. A few friends and acquaintances followed his body to its last resting place in the Cassopolis cemetery, not more than a dozen in all. Someone suggested that a fellow mortal ought not to be laid to rest without a few remarks appropriate to the occasion and called upon George B. Turner, a lawyer who happened to be passing by. After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Turner stepped forward and delivered an eloquent funeral address. And so Greenfield's first citizen was laid to rest in an unmarked grave. Whatever Job's shortcomings may have been, he was the symbol of that rugged individualism which characterized the early pioneers who laid the foundations for the Greenfield of today.

## 9.

*Pioneer Homes*

Alexander Morrow and George Sanderson came to Greenfield in 1808 from their homes in Pennsylvania. Mr. Sanderson purchased almost all the out-lots in the southern portion of the town, fenced the land, plowed and cultivated it. He dug the first well in the town, natural springs having provided the early settlers with their water supply. Mr. Sanderson's daughter, Ann, married Thomas Boyd. Mrs. Boyd has left us a description of the house they occupied when they first arrived in Greenfield. It was a crude structure made of poles with clapboard roof and door, heated by a fireplace made of stones plastered with mud. The house was usually filled with smoke as there was no chimney, only an opening left in the roof. Chairs and tables were made of logs split in two and provided with cross legs inserted in auger holes. For a bedstead stout forks were driven into the dirt floor on which rested small poles. The tick was filled with dry leaves. The baby was rocked in a cradle made from half a log.

These pole houses were soon replaced by more substantial log cabins with floors of puncheons cut from logs with a broad axe. A huge stone fireplace with a "cat-and-clay" chimney completed the pioneer home. The life of the early settlers was primitive but not devoid of a certain charm. A roaring fire on the old stone hearth brought warmth and cheer to the inmates and provided heat for the family cooking. An iron spider on three legs, placed among the coals, was used in making corn pone, known by such diverse names as hoe cake, ash cake, Johnny cake and corn dodgers. An iron kettle swinging on a crane was a many-purpose utensil. Meats were



Map of McArthur County  
1846

A county that might have been but never was — just "the stuff that dreams are made of." Original Map in the archives of the Ross County Historical Society.

B

FRONT STREET				5 STREET				8 STREET			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	54	55	56	57
16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	59	58	57	58
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	70	71	72	71
32	31	30	29	28	27	26	25	75	74	73	74
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	87	88	89	88
48	47	46	45	44	43	42	41	92	91	90	91
SECOND STREET				5 STREET				8 STREET			
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	101	102	103	104
64	63	62	61	60	59	58	57	106	105	106	105
65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	116	117	118	117
80	79	78	77	76	75	74	73	121	120	119	120
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	132	133	134	133
96	95	94	93	96	95	94	93	137	136	135	135
WASHINGTON STREET				5 STREET				8 STREET			
97	98	99	100	A	101	102	103	148	149	150	151
110	109	108	107	115	106	105	104	153	152	151	152
111	112	113	114	121	116	117	118	164	165	166	165
126	125	124	123	122	121	120	119	170	169	168	167
127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	180	181	182	181
142	141	140	139	138	137	136	135	185	184	183	182
FOURTH STREET				5 STREET				8 STREET			
143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	158	157	156	155
158	157	156	155	154	153	152	151	169	168	167	166
159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	179	180	181	180
174	173	172	171	170	169	168	167	185	184	183	182
175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	186	185	184	183
179	189	188	187	186	185	184	183	187	186	185	184
FIFTH STREET				5 STREET				8 STREET			

Original plat of Greenfield, 1799

roasted on spits. An oven of brick or stone, adjoining the fireplace, was used in baking. In its absence a Dutch oven, a sort of kettle with concave covers and a three-foot handle, sufficed. Every family had a large iron or copper caldron for making apple butter or rendering lard but this work was done out of doors.

A few log houses could still be found in Greenfield and the rural areas in comparatively recent years. And even now, if you were to remove the weatherboarding of some of the older houses, you might find that they had been "modernized" a hundred years ago by the addition of the weatherboarding just as today we are modernizing our homes by covering up brick and weatherboarding with artificial stone, stucco and asbestos shingles. "The more we change the more we remain the same." A few years ago when James Murray expanded his undertaking establishment on the corner of Fourth and Main streets, an old house on the site was torn down. Much to the astonishment of everyone, a log house in a perfect state of preservation was revealed when the weatherboarding was removed. No nails had been used in its construction. Underneath a hardwood floor, a puncheon floor of a much earlier date was found. And underneath the puncheon floor, a French coin was discovered, indicating that the house had been built at a very early period when American money was scarce and French and English coins circulated freely.

## 10.

### *Farm Settlements*

The settlement of the rural areas around Greenfield kept pace with the growth of the town. Some of the settlers came on horseback, some on foot, some floated down the Ohio on flat boats, but most of them came in Conestoga wagons drawn by oxen. The Conestoga wagon was designed and built by workers who had been trained in the shipbuilding trades. Naturally it followed the lines of a ship at sea. No vehicle ever designed could stand the wear and tear of the Conestoga wagon. Long months of preparation preceded the journey to Ohio. From the records of the Miller family we quote the following: "For a few years Grandfather's boys had been training an ox team. The boys were anxious to imitate the five-horse team then so common for heavy hauling. The team consisted of five steers. They were all noble animals trained to the word of command. Mother and the three youngest children had to take their passage in the ox-wagon which was tented over as customary in those days."

The farms in the immediate vicinity of Greenfield were quickly taken up and settled. In 1802 Matthew Kilgore made some improvements on what was later known as the Adam B. Smith farm. In 1803 William Kilbourne began to clear the Samuel Douglas farm.

The Ellises and the Littlers arrived in 1803. The same year Seth Smith, an eccentric Quaker, settled on Walnut creek. The Littlers were also Quakers, their ancestors having come to America on the boat which brought William Penn. John W. Duncan arrived in 1806 with \$250 in cash. He bought land at \$1.25 an acre. John Bryan acquired one hundred acres on the Buckskin for the barter of "one horse, a saddle and bridle, and a great coat thrown in for good measure." Abraham Dean arrived in 1800 and settled on what was later known as the Stinson farm. He built a log edifice which the neighbors always called the "Fort" as it was the only house that could readily be defended against an attack by the Indians.

In 1800 Robert Wilson settled in the Buckskin area on a farm his father had purchased the preceding year. In 1804 he bought a farm of his own and began to work it in the spring. He commemorated the occasion by carving the date — February 15, 1805 — in the bark of a beech tree. When he reached the ripe old age of ninety, the tree was still standing with the date clearly discernible. Other early settlers in this vicinity were John H. Wilson, James McGinnis, John Vanderman, James Caldwell, John Proud, Robert Braden, William Mains, Daniel Tharp and Ezra Lucas. There were several others who were immortalized by an early poet in the verse:

*"I see a bear says Jacob Hare,  
Shoot him down says George Brown,  
He's very poor says Ben McClure,  
Poor as carrion says Jared Irwin,  
Throw him to the hogs says Alex Scroggs."*

Jacob Hare, mentioned above, settled on a little stream which is still known as *Bear Run* from one of his exploits. He was a man of prodigious strength, a mighty hunter and trapper in a region which abounded in panthers, bears and wolves. One day a huge bear attacked his dogs. He was afraid to shoot for fear of killing one of his dogs so he drew his hunting knife and closed in on the bear. After a terrific battle, he succeeded in slaughtering the animal. During the Revolutionary War he had lived in the Carolinas where he was reputed to be a Tory who had given aid and comfort to the Royalists. As a result of his activities, it was said, his neighbors had cropped his ears. This tradition was strengthened no doubt by the fact that he always wore his hair long, falling in a loose shock over his ears in the manner of Hawthorne's Faun. He lived to be ninety years of age and, when he died, it was generally believed that he had raised himself on his deathbed and feebly shouted, "Hurrah for King George."

Wolves and bears were especially feared by the early settlers as they turned their cattle loose in the unfenced woods to forage for themselves. Joshua Wilson, who settled in Fayette county north of Greenfield, paid for his farm in a unique way — with wolf

scalps. He developed his own peculiar method of getting these scalps. First he built a platform on which he could stand to shoot the animals as they ran by. Then he would rub the bottom of his boots with asafetida and course through the forest, always returning to the platform. The wolves would pick up the scent and follow him to the platform where he could easily pick them off. He sometimes killed as many as fifty wolves in a single night. The bounty paid by the government for the wolves' scalps enabled him to pay for his land.

In 1800 Thomas Rodgers and his brother Hamilton acquired a thousand acres of land at the point where the Rattlesnake flows into Paint creek. Thomas was eighteen with thoughts of matrimony. He cleared a portion of his land and built a cabin for his prospective bride. During the winter months he returned to his father's home on the North Fork and married the girl of his choice. "It was root hog or die," he tells us in his reminiscences written when he was a very old man. "So I fell to work as I had no other shift. I worked almost all day and all night and on May 2 I planted five acres of corn. That was just the beginning. I had to have a place ready for wheat. I cleared six acres for that crop. That was my adopted plan from then on. I would cut out enough woods to add a field to my farm every spring and fall." Other settlers soon arrived. Around this nucleus the Rocky Spring community grew up.

The settlers made use of everything the woods afforded, supplementing their simple fare with venison, wild turkeys and grouse. Wild fruits and berries, grapes and plums offered a pleasing variety in season. In the absence of apples they ate pumpkins. Maple trees yielded sugar and syrup. Honey could be found in dead trees. The woods provided beeswax, resins and aromatic barks. There were plenty of herbs for seasoning, the rafters in the kitchen were hung with great bunches of catnip, pennyroyal, tansy, sage and thyme. They drank spicewood tea, dyed their garments yellow with the hulls of butternuts and black with walnut hulls. They regulated their lives by the *Zodiac* in the *Farmers' Almanac*.

There was plenty of back-breaking labor for the farmer and a never-ending round of chores for the farmer's wife. They spun the wool and flax into yarn and wove the yarn into cloth. They made their own soap out of ashes and grease. They molded tallow dips to light their cabins, cured the meat at "butchering time" in smoke-houses with the smoke from smoldering maple logs. They rendered the lard, churned the butter, dried the fruit and made garments for every member of the family. There were, of course, occasional pleasant breaks in the monotony of everyday life. Saturday afternoon was a sort of half-holiday. The whole family would drive into Greenfield in ox-carts loaded with farm produce to exchange at the general store. While the men tarried in the tavern discussing

the affairs of the nation over their hot toddies, the women visited friends and relatives in town. They sat around the hearthstone, exchanging bits of neighborhood gossip and smoking their corncob pipes. There were occasional amusements, generally of a utilitarian character, such as corn-huskings, wool shearings, sugar boilings, quilting bees and barn raisings at which feasting and square dancing lent zest to communal undertakings.

The year 1807 was long known as the "hard year." In the spring the corn crop was destroyed by hordes of squirrels which overran the entire southern portion of the state. They swam across the Ohio river in myriads and completely devastated the newly planted fields. The farmers replanted their fields but again they were destroyed by another invading army of squirrels. The corn which managed to escape the squirrels was literally cooked by early frosts in September. Whole families were forced to subsist on potatoes, cabbage, turnips and a nauseating mush made from the frost-bitten corn. The winter that followed was exceedingly cold but it performed one service for the settlers, it almost completely annihilated the whole race of squirrels.

## 11.

### *Pioneer Poet*

Colonel James Curry was one of Greenfield's first citizens. He was born in Ireland of Irish-English parentage on January 29, 1752. The family emigrated to America and settled in the neighborhood of Staunton, Virginia. He served with Washington in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown and spent the terrible winter in Valley Forge. Later on he participated in the Charleston campaign and was captured by the British. He was released in time to join Washington on his triumphal entry into New York after the surrender of Cornwallis. According to an old land patent, issued March 16, 1814, and signed by President James Madison, he served with distinction "six months more than six years in the Continental army."

While a citizen of Greenfield he was elected in 1806 as Brigade Inspector of the State Militia over Duncan McArthur who had held the position for several years. When his term was up, he refused to stand for reelection and McArthur was again elected. McArthur celebrated the occasion by knocking in the heads of three barrels of whisky and inviting the boys to help themselves which they proceeded to do with great gusto. To quote the words of Colonel Curry's biographer, "A grand old carousal worthy of the time followed. Colonel Curry's horse got loose and going home warned the family to send for its master. His son James immediately started to search for his father and midway met a man, quite hilarious and

happy. He was sober enough, however, to declare that the muster was over, that it had been a glorious time, that there had been a great outpouring of spirit and that 300 souls were down."

Colonel Curry built a log cabin just outside the town plat near a bubbling spring. It was an attractive site on the edge of the great natural meadow on the banks of *Paint Creek* where the Indians had pastured their horses before the white man came. The location of the cabin is still marked by a giant hackberry tree which, according to tradition, was a young sapling when the cabin was built. It is Greenfield's most famous tree, older than the town itself, if tradition be true. In this cabin Otway Curry, destined to be "the foremost poet of the pioneer period," was born March 26, 1804. Edward Thompson, his friend and biographer, describes him as "a child of the wilderness." He adds, "The approach of the bear, the rattle of the snake, the whoop of the savage, were the sources of his early fears. To observe the swallow build her nest in the barn and to watch the deer bounding through the bushes were among his early amusements; to mark when the dogwood blossoms and when the north wind blows, to observe how nature mingles storm and sunshine and draws the rainbow on the cloud were among his first lessons in philosophy."

The lessons taught by nature were supplemented by the teachings of his father and mother who were highly educated and cultured people. His mother was related to Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. She had a fund of pleasant legends and fairy tales and could repeat the whole story of *Paradise Lost* from beginning to end. His father brought with him to Greenfield a small but very select shelf of the world's best books and a complete file of newspapers, stitched by his own hand, running back to the Revolution. It was Greenfield's first library and introduced the embryonic poet to the best minds of the past.

Colonel Curry wanted his son to become a lawyer but Otway had no hankering for the law. He ran away from home at an early age and became a carpenter. We hear of him in Marion, Cincinnati and Detroit. With a friend he built a skiff and floated down the Scioto and the Ohio to Cincinnati where he embarked on a flat boat with his chest of tools. He finally arrived in Port Gibson where he worked at his trade for a year. An amusing story is told of his sojourn in Port Gibson. He came to the aid of a fellow workman who had fallen in love with a Southern beauty whose father was exceedingly fond of poetry. When another suitor appeared on the scene, the father agreed to bestow the hand of his daughter on the one who could write the best poem. Otway wrote *Kingdom Come* for his friend while his rival filched one of Mrs. Heman's poems. Otway quickly exposed the fraud and his friend got the girl. The author of *Poets and Poetry*, published in 1860, vouches for the absolute authenticity of this rather fanciful tale.

Otway's poems began to appear in magazines and newspapers under the name "Abdalla." Their fine sentiment and pleasing imagery won immediate recognition. They found their way into school readers and anthologies. He abandoned his trade of carpenter and became a newspaper man, editing papers in Columbus, Marysville, Xenia and Chillicothe. Late in life he studied law, served several terms in the Ohio legislature and was a member of the second Ohio Constitutional Convention. On February 17, 1855, he passed away and, according to his biographer, was laid to rest "in a humble grave which may, perhaps, be sought out after monuments to our heroes are forgotten."

## 12.

*Pioneer Schools*

The Ordinance of 1787 provided that "schools and the means of education" shall forever be encouraged. Strangely enough the early pioneers did not seem to be particularly concerned about the establishment of public schools; in fact every effort to establish a system of public schools was bitterly fought. This attitude is understandable in view of the fact that the establishment of a home in the wilderness was a grim undertaking; the farmers needed their boys to aid in the clearing of the land and the cultivation of the fields. The real source of education in a pioneer community was the environment in which the boy lived, the complete and self-sufficient life of the frontier. However, there was always a vigorous minority among the settlers who believed in education for its own sake. It was not until 1821 that they were able to persuade the legislature to pass a statute establishing a system of public schools and not until 1825 that the support of such schools by taxation was provided. A third law passed in 1829 established a minimum school year of three months but there were no laws to compel attendance.

If the settlers wanted a school they got together, hired a teacher and provided a school room. The tuition in these subscription schools, as they were called, usually ranged from \$1.75 to \$2.25 per term but it was rarely paid entirely in cash. The unhappy teacher frequently found himself with bushels of corn and potatoes, hides and skins and even jugs of whisky on his hands. Many eked out their income by farming and other pursuits. One schoolmaster boasted that "by working early and late he was able to cut one hundred rails a day." Still another ran a brewery, using some of the older schoolboys as helpers.

Dr. Weisenberger in his *Passing of the Frontier* says: "Some of the teachers of that period were overly fond of whisky and occasionally might be discovered to be engaged in horse-stealing." Most of these early teachers were men of muscle. They had to be

to control the overgrown boys who flocked to the school in the winter months just to match their wits with the teacher. The theory of instruction was "no lickin', no larnin'." The curriculum consisted of the "Three R's — readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic as far as the rule of three." And yet there were many efficient schools. It was true in those early days, just as it is today, "As is the teacher, so is the school."

Greenfield's first school was held in a log cabin just outside the town plat. Greenfield's first schoolmaster was Judge James Mooney who had acquired his title on a magistrate's bench. He is described as very near-sighted. He had nine children. John Doster, a farmer, cabinet-maker, merchant and constable in Perry township north of Greenfield, married two of his daughters consecutively — and became the grandfather of Coke L. Doster, one-time mayor of Greenfield. The first schoolhouse built specifically for school purposes was erected in 1810 on lot No. 16. Thomas Boyd later acquired the land on which the schoolhouse stood. According to Mr. Boyd the schoolhouse was made of poles and logs covered with clapboards. It was sixteen feet square with a place cut out for a door and a log removed for a window which was "glazed" with greased paper. Half the floor was laid with puncheons and the other half, adjacent to the huge stone fireplace, was the bare earth. The winter of 1814 was so severe that the building had to be abandoned.

The erection of a new building was begun immediately and was ready for occupancy by the winter of 1815. The new building was a substantial log structure with cat-and-clay chimney. It was located on the northern end of the Old Burial Ground and had a foundation of native stone. It continued to be used for school purposes until 1837. The furniture and equipment was simplicity itself. A rough-hewn board, placed upon pins driven into auger holes, afforded accommodations for pupils sufficiently advanced to take writing lessons. The benches were made of wide rails into which pins or stakes had been driven for legs. The rails were hewn to a reasonable degree of smoothness as insurance against slivers. Judge Alfred S. Dickey, a product of the pioneer school, has left us a vivid picture of "the pedagogue standing in the middle of the floor with a branch of beech, hazel or hickory switches under his arm, a quill behind his ear, mending a pen with his knife while he kept a sharp lookout that every youngster had his United States spelling book, Columbian Orator or Morse's Geography up before his face, and ready to bring down the hickory switch upon the unfortunate transgressor who might happen to peep from behind his book."

The school outfit of a schoolboy in those days consisted of butternut breeches with a shirt of tow linen in the summer and linsey-woolsey in the winter. He went barefooted from April until early December when his feet were provided with a pair of cow-hide boots.

He had a blue-back spelling book, a Pike's Arithmetic, a piece of slate, a sheet or two of coarse paper and a little red potter-ware ink holder filled with ink made from maple bark. Youngsters just starting to school had a plain board on which the letters of the Alphabet had been printed.

## 13.

*Old Inns and Taverns*

The story of Greenfield's old inns and taverns constitutes a fascinating chapter in the history of the town. A tavern was a place of entertainment which provided "food and lodging for man and beast," as an early Ohio statute expressed it. The first taverns were unlicensed. Any man who could get some food and a barrel of whisky felt himself qualified to open a tavern. As soon as Ohio became a state, laws were passed requiring licenses and providing that the tavern keeper must be a man of good moral character who would not permit "rioting in such places or gambling for money or other articles of value to be played within the house, out-house, shade arbor or other place of their occupancy." The tavern served not only as a place of entertainment but as the news emporium, market-place, social center and sometimes the courthouse of the community.

The weary traveler found it a haven of rest after the long day's journey over the roads filled with ruts and gullies. Although its accommodations might be somewhat primitive, it radiated hospitality and good cheer. The settlers found it a place where they could come together, drink their rye and rum toddies, pick up news from the outside world, indulge in horse-trading and barter their skins, furs, maple sugar, salt, ashes and ginseng for other urgently-needed commodities. The knapsack peddler, who journeyed from town to town, made it his headquarters. The tavern sometimes looked like a trading post.

Most of the early travelers were "diamonds in the rough" with little regard for the social amenities. No matter how crowded a tavern might be there was usually room for one more although some tavern keepers, who objected to overcrowding, posted a sign, "Not more than five to sleep in a bed." There was usually a sign also with the warning, "Persons occupying beds must remove their boots." A tub near the pump provided bathing facilities for those who were finicky in their personal habits. Most taverns had distinctive names such as the Blue Eagle, the Black Bear, the Bull's Head and the Golden Lamb, with a sign of some kind designed to attract the attention of the newly-arrived traveler. The sign was sometimes set on the top of a post near the curb but more often it hung on a hand-wrought grill set in the wall of the tavern and pro-

jecting out over the sidewalk. Some of these signs were works of art, painted and embossed in many colors.

Greenfield's position on the College Township Road brought to the new settlement a degree of prosperity which the size of the village scarcely warranted. The road extended from Athens to Oxford by way of Lebanon. With connecting highways to Cincinnati and Wheeling, it was the shortest and best route from the East to the rich bottom lands of the two Miamis. Most of Southern Ohio's westward migration passed over it. The inns and taverns along the road were crowded every night. Men on horseback, taking a look at the country with a view to the selection of a site for a future home, families traveling in heavy, lumbering, ox-drawn Conestoga wagons, pack trains and freighters loaded with their precious cargos from Eastern markets were passing almost hourly. Cincinnati merchants, their saddle-bags loaded with Spanish pesos, made annual trips to Philadelphia to replenish their stocks. Many planned their trips so that they could stop over night at the Greenfield taverns which enjoyed an enviable reputation for hospitality.

All of Greenfield's early taverns clustered around the intersection of Second and Main streets. The first tavern, built by John Coffey in 1801, was located on the northeast corner of these two streets. It was a rough-hewn log structure, twenty-two by thirty feet in dimension, the second story projecting about two feet out over the street. Mr. Coffey soon sold the tavern to Isaac Smith and removed to a farm near Greenfield. Francis Knott received the first license granted to a Greenfield tavern keeper in 1806. He built his tavern directly across the street from Coffey's tavern where the Armory now stands. Mr. Knott does not seem to have been a man of exemplary character and gained wide notoriety as the first victim of the whipping post in Highland county.

In 1814 an Englishman by the name of Chichester built an inn on the south side of Main street near Second street. Its distinguishing feature was a large double porch supported by columns in the true southern tradition. The porch is said to have been a fine piece of workmanship, built by William McMillen who was reputed to be the best carpenter in Highland county. It was the favorite rendezvous of the townspeople on hot summer nights. In 1823 Mr. Chichester sold the tavern to Jerry Wilson, who became the first Marshal of Greenfield when the town was incorporated. The tavern passed through several hands, being known at different times as *Vass's Tavern* and the *Wasson Inn*. A man named Jonas Simmons also kept a tavern in the town. He obtained a license in 1811 but there seems to be no record of where the tavern was located. In March, 1821, David Kinkead moved to Greenfield from Chillicothe and opened a tavern, known as the *Greenfield Inn*, directly east of Knott's Tavern.

The most famous of Greenfield's early inns and taverns was *Travellers Rest*, built by Noble Crawford in 1812. It was the first stone house in Greenfield and is still standing in a fine state of repair. It is undoubtedly one of the oldest inns still standing in the state of Ohio, considerably older than the *Golden Lamb* of Lebanon and *Our House* of Gallipolis. For considerably over a century it was used as a private home, generally referred to as the McGarraugh house. The building, including the inscription above the door, was covered with stucco. A few years ago Walter Cherry acquired title to the property. He chipped off the stucco above the door and there, revealed for the first time in almost one hundred years, was the inscription, beautifully carved in the stone:

TRAVELLERS  
REST \* Noble Crawford \* 1812.

In 1801 a whole week's board at *Coffey's Tavern* cost one dollar. By 1812 there had been a sharp increase in the cost of living. A meal at a first class inn like Travellers Rest cost 12½ cents but it wasn't a skimpy meal. The menu consisted of smoked venison, wild turkey, boiled beef and ham, fried chicken, turnips, corn, pumpkin, cucumbers and other vegetables, eggs and cheese. It was the kind of meal that stuck to the ribs and was washed down with plenty of whisky and rum. The tavern keeper no doubt grumbled at the rising prices. Beef was three cents a pound, smoked venison, two quarters for twenty-five cents, butter ten cents a pound, fryers seventy-five cents a dozen, whisky which had been two "flips" a gallon had risen to three cents a glass. Mine host, however, could still hire a servant girl for seventy-five cents a week and keep. Holidays and elections were always occasions of rough and boisterous conviviality, celebrated with great drinking bouts in which many "ox-swallows" were downed in rapid succession. An ox-swallow consisted of a large glass of undiluted whisky or rum downed in a single gulp. After a dozen or so of those ox-swallows, the contestants had usually forgotten what they were celebrating.

## 14.

### *Whipping Post*

Like all pioneer communities, Greenfield had acquired some undesirable characters. When the army of Mad Anthony Wayne was disbanded after the Treaty of Greenville in 1796, the camp followers swarmed into the pioneer villages. There were acts of violence along lonely roads. Hold-ups were common. Horse-stealing was prevalent and, to the settlers, a particularly heinous crime. We find Duncan McArthur advertising in the *Scioto Gazette* in 1802 offering a reward of six dollars for the apprehension of the thief who had stolen

three of his fine colts. There is no record to show that Greenfield ever resorted to any unusual forms of punishment as many of the settlements did. No one was ever placed in stocks and exposed to the derision of the townspeople on the Public Square. No witch was ever burned on the highest hill. No gossiping lady was ever placed in the ducking-stool and dunked in the chilly waters of Paint creek. And Greenfield never had a whipping post notwithstanding the fact that every early sketch of the town speaks of its whipping post. A citizen of Greenfield, however, was the first victim of the whipping post in Highland county. The whipping post was located in Hillsboro and the penalty was inflicted by a county judge. Daniel Scott gives a full account of the incident in his *History of Highland County* published in 1858.

Francis Knott, who ran a tavern in Greenfield, was the victim. In 1808 a certain John Moore was waylaid on the road to Leesburg and robbed of two guineas, about ten dollars in American money. Knott was arrested for the crime, tried and convicted at the county seat. The judge sentenced him to be whipped eleven lashes upon his naked back and to pay the amount stolen from John Moore and the court costs. It fell to the lot of Gus Richards, the Sheriff, to execute the sentence. Gus seems to have been none too happy in carrying out the court order. A large crowd, including many women, had gathered in Hillsboro to witness the whipping. It seems to have been a sort of Roman Holiday.

The women, we are told, had gathered at Knox's Tavern awaiting the event. Gus purchased a bushel of apples from Tom John who had just arrived in town from Pennsylvania and was offering the apples, a rarity in Highland county, at four dollars a bushel. He took the apples to the tavern and presented them to the ladies. While they were engrossed with their unusual gift, Gus slipped out and executed the sentence. As no whipping post had yet been erected, Knott was tied to a beech tree near the present site of the courthouse and given eleven lashes on his naked back. The county records show that Gus was paid eight dollars for the expense incurred in connection with the whipping. The whipping post had been established under an old territorial law and reenacted when Ohio became a state. It was always unpopular with the people and was finally repealed in 1815.

## 15.

### *Distilleries*

In the year 1811 Samuel Holliday built a small distillery along the run in the rear of the present Motor Inn Garage. He selected that site because of the presence of a spring of clear, cold water. The water was carried into the building through the medium of

troughs hollowed out of poplar poles. Another distillery was soon built by Humphrey Fullerton near Second street on the run north of North street. It required a considerable outlay of capital to build and operate a distillery. The equipment, including a copper boiler and worm, was brought at considerable cost from Pittsburgh over the mountains. Once established, the distillery had plenty of patrons. The farmers brought in their corn and had it converted into whisky at the rate of a bushel of shelled corn for a gallon of whisky.

No odium attached to the business of distilling. Everybody, we are told, drank — even the preachers. "There was no market for the corn," an early commentator remarks, "so they made the corn into whisky and as there was no market for the whisky they drank the whisky so as not to waste the corn." In any event whisky was plentiful and cheap and its consumption was not looked upon as a great social evil. It retailed at "two flips" a gallon.

According to Daniel Scott, "whisky was kept in every house and the little brown jug never failed to be handed out when visitors entered the home of the kind hearted and naturally hospitable pioneer. Indeed, so well established was the custom that it was regarded as an insult not to set out the whisky and equally an unkindness not to partake of the homely but harmless beverage." In view of the roistering in the early taverns, some may not agree that whisky was just "a homely but harmless beverage." Many may have been "temperate in their temperance" but many were not. And certainly not all pioneer preachers drank. The earliest pioneer preachers in the Greenfield community were bitterly opposed to the "demon rum." Dr. Samuel Crothers of the Hop Run church and Rev. Abraham Pettinger of the Rocky Spring church did not drink or condone drinking. The records of these churches show that the cases most frequently brought before their official boards involved "over-indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors."

Some years ago the late Huey Long, notorious Kingfish of Louisiana, focused attention momentarily on Greenfield when he declared that a remote ancestor of his, a Baptist minister in Greenfield, Ohio, was the originator of his famous "pot likker" recipe. As a matter of fact no ancestor of Huey Long ever was pastor of the local Baptist church. Huey apparently picked on Greenfield because he was familiar with the town, having peddled oil cans for the Harps Manufacturing Company when he operated a tinker's wagon among the remote bayous of old Louisiana. There was one point, however, upon which the pioneers were agreed — no one ought to give spirituous liquors to the Indians who became very troublesome when under the influence of firewater. Nevertheless, some unscrupulous traders engaged in the profitable business of exchanging whisky for the peltries which the Indians brought in.

In 1797 a meeting of the settlers was held on the banks of the Scioto river under a giant sycamore tree at which "it was resolved that all traders who sold spirits to the Indians or in any way furnished them with intoxicating liquors should be required to keep all the Indians made drunk by them in their storerooms and on the second offense their kegs or barrels of whisky were to be taken into the street and tomahawked till all the contents were run out." This seems to have been the first temperance legislation in the Northwest Territory and may be regarded as the beginning of the great temperance movement in which Greenfield played a conspicuous part.

## 16.

### *Pioneer Industries*

The first local all-purpose tax was levied in 1810. It was strictly a "head tax," not based on ability to pay. It consisted of a dollar per capita. Our ancestors objected strenuously to the tax but they paid up just the same. They have been grumbling and paying up ever since. Perhaps the greatest inconvenience suffered by the early settlers was the lack of money. In transactions where actual cash was involved the media of exchange were usually English sovereigns, French francs and Spanish pesos. Most transactions, however, were on a barter basis. Ashes, hides, beeswax and ginseng could always be bartered at the general store. This was particularly true of ginseng whose aromatic roots were highly prized by the Chinese for their medicinal value. The hills around Greenfield once abounded in the ginseng plant, an herb with small greenish flowers and berry-like fruit. One person could gather ten pounds of the ginseng root in a day. After being dried it yielded half that weight and could be sold at twenty-five cents a pound, payable in cash. The roots were loaded on pack horses and conveyed over the mountains to eastern ports and shipped thence on sailing vessels around the Horn to the Celestial Kingdom. When the cargo of ginseng arrived at its destination many months later, it was almost worth its weight in gold. It is hard to picture the little pioneer town of Greenfield connected with the great China trade.

On December 13, 1813, David Bonner consummated one of the biggest real estate transactions in the history of Greenfield. He purchased fifty in-lots from Duncan and Nancy McArthur. The lots were located in the eastern part of the town and included some of the best business sites in the village. The price paid was exactly one hundred dollars. Within four years Mr. Bonner had sold six of the lots to Humphrey Fullerton for the sum of \$750 which even the most rabid real estate agent would consider an excellent profit. On the lot next to the present Harper House, Mr. Bonner built the first wool-carding factory within a radius of twenty-five miles.

The carding of wool soon became an important industry in the little pioneer town. The machinery in Mr. Bonner's establishment was operated "by means of a horizontal tread-wheel, thirty or forty feet in diameter upon which were worked horses, oxen and even cows."

Another important industry was the processing of hides and their conversion into the pliable leather of commerce. The first tannery was established by Samuel Smith at the foot of Main street on the banks of Paint creek. Tanneries were always located on streams so that the disposal of waste products could easily be effected. In tanning hides, tannin or tannic acid from the bark of the oak tree and fish oil were considered indispensable. The woods around Greenfield were filled with oak trees but fish oil was not easily procurable. Mr. Smith soon found an acceptable substitute in coon, bear, possum and other oils obtained by hunters from the native animals in the woods. When oils from this source became scarce, unsalted butter was substituted. Mr. Smith prospered in the tanning business. He soon replaced the primitive tannery he had built in 1812 with a substantial stone structure two stories high, both with ground levels due to the fact that the tannery was built on the side of a hill.

The tannery was a favorite rendezvous for the boys of the community, a sort of half-way station on their way to Job's Hole on hot summer afternoons. They liked the pungent odor of the tanbark. They liked to peep into the basement where the hides were being processed in huge vats. And most of all, they liked to roll and tumble and wrestle on the soft, resilient tanbark which, having outlived its usefulness, was wheeled out and dumped in piles on adjacent lots. Mr. Smith occupied the large two-story stone building still standing on the northwest corner of Front and Main streets. It was probably erected in the early twenties at the time a similar dwelling was erected on the opposite corner and occupied by James Boyd.

Mr. Smith's wife was Nancy Mitchell, one of the first children born in Greenfield. His son, Dr. Samuel M. Smith became an eminent physician and surgeon, a public writer on medical topics and an international authority on alienism. His statue stood for many years at the intersection of High and Broad streets, the busiest corner in Columbus. When the pressure of modern traffic became too heavy, the statue was moved to the campus of Starling Medical College. It was undoubtedly the first statue erected to the memory of a native son of Greenfield.

William Robinson opened the first cabinet shop in Greenfield. Soon thereafter the first frame houses were built. About 1820 the log cabin built by Gabriel Wright on the Harper House corner was torn down and replaced by two frame houses which, removed to other sites, were still standing in comparatively recent years. James

Boyd also opened a cabinet shop which was used by the Methodists as a meeting house before a church was built. Edward Leonard participated in the Battle of New Orleans, the last battle of the War of 1812. After his discharge he came to Greenfield and opened the town's first tailoring shop.

## 17.

*Town and County*

That part of the Northwest Territory, now included in the state of Ohio, was divided originally into six counties. The largest was Adams county which embraced 6570 square miles and was larger than the combined areas of Rhode Island and Delaware. It extended fifty miles north of Columbus and was larger than many European principalities. While still a part of the Northwest Territory, Adams county was broken up into smaller administrative units. A part, including the site of Greenfield, was transferred to Ross county. When Duncan McArthur set aside a plot in the center of Greenfield as the site for a courthouse, he was firmly convinced that Greenfield was destined to become a county seat. His dream was never to be realized due to what the early Chronicler terms "certain fortuitous circumstances." Every pioneer town wanted to be a county seat and every political device from log rolling to gerrymandering was used to secure that end. Greenfield simply did not roll enough logs at the proper time.

When Highland county was created in 1805, Greenfield found itself in the extreme northeastern corner of the county with no prospect of ever becoming the county seat. That honor went to New Market. The new county included all of the present county, one half of Fayette and two-thirds of Clinton counties. In 1810 the General Assembly, in establishing the boundaries of Fayette and Clinton counties, considerably reduced the area of Highland county. A final act passed in 1813 established the present boundaries. In this act Greenfield is mentioned apparently for the first time in the statutes of Ohio. It is referred to as "John Watt's Survey in which the town of Greenfield is situated." The selection of New Market as the county seat was quite unpopular. In 1807 the town of Hillsborough, now spelled Hillsboro, was founded near the geographical center of the county for the purpose of becoming the new county seat. It was picturesquely situated, as its citizens are fond of telling the world, "like Rome upon its seven hills." There is no doubt about the hills. The construction of a courthouse began in 1808 which was succeeded in the Thirties by the present courthouse, the oldest and undoubtedly the most picturesque courthouse in Ohio. Its graceful belfry, massive columns and many-chimneyed roof bear witness to the fine taste of our early ancestors and to the influence of Virginia on our early architecture.

As originally constituted in 1805, Highland county had only four townships, Liberty, Brushcreek, New Market and Fairfield which included Greenfield. The ideal township, according to early pioneer ideas, was one that a commissioner could ride completely around in a single day. Certainly no one could ride around Fairfield township in a single day. At the first election in 1805, Greenfield citizens had to ride all the way to Beverly Miller's place on Hardin's creek to cast their ballots. There was much complaining. Finally the County Commissioners decided to erect some new townships. On June 10, 1810, they ordered "that there be a township struck off from the northeast corner of the county by name of Madison, beginning at the mouth of the Rattlesnake fork of Paint creek, thence up the same to the line of Highland county, thence with said county line east to Paint creek, thence with the meanders of the said creek to the place of beginning."

The first election was held in Greenfield in 1810. Forty-seven votes were cast. For over forty years Greenfield had no separate corporate existence but was administered as an integral part of Madison township. No permanent township records were kept in the early days. This fact was quaintly noted by Thomas L. Day, township clerk, in his record book in 1848: "The records of Madison township, previous to 1824, having been kept on loose papers, are among the missing. At that time it entered the noodle of someone (history mentions not his name) to be more particular with the keeping of the affairs of the township."

In 1804 Highland county elected as its first representative to the state legislature a quiet, unassuming farmer, highly respected by all his neighbors, by the name of John Gossett. Mr. Gossett had built the first grist mill in Highland county near New Market. Mr. Gossett was thoroughly conversant with the easy informality of the frontier but knew little about city life. When he arrived for a session of the legislature, he found that Chillicothe, the state capital, had already begun to assume certain metropolitan airs. The polite colored boy who ushered him to his room in the inn insisted on taking his shoes and giving him in return a pair of old fashioned slippers. When he descended to the lobby the next morning, he found that his shoes were missing. At the suggestion of the landlord, he tried on the neatly polished shoes standing in a row along the wall and found a pair which fitted him perfectly. On closer inspection, he discovered that they were actually his own brogans, completely disguised by a heavy coat of blackening, the first that had ever been applied to the leather since it had left the back of the cow from which it was taken.

As long as county lines continued to be in continual state of flux, many towns continued to advocate the creation of new counties. In 1846 a movement was started to establish a new county by



Upper — A natural meadow in the forest gave Greenfield its name.  
Hackberry tree in foreground marks the birthplace of Otway  
Curry, foremost poet of the Pioneer Period.

Lower — The coming of the pioneers.



Robinson's woolen mill, 1836; now an apartment house.



Lower grist mill, 1849; built by George Lang.

the name of Massie with Bainbridge as the county seat. Greenfield countered the move by proposing the creation of McArthur county with Greenfield as the county seat. A map of the new county was prepared and can still be found in the archives of the *Ross County Historical Society*. It is a beautiful map, executed in water colors with meticulous attention to details, embracing exactly 400 square miles as required by the statutes of Ohio. This area included 205 square miles taken from Ross, 63 square miles from Fayette, 120 square miles from Highland and 12 square miles from Pike. Within the periphery of this county are found such important towns as Leesburg, Petersburg, Bainbridge, Frankfort, New Lexington, Martinsburg and Centerfield. Good Hope, Fruitdale and Lyndon do not appear on the map while Lattaville is designated as Lattas and South Salem appears as Salem Meeting House.

You may search the maps of Ohio but you will not find the County McArthur. Geographers and cartographers are concerned only with lines and boundaries which have the sanction of law and precedent. The County McArthur does not exist either in law or precedent. It is "the stuff that dreams are made of." We do not believe, however, that any of the counties involved will seriously object if we recreate the County McArthur just for the purpose of these Chronicles. It represents an area bound together by social, economic and sentimental ties, a certain community of interests which defies boundary lines.

## 18.

### *The Militia*

Prompted by Aaron Burr's invasion of Eastern Ohio, the Highland County Militia was organized in 1807. "Greenfield," according to the early Chronicler, "formed her citizens and those of the surrounding neighborhood into a large and handsome company commanded by Captain John Coffey." On September 2, 1808, a general muster of the Militia was held in Billy Hill's cow pasture on Clear creek. Everyone who could find a way was present. They came on horseback and on foot through the woods and along roads which were little more than Indian trails. They brought with them baskets of food, including gingerbread which seems to have been the great picnic delicacy of those days. There was also plenty of watermelons and barrels of whisky. Six companies of the Militia reported, numbering 500 men. Many of the guns had seen service in the Revolutionary War.

"When all was ready," according to Daniel Scott, "a flourish of drums at one end of the line announced the approach of Major Anthony Franklin. He appeared on a handsome bay, well-caparisoned, wearing the uniform his father had worn at Yorktown. He

carried his father's sword and wore a cocked hat adorned with a magnificent ostrich feather. The Major, however, came not alone for some half dozen boys had mounted their fathers' horses and precipitously joined him and formed his rather uncouth and — to him — totally unconscious escort as he rode to the center of the line and faced the front."

The maneuvers proceeded according to schedule. At twelve o'clock a recess of an hour was ordered during which the baskets were opened and everyone feasted on the gingerbread and the other delicacies they had brought with them. Most of them heeded the injunction against drinking water from "unwholesome ponds often poisoned by the spawns of toads, frogs, creeping things, hateful insects and vermin soaking through heaths and other poisonous bogs, roots and bushes." Instead they drank whisky and, when the time came to resume the maneuvers, most of the crowd and militia were in a hilarious mood.

In executing one of the Major's orders, Captain Sam Evans stumbled over a small stump and lay for a moment on the ground, sword point and heels up, occasioning great hilarity among the spectators. The Major, his dignity considerably ruffled, sharply reprimanded Captain Evans who answered back in what the Major considered a disrespectful manner. He ordered Captain Evans placed under arrest but the Captain's company came to his rescue. They refused to drill unless their Captain was reinstated. One member of the company offered to fight the Major but peace was finally restored through the good offices of the other officers. After the muster many of the spectators amused themselves with footraces, wrestling and other sports, plentifully interspersed with fights. Many who participated in this first muster afterwards served in the War of 1812. Greenfield sent its full share of men to that conflict, including one complete rifle company.

## 19.

### *Postoffice*

The records of the U. S. Postal Service show that a postoffice was established in Greenfield on June 25, 1813. The first postmaster was Noble Crawford and the first postoffice *Travellers Rest*. The arrival of the mail once a week was always an important event to the settlers. The post-rider made the trip from Chillicothe on horseback carrying the mail in his saddle-bags. When he arrived at the top of Collier's hill, just east of town, he heralded his approach with a loud blast on a trumpet. Immediately everybody stopped his work and hurried to *Travellers Rest* even though they might not be expecting any mail. The amount of mail was always small and those who were fortunate enough to receive letters were objects of great

interest. The rate for a single letter was 37½ cents and that was a lot of money in those days. It was paid by the receiver instead of the sender.

Uncle Sam demanded spot cash and refused to accept barter. It was no unusual occurrence for the recipient of a letter to hand it back to the Postmaster after sorrowfully examining its exterior. One ingenious settler is said to have devised a system for outwitting Uncle Sam. A letter arrived every week which he would take, examine carefully, then return to the Postmaster. A clever code arranged with his correspondent had given him the information desired without opening the letter. Whether they received any mail or not, the arrival of the post-rider gave cheering assurance that Greenfield was not completely isolated from the outside world. The post-rider also brought many bits of news from Chillicothe.

For nearly half a century Greenfield served as postoffice for all the surrounding country. People living in and around Salem Meeting House found this very inconvenient. Hugh McKenzie, who operated a general store, undertook to secure the mail and to distribute it to his customers. He made the trip to Greenfield, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback. In 1842 the U. S. authorities learning of this practice asked McKenzie for a report on the business transacted through his office. He bundled up all his receipts and vouchers and forwarded them to Washington with a letter telling the government that if it wanted a report, it could make it out for itself. There is no record of the salary received by Greenfield's first Postmaster but Isaac Smith, who succeeded Mr. Crawford, received the princely sum of \$27.56 for his services. The receipts for 1825 reached the amazing sum of \$50. We might contrast this amount with the receipts of our postoffice for the year 1953 which amounted to \$288,580.62.

20.           1609387

*New Arrivals*

In 1813 Frederick Parrett came to Ohio on horseback to purchase a farm for his son, John. He liked the country along the Paint and the Buckskin so well that he returned to his home in the Shenandoah valley and offered all his possessions for sale. The bill advertising the sale contains the curious phrase, "No bid less than a penny will be received." The proceeds of the sale amounted to considerably more than a penny. His daughter Barbara used to tell about "a trunk of gold" they carried over the mountains on an ox-cart. When she grew tired of walking, she would ride on the cart, sitting on the trunk of gold. Frederick settled on a farm near Salem Meeting House and prospered. When each of his twelve sons and daughters married, he gave them certain things with which to "keep

haus" as he expressed it. Every gift was set down with meticulous care in an old account book which is still in existence. The entries are a curious mixture of broken German and phonetic spelling. For instance, his gifts to his son Frederick included a piece of land valued at \$850 and the following items: "1 proun horse; 1 rieffel cone; 1 bate and batestet; 1 saetel and prietal; 2 sheep; 1 blouse and tacklence; 2 pair horsgears; 1 ags and grubanho."

In the graveyard of Paxton church near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, rests the dust of many of the ancestors of early settlers in the Greenfield community — Elders, Kerrs, Colliers, Murrays and Rutherford's. In 1814 Captain Collier and his family left their home on the banks of the Susquehanna river and took up the long journey by wagon train to their new home on the banks of Paint creek where their kinsman, James Murray, had already settled. Captain Collier had served in the Revolution and had been presented with a sword by General Lafayette for his gallant services. The Colliers were accompanied on the six weeks journey by William Boyd and his family who expected to settle in the town of Greenfield. Altogether there were eighteen in the party which included Captain Collier, his wife and ten children and William Boyd, his wife and four children. They never traveled on the Sabbath. As they neared their new home, just across Paint creek from Greenfield, they even refused an invitation from James Murray to eat dinner with them as they must reach their home in time to bake bread before the Sabbath. A cow was part of the caravan and her milk was placed every day in a covered pail and swung on the end of the wagon pole. The continual swaying of the pail as the wagon bumped along over the rough road churned the milk. When they went into camp at night, they opened the pail and found a nice roll of sweet, fresh butter.

Sometime in the early Twenties, Robert Waddell settled on the banks of Sugar Run and planted some "Tom beans" he had brought from Kentucky. The beans were named for an old slave by the name of Tom who had shot a wild duck and found some beans in its craw. He planted the beans which turned out to have a delicious flavor quite unlike that of any ordinary beans. For over a hundred years the Waddells continued to raise the Tom beans but about 1916 the seed was lost. In need of tubs and vats, Robert Waddell went to Chillicothe where he made the acquaintance of Christopher Shrock, an expert carpenter and cooper. He induced Christopher to return with him and make the required tubs and vats.

Christopher Shrock had been married in Staunton, Virginia, to Sarah Cade on March 29, 1810. Mrs. Shrock is quaintly described in an old newspaper clipping, announcing the wedding, as "the concert of Christopher Shrock." After serving in the War of 1812,

Christopher Shrock removed his family to Ohio and settled in Chillicothe. After his visit to Greenfield he decided to locate in the town with his numerous progeny. Many of the early frame buildings in Greenfield were built by Christopher Shrock and his son, John. When John decided to get married, he built a frame house on the site where the Round Corner store now stands. It was a rather striking structure for the period as it had a verandah extending along both streets. Here John brought his bride, Charlotte McArthur Lawhead, a young widow with three children. Numerous descendants of Christopher Shrock still live in Greenfield.

## 21.

*Old Diaries*

Few written records of contemporaneous events have come down to us from the Pioneer Period. One of the most interesting is the *Memorandum Book* kept by Alexander Elliott on his journey to Greenfield in the summer of 1814. He traveled almost entirely on foot except the stretch between Charleston and Marietta which he made in a "skift." He gives the distance he traveled each day and the places through which he passed, with an occasional comment on the situation of the various towns. First he had to earn some money with which to finance the journey. "Commenced work with Jos. Jacob in Wainsburg at \$14 per mo., July 6th. From thence I went to Cumberland county in Landisburgh where I continued six weeks at \$14 per mo. Sept. 14th I left Landisburgh and went to Lewiston where I received 46 dollars from Wm. Cever to commence my journey to the West. From Lewiston I went to Shearman's Valley where I continued until the 4th of October. And on that day we commenced our journey towards the Ohio."

And then follows his day by day itinerary with the distance traveled, beginning with Burnt Cabins and Bloody Run and ending with "Ethans, Adelphy and Chillicothy," to preserve his quaint spelling of place names. After he had settled down in Greenfield he wrote a letter to his brother Thomas back in Mifflin county, Pennsylvania. The letter, which is still preserved by his descendants, is the oldest document extant written by a citizen of Greenfield. It was dated January 10, 1816, and consists of a single sheet of paper of heavy texture, folded into a small rectangle and sealed with what appears to be common sealing wax. Mr. Elliott wrote a fine hand with many flourishes, using the old-fashioned "S" which is shaped like an "f." The letter reads: "I have proposed commencing my business in this place as soon as I can get tools but being short of cash I was put back a little. But I got the promise of 100 dollars the last of this month and if I can get it I will do very well. This is a good place for a saddler and there is none nearer than eighteen

miles. This is a very lively place and is improving fast. It is situated on Paint creek twenty-two miles from Chillicothe. Paint creek passes by on the east side and runs south and is about the size of Tuscorora creek. It is a very good place for water-works but there are few on it yet. It is likewise a very healthy place." Greenfield apparently proved to be "a good place for a saddler." Alexander Elliott prospered. He was a highly respected citizen of Greenfield for over fifty years. He lived in a cottage on the present site of the Elliott Hotel which was built by his son Captain Thomas Milton Elliott.

Another document of this period is an old diary yellow with age but still perfectly legible written by Samuel Collier, son of Captain James Collier of Revolutionary fame. It records his journey to his old home in Pennsylvania for the purpose of marrying "the girl he left behind" when he came to Greenfield. The first page is inscribed in copper-plate handwriting with many curlicues and flourishes:

#### MISCELLANEOUS MEMORANDA

Samuel Collier

Feby 7th, 1815.

First of all Samuel lists a number of things to be done on his journey. (1) Call on Jno. Melholm in Cadiz and inquire of him concerning land situate on R. Fork of Paint owned by him. (2) Cross the Monongahela at Upper Ferry. (3) Put up at King Tavern in Pittsburgh. (4) Call on Thomas Fisher in Denstown and deliver him a letter. (5) Call on Henry Fulmer and examine his Flax mill. (6) Take the dimentions of a windmill. (7) Procure some seeds of plants of Chicory.

Then follows a day by day entry under the title "Travelling Remarks." It is a matter of fact account of the journey, the towns he visited, the taverns at which he stopped, the amount of the bill and the distance traveled each day. It records no startling adventures, no brushes with bandits, no picturesque episodes. But it does mention some interesting encounters along the way. He visited a singing school near Lancaster where "the company appeared to behave with greater degree of decorum than is usual in such cases." On Sunday he read "E. Erskin's sermon which caused the secession from the Presbyterian church."

He usually averaged thirty miles a day. His entertainment bills ranged from 62½ cents to \$1.25 a day. Once he was gouged for \$2.00. Near Zanesville he rode with a brother of Captain Elliott who had commanded the brig *Niagara* in Perry's victory on Lake Erie and was very much impressed by his "familiar and apparently candid mode of conversation." On February 17th he encountered 500 of the Virginia Militia on their way to Norfolk and commented

on their "very handsome appearance." On February 19 he records, "Heard this day the pleasing news that peace is concluded with Great Britain." On February 21 in Frankstown he was "agreeably entertained by some beautiful airs on a beautifully toned piano by the landlord's most beautiful daughter." On March 19 he arrived at his destination, South Russells, having traveled 411 miles from Greenfield, Ohio. He married the girl of his choice and according to later records, "lived happily ever after."

## 22.

*Pioneer Churches*

The pioneers who founded Greenfield were for the most part men who feared God and kept his commandments. Many of the early settlers, particularly those who came from Virginia and the Carolinas, had been brought up in the Presbyterian Church. They were determined to keep alive their faith. Before any church edifices were built, they held meetings in the homes of members of the group and in stores and shops placed at their disposal. In the absence of ordained ministers, some member of the group, possessing a native though untutored eloquence, read the Scriptures and offered up a prayer. During the first two decades of its history, Greenfield had no church buildings. This was no doubt due to the fact that there were two flourishing churches in the adjacent rural areas — the Hop Run church, situated on a small stream on the east side of the Paint less than a mile from town, and the Rocky Spring church four miles below Greenfield in the settlement founded by Thomas Rodgers and his brother Hamilton in 1805. Both of these churches eventually merged with church groups in Greenfield and their history is a part of the history of the Greenfield churches.

The first church services in the vicinity of Greenfield were held on the Wilson farm in Buckskin township in 1802. To this meeting both the Greenfield and the South Salem Presbyterian churches trace their origin. The services were held in the woods by two Presbyterian ministers named Marcus and Dunlevy. We are told that "the preacher stood under a tree at the rising of the hill. The congregation sat on fallen logs. There is a tradition that the preachers were barefooted which perhaps accounts for the fact that Jared Irwin passed the hat around." In any event, Jared arose and made a short exhortation, saying, "These ministers cannot live upon wind, therefore I propose to take up a collection." He dropped a dollar in his hat — a lot of money in those days — and passed it around collecting several dollars. This time-honored custom is still observed in the Presbyterian church.

A pleasant sylvan glade, not far from the point where the Rattlesnake empties into the Paint, was the scene of the first sermon

ever preached in Madison township. The preacher was Rev. James Hoge, who for forty-eight years was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Columbus. Rev. Hoge had acquired some land in the Rocky Spring community and, on a visit to inspect his holdings in 1806, he was prevailed upon by his neighbors to hold a religious service. As a result of this meeting, the Rocky Spring Presbyterian church was organized in 1809. An edifice was erected and served the congregation until it decided to disband and unite with the Second Presbyterian Church of Greenfield. This building stood for many years but was finally destroyed by a severe wind storm on March 13, 1876.

Rev. Nicholas Pittenger became pastor of the church in 1809. The records of Highland county show that he was licensed to solemnize the rites of matrimony in 1811. He served the church for fifteen years. Of Rev. Pittenger, one of his elders said: "This eminent servant of God was a workman who was neither ashamed nor afraid to preach the truth and the whole truth, not fearing the consequences. Few were ever more blessed in their labors." The old Burial Ground at Rocky Spring stands as a perpetual memorial to the men who built the church which, at one time, had three hundred communicants, an almost unparalleled record for a country church. In this burial ground sleep four soldiers of the Revolution, no less than ten veterans of the War of 1812 and forty-three soldiers of the Civil War.

## 23.

### *Pioneer Preacher*

The pioneer preacher was a hardy individual, fired with the zeal of martyrs. He grappled with the devil and wrestled with sin. He preached the "old time religion" with plenty of fire and brimstone. "Flee from the wrath to come," was the burden of his discourse. He called a spade a spade and he named names, even if they were the names of his own parishioners. Judged by our modern standards, it was an intolerant, bigoted doctrine that he preached but it was well suited to a pioneer community. It was a strong, vigorous and virile religion which refused to compromise with wrong in any guise. The pioneer preacher never evaded the great moral issues as they arose — personal rectitude, temperance and human slavery.

Greenfield's most famous pioneer preacher, however, certainly did not conform to this portrait of a pioneer preacher. For forty-three years the Presbyterians of Greenfield sat and listened to the discourses of Dr. Samuel Crothers, a learned and scholarly man who had spent four years in the Lexington Academy and four years in a theological seminary in New York. His published works included

treatises on subjects which required careful research and broad scholarship. He was a wise and tolerant man, judged by the standards of his time, but his tolerance did not extend to the institution of slavery and strong drink. Born in Pennsylvania, he had spent twelve years in Kentucky during the formative period of his young manhood where he acquired a deep and abiding hatred of slavery and an infinite compassion for its innocent victims. The roistering excesses of the patrons of the taverns of his day had made him an advocate of temperance and a strict application of church discipline to church members who drank to excess.

The Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church was organized in 1809. On June 25, 1810, a call was extended to Dr. Crothers, a young probationer under the inspection of the Kentucky Presbytery. An old record of September, 1810, indicates that the official board had failed to mention the salary when they sought his services. William Baldridge of the Kentucky Presbytery, who appears to have been a born diplomat, called the board's attention to the omission in a letter overflowing with the milk of human kindness. The matter was quickly adjusted. Dr. Crother's salary was fixed at \$250 a year. Dr. Crothers preached his first sermon in the barn of Wilson Stewart, west of town. He was ordained a full-fledged minister of the gospel at a congregational meeting held at the home of Alexander Scroggs on January 12, 1811.

At the same meeting it was decided to build a meeting house on Hop Run. The church was built of logs and completed in 1811. It had a very high pulpit and, when the building was filled, some of the youngsters had to sit under the pulpit. The problem of heating the church was a serious one. It was finally decided to build a stone hearth in front of the pulpit on which charcoal could be burned. It did not prove to be a very happy arrangement. The fumes from the charcoal almost asphyxiated the minister and drove the communicants from the building. For two years Dr. Crothers also served a church near Chillicothe, riding back and forth on horseback in the manner of a circuit preacher. In March, 1813, he gave up the Chillicothe church to devote all his time to Hop Run. Eventually, Dr. Crothers came into conflict with the Hop Run officials on the subject of closed communion and the exclusive use of what has been called "inspired psalmody." He was impatient of the narrow doctrinal disputes which were splitting the Presbyterian church into factions. He resigned his pastorate in 1818 and returned to Kentucky.

Rev. Andrew Ritchie in his *Life and Writings of Dr. Samuel Crothers* says: "A large number of the Associated Reformed congregation, wishing to change their ecclesiastical connection, sent a written invitation to Dr. Crothers to return to Greenfield and be their pastor as a congregation in connection with the Chillicothe

Presbytery of the Presbyterian church.” Dr. Crothers accepted the call. On June 24, 1820, the First Presbyterian church of Greenfield was organized with sixty communicants. The session consisted of Wilson Stewart, Hugh Ghormley and Elijah Kirkpatrick, with Dr. Crothers as moderator. Arrangements were made to immediately erect a church edifice on the northern end of the Old Burial Ground. Members of the congregation pledged themselves to furnish money or materials for the construction of the building. A typical pledge, now in the possession of one of James Collier’s descendants, reads: “I do promise to furnish for the use of building the meeting house in Greenfield two hundred bushels of lime to be delivered at the kiln against the first of May next. (Signed) James Collier, 13th March, 1821.”

## 24. *Old Stone Meeting House*

While the new Presbyterian church was under construction, meetings were held in a grove near the residence of James Robinson. We are told that these meetings were never interrupted by inclement weather. The church was completed and occupied in 1821 and was the first church building erected within the limits of Greenfield. It served the community for thirty-nine years. It was here that Dr. Samuel Crothers began and completed his entire pastorate of thirty-five years. With his years as pastor of the Hop Run church, he served the Greenfield community for forty-three years, a remarkable record almost equalled by his son, Dr. Samuel D. Crothers, who served the same congregation for thirty-seven years. Eighty years of pastoral service by father and son in the same community and in the same church is probably an unparalleled record in church history.

The new meeting house was built of local stone. It was an oblong honest structure without a spire, belfry or vestibule, with four large windows on each side and two doors at each end. Unlike the brick church which followed it and is still standing, it faced toward the graveyard. The large wood-burning stoves in the middle aisle were useful, if not ornamental. The interior was lighted by four chandeliers, each accommodating six tall tallow candles. The walls were of limestone quarried in Alfred Lang’s stone quarry near the old Rucker estate. The church was provided with a high pulpit and high back pews of native walnut grown nearby. The pulpit was in the north end of the church and was reached by four or five steps protected by banisters.

Directly under the pulpit was a bench facing the congregation upon which the leader of the music sat. This important personage was called the “clerk,” pronounced “clark” after the English usage.

For many years "Uncle" John Murray was the clerk. He knew little about music but he had a resonant voice. After the hymn was announced, he would rise and read the first two lines and then start the tune. While singing, he would rock to and fro. Sometimes he would pitch the tune too high, covering his inability to strike the high notes with a convenient little cough until he could catch the tune as it came down. There were few hymn books so the congregation had to depend upon the clerk who continued to give out two lines at a time until the hymn was finished. There was no choir and no organ, cornet, flute or psaltery but all the members of the congregation joined in the singing with great gusto.

There were some old "seceders" in the congregation who did not approve of the singing of hymns and even insisted upon using their own version when the psalms were read. While the rest of the congregation were reading from the Watts Psalter, they read from a little red-backed book containing the Rouse version. The person of greatest interest to the boys and girls was the sexton who hustled in and out, keeping his weather eye on the tallow dips which lighted the church. When one of the chandeliers was lowered for the purpose of changing the candles, the one on the other side of the church would mysteriously go up. It was all very fascinating to the youngsters. When almost a hundred years old, Mrs. Lou Watts wrote: "When I feel drowsy sitting here, I always recall how the big fly would buzz during the services and how the men would take catnaps during the sermons."

Presbyterians took their religion seriously. The observance of the Sabbath was an all-day occurrence. "They came afoot and on horseback," according to Rev. J. M. McElroy. "Husband and wife are probably in the van, each on a steady, strong horse. Grown sons and daughters follow down to the boy with a sheepskin saddle. The mother has the baby in her lap, a tow-headed hopeful sitting behind, and a reticule of cakes and 'things' on the horn of the saddle. From every direction the processions are on the move, reaching the church shortly before eleven. There are no ushers. The mother leads the way to and into the family pew, the children follow, the father taking his place at the head of the pew." There were always two sermons separated by a long intermission which enabled the members of the congregation to assemble in the rear of the church overlooking Deacon Smith's tanyard where they had hitched their horses.

They brought their dinners with them and spread the food on the greensward when the weather permitted. Strangers were always cordially invited to participate. The intermissions were popular with the young people. The young ladies seem to have been an exceedingly thirsty bunch. They would wander away to the old town pump at the corner of Mirabeau and Front streets, some even

as far as the pump in Smith's tanyard. By a strange coincidence, there always seemed to be a polite young man at the pump to manipulate the handle while the young lady held the brass cup attached to a long chain. Many a romance began at the old town pump. After the intermission, the congregation reassembled for the second sermon. When the children grew restless, mother could always find something in her reticule to keep them quiet. Some of the men, accustomed to hard work, might nap occasionally but they all woke up when the hymns were sung and joined in vigorously.

Dr. Crothers was an indefatigable worker. He organized Bible classes in four country districts, held prayer meetings on Wednesday nights and yet found time to write anti-slavery pamphlets and books requiring deep scholarship. There were few theological schools in those days so his home became a sort of theological seminary where no fewer than twenty young men prepared for the ministry. One of the sorrows of Dr. Crothers' life was the fact that Hop Run church where he began his ministry, having been abandoned as a church, became a barn. He could never reconcile himself to the idea that a place, once dedicated to God, should suffer such a fate. One night, just as the congregation was emerging from the church, the eastern sky was lighted up with lurid flames. The Hop Run church was on fire. Dr. Crothers expressed the wish that, if the Presbyterians ever built a new church, they would dispense with the dedication. When a new church was built in 1855, his wishes were respected.

## 25.

### *First Sunday School*

In the course of one hundred and fifty years, many individuals have settled in Greenfield, remained for more or less extended periods and then disappeared without leaving a trace. They are like those "ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing." Some have been colorful personalities. Some have made important contributions to the progress of the town. There was Mr. Titeler, for instance, whose concern with "the de'il" was directly responsible for the founding of Greenfield's first Sunday School. We do not know where Mr. Titeler came from. We do not know where he went when he departed from the community. All we know is a brief episode in a rather nomadic career. We wouldn't even know that there had ever been a Mr. Titeler if it were not for a letter written by Mrs. Isabell S. Jolly, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Crothers, over sixty years ago. Mrs. Jolly writes:

I think it was in 1824 that the first Sabbath school was organized. A traveling shoemaker, Titeler by name, came to town and opened a shop in a room just above what used to be known as the

Lawhead property. Titeler was an educated man and had traveled all over Europe and, being a Scotchman, was a theologian as well. His favorite study was Astronomy. He came up to the parsonage on a Saturday night, when the stars were shining and when he got to the front door, he gave a lecture on that subject. Pa interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Titeler, I will be pleased to see you any night except Saturday. I reserve that night for reviewing my sermons." Pa said to my mother, "Poor fellow, he is what the Scotch call a little daft."

The next Saturday night after lighting the candle, there was a knock at the door. Pa opened the door and in walked Mr. Titeler. Pa gave him a look of astonishment. Mr. Titeler said, "I ken very weel you are no glad to see me, but the de'il is in town. What are you going to do about it?" Pa said, "Sit down, Mr. Titeler, and explain." "The de'il is going about like a roaring lion," Mr. Titeler said. "As I crossed the bridge two boys were fighting. One struck the other on the head and said, 'The de'il take you for all that you are worth.' Then coming up the street, two boys were quarreling. One said, 'The de'il fly away with you.' Then in my shop a boy asked for the loan of a hammer. I said, 'I can't lend you my tools.' He said, 'Go to the de'il with your hammer.' What will you do about it?"

Pa said, "What would you advise?" Mr. Titeler replied, "I know what my friend, Robert Raikes, would do — start a school." They talked it over. It was decided that Mr. Titeler would open a school in his shop. Pa read the notice the next day at the Sunday services and Mr. Titeler opened the school in his shop twice a week, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon for the preparation of the lesson, and on the Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. The school grew too large for the shop and moved to the church. Mr. Titeler, leaving to resume his wanderings, John McConnell was appointed superintendent and after him his brother, James McConnell.

## 26.

### *Methodist Church*

The Methodist Church of Greenfield had its origin at a barn-raising on the farm of John Robins on the Buckskin in 1804. Neighbors had gathered from far and near to lend a helping hand in the construction of Mr. Robins' barn. While the men were engaged in work an itinerant preacher rode up on horseback and inquired whether there was any place in that vicinity where a religious service could be held. Hearing of the request, Mr. Robins placed his house and yard at the disposal of the preacher and arranged with him a date for the meeting. On the appointed day, the whole com-

munity turned out. There were so many people that the meeting was transferred to the newly-erected barn.

As a result of this meeting a class was organized which met in the barn as long as the weather permitted, then adjourned to the house. It was visited by various circuit riders. Some of Mr. Robins' old neighbors on the Scioto river, where he had formerly lived, couldn't understand why he had "joined up with the Methodists," as Methodism wasn't exactly popular in a neighborhood that had been settled almost exclusively by Presbyterians. The Worthingtons and the McConnells decided to visit the Robinses and find out. The ladies put their knitting in their reticules and, accompanied by the men, walked over to the Robinses — it was just a nice jaunt of eighteen or twenty miles. They learned that the Robinses were quite content with their new affiliation.

The newly organized class was afterwards transferred to Michael Hare's and still later to the home of Charles White much nearer to Greenfield. Mr. White was an old Revolutionary soldier, a Kentuckian who had freed his slaves and migrated to Ohio in 1808. He settled on what was later known as the Boyd Wilson farm about a mile and a half from Greenfield. His first wife was a niece of James Monroe, fifth president of the United States. After his arrival in Greenfield, his daughter, Juliana, was born, February 7, 1815. She married Abraham Freshour, lived a long and useful life in the Greenfield community, and at her death on November 8, 1907, was undoubtedly one of the last survivors of the real Daughters of the American Revolution.

Charles White's father had been an active co-worker of Bishop Asbury, the first Bishop of the Methodist church in America, and had accompanied the Bishop on his circuit. So Charles White was "Methodist born and Methodist bred." Mr. White built the first brick house in this section of the state about 1817. The bricks were made on the premises by the hand process. In planning the house, Mr. White made special provision for the needs of the Methodist class. A high-ceilinged room was set aside for the weekly meetings. Above the mantel was a metal circle with a four-pointed raised cross or star, set securely in the center of the chimney. On Saturday afternoon, the furniture was moved out of the room and benches brought in. The circuit rider usually arrived on Saturday evening. The room above the meeting place, also provided with a fireplace, was reserved for his use. The class consisted of Charles White, Michael Hare, Benjamin Adair, William Jones, Philip Adair, Samuel Mooney, Mrs. James Moon and their families.

In 1822 Rev. Jacob Daley of the Ohio Conference, organized the First Methodist Church of Greenfield. Thereafter the meetings were held for a while in the log schoolhouse on the Old Burial Ground and still later in John Boyd's cabinet shop. No church edi-

fice was erected until 1828. Rev. George Maley, an eccentric Methodist preacher of the early days, once remarked, "Methodism and dog-fennel are bound to take the world." The two were introduced into Ohio at about the same time, the dog-fennel as a supposed preventive of malaria, Methodism as a remedy for the spiritual ills of the world. Both have spread amazingly.

## 27.

*Doctors and Dentists*

There were no doctors or dentists in Greenfield for many years. Colonel James Curry, who knew something about the treatment of fractures from his army experience, could always be relied upon to set broken bones. Most of the doctoring, however, was done by old women with their "herb teas," poultices and cordials. Sassafras tea was a specific for "that tired feeling" in the spring and a "tonic bitters," made by steeping in whisky the fruit of the cucumber tree which grew wild along the Paint, was as highly regarded as Peruna in Prohibition days. Ground up peach roots were a sure cure for the seven year itch while the pain of rheumatic joints was quickly relieved by applications of skunk grease mixed with peppermint leaves. These "old wives' remedies" were credited with many remarkable cures.

Alexander Elliott in one of his letters home had described Greenfield as a "healthy place" and this reputation is borne out by the fact that many settlers who had lived in Chillicothe moved to Greenfield to escape the ague and fevers attributed to the effluvia arising from decomposing vegetable matter in the bottom lands along the Scioto. These regions were also severely afflicted with what were known as "autumnal fevers" whose symptoms were not unlike those of yellow fever. Once a great epidemic of the bloody flux raged in the Scioto valley. From eight to ten victims were buried every day. Many citizens decided that it would be safer in the highlands along the Paint.

In 1820 Greenfield acquired her first fully qualified physician. In that year young Dr. Garvin Johnson hung out his shingle. He boarded at *Travellers Rest* and married Mr. Crawford's daughter. In 1825 Dr. Chapan A. Harris settled in Greenfield. Few people are aware that he eventually became the co-founder of the first dental college in the world and the editor of the first dental magazine. In early pioneer days dentistry had not been practiced as a distinct and separate profession. There were itinerant dentists, just as there were itinerant cobblers,, who traveled from place to place offering their rather crude services to the public. But a toothache is never known to await the convenience of the dentist. Usually extractions were made by the regular physician; in the absence of a physician,

the village blacksmith could usually be relied upon to yank out the offending molar with a pair of pliers.

In 1819 a young physician by the name of Dr. John Harris who hailed from Pompey, New York, settled in Madison near Cincinnati. He was particularly interested in dentistry and obtained all the information and technical knowledge he could from the itinerant dentists he encountered. He was soon joined by his brother, Chapan A. Harris, who studied medicine under his brother's guidance. In 1825 Dr. John Harris removed to Bainbridge while his brother, Chapan, settled in near-by Greenfield. In the *Chillicothe Supporter and Gazette* of November 1, 1827, Dr. John Harris announced that he was prepared to instruct a private class in the principles of dentistry at his home in Bainbridge. A number of young physicians enrolled in this, the first class in dentistry of which we have any record. Among the pupils enrolled was Dr. Chapan A Harris from Greenfield.

The little stone cottage in Bainbridge is revered as "the Cradle of Dental Education." In December, 1938, it was purchased by the Ohio State Dental Society and restored to its original appearance. It has since been maintained as a museum and shrine by the dentists of Ohio. Dr. John Harris removed to Chillicothe in 1830 and followed the itinerant practice of dentistry until his death in Hartford, N. C., on July 26, 1849. His brother and most brilliant pupil, Dr. Chapan A. Harris of Greenfield, went on to become the co-founder of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first dental college in the world, and the editor of the *American Journal of Dental Science*, the first dental journal.

## 28.

### *The Pioneer Period Ends*

A white settler was killed by an Indian in 1825, the last instance of the kind in the state of Ohio. The long conflict for the possession of the land had ended with the white man firmly in control. The incident is usually considered as bringing to a conclusion the Pioneer Period although pioneer conditions were to continue for many years. During this period, Greenfield had made steady but not spectacular progress. Many new families had been added to the First Families of the town. Greenfield was still a straggling village along Main street which was a quagmire of mud in the spring and a sea of dust in the summer. Most of the business houses were located in the two blocks east of the Public Square. Hitching racks had been erected along the curbs in front of the business houses. A wooden pump, with a rude log trough, adorned the Public Square. Seventy years later, as the writer can testify, that same



Travellers Rest, 1812. First stone building, first post office, oldest building in Greenfield.



Primitive log cabin. Used as Sesquicentennial Headquarters, 1949.



Corner of old burial ground



Old Presbyterian Church, 1855. Breaking ground for the present church.

## *Parade of the Years*



Upper — Greenfield's illustrious son, General J. E. Hull, commander of U. N. and U. S. A. Armies in Far East, addresses Sesqui crowd.

Lower — Greenfield's Birthday cake with 150 candles; B. & P. W. Club's first-prize float.

## *Parade of the Years*



**Indians on horseback and Conestoga wagons**

log pump or its lineal descendant was still dispensing refreshment to man and beast.

Many lots in the town plot were still covered with a thick undergrowth of vines, brambles and shrubs where schoolboys foraged for hazelnuts, berries and wild grapes. The town had no newspaper, no separate corporate existence, no public buildings—not even a jail. The sylvan recesses of the town had never echoed to the sound of church bells. Nevertheless, religion, morality and education, the three ideals set up by the Ordinance of 1787, had been established on a firm foundation. A pamphlet published in 1822 gives us our first description of the town: "Greenfield contains a postoffice, two stores, four taverns, a tanyard, a sadler, a blacksmith and a cabinet maker's shop, a carding machine and 250 inhabitants."

If you wish to recapture the spirit of a bygone age, visit the Old Burial Ground overlooking the Valley of the Paint where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Old sandstone markers, half-covered with mosses and lichens, tell the story of a plain and simple people who crossed the mountains, traversed the trackless forests, built for themselves homes in the wilderness and laid the foundations for an enduring civilization. They suffered hardships and privations that their children and their children's children might enjoy a more abundant life. They built a monument more enduring than the humble sandstone markers which are already beginning to crumble into dust.

Louise Dunlap Watts, whose hundred years of fruitful life, bridged the gap between our own generation and those early pioneers, has beautifully expressed the sentiment which we all feel: "The unwritten history, the joys and sorrows, the blighted hopes, the embittered lives, the shining path, the green-old age, the undreamed-of success, the lives sweetened by adversity, the household angels, the uncrowned kings and queens are all here could we but read the secret scrolls of which these names are but the outer semblance."

We do not know whether Johnny Appleseed ever passed this way or not, "his leathern pouch the storehouse for seeds that must be sown." We do not know whether he ever dropped his apple-seeds along our streams or scattered them over our uplands. I remember that, when quite a small boy, an old, old man pointed out to me an ancient apple tree which he said had been planted by that apostle of good will and loving kindness. But whether he ever passed this way or not, we know that our countryside is fragrant with apple blossoms in the spring and mellow with the ripened fruit in the autumn. Someone sowed the seed. Someone had the vision without which a people perishes. Every pioneer was a Johnny Ap-

pleased in his own right. He sowed the seed that others would reap. He planted the fruit that others would enjoy. And everyone of those pioneers deserves the tribute which we so gladly pay to the immortal Johnny Appleseed.



Charles Bell  
Pioneer Merchant



A. G. Franklin  
Pioneer Hotel Man

## **PART II**

# **STAGE COACH DAYS**

## **1825 — 1850**

*"A city belongs to an era but a town belongs to all the time which has existed since it began."*

## BLOSSOMS OF LIFE

*Life is like a sweeping river,  
Ceaseless in its onward flow —  
On whose waves quick sunbeams quiver,  
On whose banks sweet blossoms grow.*

*Blossoms quick to grow and perish;  
Swift to bloom and swift to fall;  
Those we earliest learn to cherish  
Soonest pass beyond recall.*

*Shall we lose them all forever?  
Leave them on this earthly strand?  
Shall their joyous radiance never  
Reach us in the spirit land?*

*Soon the tide of life upflowing  
Buoyantly from time's dim shore,  
Where supernal flowers are growing,  
Shall meander ever more.*

*There the hopes that long have told us  
Of the climes beyond the tomb,  
While superber skies enfold us,  
Shall renew their starry bloom.*

— OTWAY CURRY

*Stage Coach Days*

In pioneer days, the rider on horseback with saddle-bags and the Conestoga wagon were the popular means of transportation. There were still men on horseback and Conestoga wagons long after the stage coach made its appearance. The first stage coaches arrived in Ohio in 1815 but they were few in number and operated only on the main-traveled roads. In 1818 Greenfield became one of the stops on the stage line operating from Chillicothe to Lebanon and the arrival of the stage coach was the big event of the week thereafter. The early coaches were extremely crude and uncomfortable. Six to eight persons were crowded into the coach. Their personal baggage, limited to ten pounds, was stowed away under the seats. The remaining space was filled with mail bags and merchandise, allowing little freedom of movement to the passengers. The wagon roads were filled with ruts and gullies and mudholes. The coaches were not provided with springs. A trip in a stage coach was one long series of bumps and jolts.

Accidents were frequent. Sometimes the coach overturned. At the foot of a steep incline, passengers were invited to get out and walk. One disgruntled passenger complained that he didn't mind walking even though he had paid to ride in the coach but he did object to carrying on his shoulder a rail with which to pry the coach out of the mud. These coaches were called "ordinaries," usually pronounced "orneries," a not inept description of these conveyances. About 1830 roads were improved. Turnpikes were built. The old road bed was straightened, culverts installed and bridges thrown across streams. The road was covered with a layer of clean, unscreened gravel to the thickness of twelve inches. These roads could be constructed at a cost of twelve hundred dollars a mile and were much more serviceable than the old corduroy roads. Every stage line tried to impress upon the public in its advertisements that its chief concern was the comfort of the traveling public.

Better coaches were built. They were swung on "thorough-braces" — long strips of leather riveted together — so as to break the force of the bumps and jolts. The baggage and other merchandise were placed in compartments on top of the coach, allowing more room for the passengers. The new coaches were sometimes called "coachees" or "chariots." The driver of the coach was a romantic figure as he piloted his coach and six along the highways, cracking his long-lashed whip over the backs of his galloping steeds and roaring out his chanties with all the fervor of the modern singing cowboy.

Mark Twain describes the driver of the coach as "a great shining dignitary, the world's favorite son, the observed of the nation." Charles Dickens, however, doesn't agree with Twain. He made a trip across Ohio in 1842. In his *American Notes*, he says: "The coachman is always dirty, sullen, taciturn. He points out nothing on the road and seldom looks at anything. He always chews and spits and never encumbers himself with a handkerchief. Sometimes he breaks out into a fragment of an election song but his face never sings with him." It is quite possible that Mr. Dickens, who always insisted on riding on the box with the driver, had a depressing effect upon that rugged individualist. At any rate the coachman was a hero to the young fry of Greenfield. "Old Bill Nutt," according to one of the boys of that generation, "the greatest stage driver in the world, would swing his leaders around the Hixon corner and come down Main street like the very fury and pull up in front of the Vass tavern as if he were the king."

### 30. "A Greene Country Towne"

As far as Greenfield was concerned, the ante-bellum period was an era of steady, if not spectacular, progress. The little pioneer settlement of rude log cabins was transformed into a pleasant "green country town," the center of a prosperous agricultural community. Land which had sold at three dollars an acre in 1814 sold for fifteen dollars in 1834. In 1822 the population of the town had been 250. Twenty years later it had risen to a thousand and by 1860 it had almost reached 1700. The population of Highland county had grown amazingly. By 1860 it had 27,772 inhabitants, 2754 more than we had in 1944, according to the U. S. census reports, a grim reminder of the decline of our rural population during the last hundred years.

Most of the inhabitants of Greenfield were honest, respectable, hard working men and women, who were deeply concerned with the problem of making both ends meet. They raised a part of the food they ate in the garden patches back of their houses, kept chickens and pigs and the family cow. They still did their own butchering, cured their own meats, rendered their own lard, made their own apple butter. The women continued to spin their own yarn and to weave it into cloth even after calicos and other fabrics were available in the stores. Money was scarce and store prices were high. As late as 1835 coonskins were still generally accepted in lieu of money in commercial transactions at the rate of one dollar for each prime skin and fifty cents for an inferior pelt.

An old ledger kept by Greenup Campbell, who ran a general store and hotel immediately east of the present Harper House,

throws some light on the prices which prevailed in 1840. Apples sold at 20 cents a bushel, corn 25 cents, oats 15 cents. A plug of tobacco cost 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents, a spelling book 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents. A jar of Holland snuff, which was highly regarded by the ladies, sold at 31 cents. A pair of beadstids — the spelling is Mr. Campbell's — retailed at \$7.00. A load of wood cost 93 cents and a palm hat 25 cents. There were some interesting individual entries in the ledger. Hugh Campbell charged 75 cents for "hawling" 150 pounds of butter to Cincinnati and \$15.50 for bringing back with him 2067 pounds of freight. Personal services weren't highly remunerated. Nerissa Lyons worked 13 weeks to pay a bill of \$6.50.

With the advent of planing mills, frame houses began to replace the rude log cabins many of which were "modernized" with a covering of clapboards. The frame cottages were usually one story high, built flush with the streets and reminiscent in their architecture of the cottages of England and Ireland. We are told that the landowner had to pay a higher tax if a yard was left in front of the cottage. Stone, however, was the favorite building material for the more pretentious dwellings. The two large stone buildings at the foot of Main street are fine examples of the architecture of this period. The one on the south side of the street was first occupied by James Boyd, the one directly across the street was the home of Samuel Smith, the tanner. An abundance of local stone also lead to another improvement. Sidewalks were laid in the residential district. These consisted of narrow flagstones about eighteen inches wide, laid end to end along the curb. The space between the curb and the property line was usually filled in with gravel. These sidewalks, peculiar to Greenfield, served the town for almost a hundred years. And even yet, if you will stroll along Front street, you will see these flagstone sidewalks stretching from Main to South street. Many flagstone walks are still to be seen in the gardens in the rear of some of the older houses. The fine old stone mansions, set far back from the street amid gardens of old fashioned flowers, belong to the years immediately preceding and following the Civil War. With their imposing porticos, supported by graceful Ionic columns, they found their inspiration in the mansions of Old Virginia.

After 1840 brick was widely used as a building material. Jefferson Taylor was the first brick maker in Greenfield. He was a well known character who lived for many years on a farm three miles south of Greenfield. He was a man of prodigious strength. At log rollings, barn raisings and fistic encounters, he was never known to be outdone in feats of strength. In 1841 Dr. Milton Dunlap began the construction of a brick residence on the present site of the Harper House. Jeff Taylor made the bricks on a part of the land now occupied by the Greenfield Cemetery. They were made by the hand-molded, sun-dried, kiln-burned process. Nathan Pine, E. Tuttle, Stewart Davis and James Scott were the masons; Thomas Boyd,

John Anderson and Jonathan Brown, the carpenters. They are described as a jolly lot of good fellows. Their favorite rendezvous was the general store of Charles Bell where they met to swap stories and indulge in badinage and sharp retort. John Anderson was also the village undertaker. He always kept a supply of black walnut lumber on hand to be ready for any emergency. He could build and finish a casket overnight.

## 31.

*Covered Bridge*

Travelers arriving in Greenfield from the East were forced for many years to ford Paint creek at the foot of Main street. When the waters were high they were brought across on a ferry. It was not until 1835 that a bridge was built across the creek, the first of three bridges which have spanned the stream at this point. The bridge was a covered wooden structure set on five or six stone piers about thirty feet apart. Building a bridge without the aid of a trained engineer was a ticklish job requiring a lot of ingenuity and skill. It had to be big enough to clear a load of hay, strong enough to withstand the impact of a herd of market-bound cattle, high enough to escape the spring floods and cheap enough to satisfy the thrifty taxpayers. It was built by what were termed "by guess and by gosh" plans but those plans were flavored with a great deal of know-how and real skill. The contractor had to meet new situations as they arose and improvise arches and beams on the spot. James McConnell was selected to build the bridge and everybody said he did a good job.

While the bridge was under construction, it was necessary to divert traffic to a point up the creek. Two village boys, James Bell and Robert Kinkead, were employed for this purpose. They had to stay on the job until late at night, waiting for belated wheat wagons. When the bridge was completed, Mr. McConnell asked the boys what they thought their services had been worth. This was a rather ticklish question to put to the boys. James looked at Robert and Robert looked at James. Finally James ventured to suggest 6½ cents a day, fully expecting to be rebuffed for his effrontery. But Mr. McConnell didn't even bat an eye. He paid the sum without any haggling, a fine example of collective bargaining.

In the course of the years, the old covered bridge became a conspicuous landmark. It was the trysting place for lovers on warm summer nights and the favorite rendezvous for young men with nothing to do and plenty of time in which to do it. The younger boys used it as a sort of gymnasium on rainy afternoons, climbing blissfully among the arches and trusses and swinging from beam to beam. Its walls were plastered with posters advertising farm sales

and basket picnics out at Douglas Grove and an occasional bill offering a reward for the capture of horse thieves. The beams were decorated with the initials of the boys who were fortunate enough to possess jack-knives.

Charles J. Bell relates, in his own inimitable style, an incident which occurred in the old bridge in his boyhood days: "I remember the old log schoolhouse that stood over on the hill near Billy Collier's. When they had a spelling match, the town boys would go over, not to spell but to raise Cain. Tough Leake was always in the gang and he was afraid of ghosts. The boys would talk ghosts while nearing the old covered bridge and Tough would be afraid to go through. One night John Scott went on ahead, took off all his clothes except his shirt and climbed up on the stringer of the bridge and hung from a rafter. The boys were posted to run back but Tough, who always carried a lot of stones in his pocket, drew back and let John have one right in the belt. Then Tough took to the creek and went straight across it and home he flew. Poor John was knocked clear off the rafter and came down with a thud. Mr. Smith, who had the tanyard on the hill, heard the racket and started for the scene. He found John all doubled up, moaning and crying. Help was called and John was taken home and did not show up for three weeks."

## 32.

### *Incorporated Town*

Up until 1841 Greenfield was administered as a part of Madison township. In that year the citizens decided that the town was big enough to run its own affairs. John Eckman, the village lawyer, was dispatched to Columbus to secure the necessary Articles of Incorporation. He made the entire journey on horseback. The first election in the newly created village was held in the spring of 1841. Hugh Smart, a rising young business man, was elected Mayor, Dr. James Beard, Recorder and Jerry Wilson, who ran a tavern, Marshal. The Council consisted of Clairborne Lea, John Boyd, Samuel Smith, Charles Robinson and John Eckman, all prominent citizens of the community. Stephen Merrill, who afterwards became the famous Bishop Merrill of the Methodist church, has left us an intriguing picture of the town at this time:

"One bright day in April in the year 1841," he writes in his Memoirs, "I sat by my mother's side and gazed out from beneath the canvas of the covered wagon for the first time upon the streets of old Greenfield. And even now I recall the boyish thoughts that passed through my brain as I looked upon what seemed to me to be long rows of stone and wooden houses with painted signs above many of the doors indicating the business transacted within. I saw here and there a man or a boy hurrying along the street or stand-

ing on the broad stone walks, looking at the newcomers who were moving into town. At length the team drew up to the door of a long, two-story stone building. Our rooms were in the east end of the building on the alley. The building was an ungainly structure with three or four front entrances, each opening into an apartment."

The Merrill's new home, we might add, was a venerable landmark for over a hundred years. In its later years it was occupied by C. W. Price as a manufacturing plant and still later as a garage. It was finally torn down in 1927 to make way for that herald of a new era — the filling station. The building has been built by Alfred Lang on in-lot number 29, purchased from Noble Crawford. Mr. Lang was a highly respected and civic-minded citizen who conducted a rope factory on Second street, just north of Main. He seems to have been the first citizen to appreciate the commercial possibilities of Greenfield's great limestone deposits. He opened a quarry on the southern edge of the town. The quarry has long been abandoned but the old lime kiln and adjacent quarry pond, now within the corporate limits of Greenfield, are still a picturesque reminder of those early days.

Stephen's father, Joshua Merrill, was a shoemaker by trade. He had come to Greenfield to become foreman of the shop for the manufacture of boots and shoes which had just been established by Samuel Smith in connection with his tannery. He was an expert craftsman. His son tells us about a pair of shoes he made for Geoffrey Day who is described as "a huge darkey with a foot that measured twelve inches in the clear." Geoff was an industrious, hard working man, a well-digger by trade. No shoemaker had a last in stock big enough to meet Geoff's need when he had to get a new pair of shoes. With winter coming on, Geoff finally appealed to Mr. Merrill who took pity on the man. He went out into the back yard and sawed off the end of a walnut rail. With the aid of the draw-knife and a rasp, he fashioned out a flat-bottomed last. Over this he made a pair of stoga shoes which fitted Geoff's pedal extremities like "the paper on the wall." Geoff was delighted with his new pair of shoes. "They am the most elegantest fit dis chile eber had," he declared.

There were no great contrasts of wealth or poverty in Greenfield in those days. There were to be sure some citizens who were referred to as "well to do." who lived in better houses, entertained modestly but well, and observed punctiliously the little amenities of life. The hardships and austerities of pioneer life were gradually giving way to a more comfortable way of living. No longer was it necessary for every man to be his own mechanic. Greenfield had skilled workers in every line. There were a few services, however, which were provided by itinerant journeymen. Some of these journeymen were highly skilled, some were just perambulating bums.

The umbrella fixer wandered from door to door. The knife-sharpener arrived with a portable grinding machine operated by foot-power. The clock fixer came every three months to clean and repair the clocks. The huckster made regular trips throughout the more remote rural districts, exchanging pots and pans for eggs and butter. The tramp printer, appearing out of nowhere and eventually disappearing into the great unknown, gave temporary relief to the sorely beset job printer. Society was adjusting itself to a more abundant way of life.

### 33.

#### *Wool Carding*

In 1834 David Bonner made some improvements in his wool carding plant, replacing horse and oxen power with steam driven machinery. In 1837 the plant with all its machinery was destroyed by fire. Mr. Bonner immediately began the erection of a large, three-story stone building on the northeast corner of Fifth and Main streets. It was the largest and most imposing building in town but most people regarded it as "away out in the country." There was only one building farther west — a log cabin which stood on the site of the present Elementary school building. Mr. Bonner was a solid and substantial citizen, an uncompromising churchman, particularly uncompromising in his attitude toward Sabbath observance. He soon retired from business, selling the new building with its machinery. The building was purchased by the recently organized lodge of Odd Fellows which used the third story as their meeting hall and rented out the rest of the building.

About 1836 two young men by the name of Charles and James Robinson entered the wool carding business, having had a year's experience in the Bonner plant. They erected a large stone building on the southwest corner of Main and Fourth streets, installed modern machinery and carried on wool carding until 1848 when the building was abandoned for more commodious quarters. This building is still standing. Transformed into an apartment house, remodeled, stuccoed and with mansard roof it is one of the most striking structures in the business district. In 1848 Robinson Brothers built a huge woolen mill just across Paint creek at the foot of Main street in order to utilize the water power furnished by the stream. The building — still standing — is a large, rambling frame building with two stories and basement above the ground level. It was protected by a long high levee which held back the waters of the creek during the spring freshets.

The factory not only carded wool but manufactured woolen textiles, specializing in fleecy blankets, women's skirts and "blue jeans," as men's overalls were called. It also manufactured so-called

“country rolls.” The wool was washed, freed from grease and other impurities and carded. It was then sent through a machine with an elaborate system of fine-toothed combs which separated the long fibers from the short, straightened them out and rolled them into bundles about an inch thick. These were the country rolls which were eagerly sought by the women who still spun their own yarn and wove it into cloth. The woolen mills contributed much to the prosperity of Greenfield but with the growth of mammoth textile plants they were finally forced out of business. Eventually the plant was acquired by the Columbian Manufacturing Company which manufactured incubators, brooders, cabinets and household equipment. In 1898 W. H. Pommert acquired the plant and thereafter operated it as a retail shop for plumbing fixtures until 1947 when he disposed of the business to Charles A. Weller.

## 34.

*Business Expansion*

Business enterprises expanded to meet the needs of a growing community. The old log grist mill north of town was replaced by a new mill in 1854. While the mill was still under construction the new owner, Daniel Leib, fell from a beam and was killed. A new dam of solid masonry replaced the old dam of log and stones. In the course of years the mill passed through many hands. In 1871 it became the property of David Welsheimer who increased its productive capacity to forty barrels of flour a day. In 1849 George Lang built a new mill south of town but sold it shortly after its erection to Washington Mains. It was built by Robert Knox, a well known millwright and mechanic. A low dam of rocks and boulders was built across Paint creek about half a mile above the mill in what is known as Roach's Bottom and a part of the waters of the creek diverted into a mill race to furnish the power to turn the huge mill wheel. This mill has passed through many hands, Boden & Case probably operating it for the longest period of time. It is still standing amid a setting of mighty trees and natural scenic beauty, a picturesque reminder of the days of long ago.

William and David Douglas built a new tannery on the present site of the Wilknit Company, utilizing the abundant water from a spring on the site of the Motor Inn Garage. The water was brought into the tannery through pipes made from hollowed out logs. Waste products were dumped into a near-by branch which has since been converted into a storm sewer. The Douglas Tannery bought raw hides and bark from a wide range of territory, tanned the hides and manufactured the finished leather into boots and shoes for the local trade. The tannery was still operating in the late Eighties and Old-timers, including the writer of these Chronicles, remember peeping

through the basement windows to watch the processing of the raw hides. Another tannery was established by Jesse Harper on North Washington street on a small run half way between North and McClain streets. Mr. Harper was the son of one of Fayette county's early pioneers. He settled in Greenfield in 1838. He occupied the large two-story frame house, set on a high foundation, which is still standing on the corner of McClain and Washington streets. Mr. Harper's daughter, Mary, became the wife of Henry L. Dickey, a rising young attorney.

The old mildewed ledger of the Douglas Tannery, dating from 1848, throws some interesting sidelights on the way business was conducted in the Forties. Ordinary boots, called stogas, sold for \$3.00 a pair, finer boots brought \$5.00. Shoes ranged from \$1.50 to \$3.00; horse collars, \$2.00; bridles, \$2.50; whip lashes, 25 cents; hitching straps, 50 cents; hame straps, belly hands, circingles and martingales from 16 to 65 cents. Payment was usually made in trade. James Douglas brought in ten dozen eggs and was credited with 40 cents; Robert Lavery paid in apple butter; Robert Wilson brought in a beef hide for which he was credited at the rate of 4 cents a pound; Matthew Martin paid in apples at 25 cents a bushel; Robert Duncan paid in hides, Joseph Leib in pork. Alfred Dickey bought a pair of shoes for his son Alfred but returned them. A. B. Wilson paid in wheat at 62½ cents a bushel.

G. I. Rucker came to Greenfield from Cincinnati in 1854 and acquired the holdings of Alfred Lang and Ballard & Dollarhide, some 85 acres on the Ross county side of Paint creek and 13 acres on the Highland county side, all underlaid with great deposits of Niagara limestone of the Devonian age overlaid with Helderberg limestone 42 feet in thickness and covered with ten feet of glacial drift. The stone was regular in bedding, making it possible to quarry large stone slabs 3 or 4 inches in thickness with the surface as smooth and regular as if it had been sawed. It was ideally suited for a variety of purposes. Mr. Rucker proceeded to quarry the stone on a large scale for the Cincinnati market. He produced stone cut for buildings, crushed stone for the streets, and sidewalks, curbs and gutters and lime in large quantities. The skies of Greenfield were lighted up at night from the burning lime kilns which burned day and night. Mr. Rucker engaged in many local enterprises. He owned and edited the *Greenfield Republican* for a few years and operated a planing mill and flour mill. In 1879 he former a partnership with his son, George W. Rucker, who carried on the business after his father's death. He built a magnificent stone mansion on the heights overlooking Paint creek valley. It was — and still is — one of the real show places of the town with its beautifully landscaped grounds. It is now owned and occupied by Dean Waddell.

For seventy-five years the name of Pike — father and son — was inseparably linked with the business activities of Greenfield.

Nathaniel Pike, a Yankee from "Way Down East," came to Greenfield in 1840, liked the town, built the brick building which is still standing at 297 Jefferson street and proceeded to manufacture hats for the local market. As there was plenty of room in his shop, he rented a portion to David Bonner who installed a book and stationery store. When Mr. Bonner decided to retire, Mr. Pike bought out his stock and continued the book store. As business was moving "up the hill," he followed the general trend and removed his shop to 305 Jefferson street. Eventually he abandoned his hat shop and concentrated on books and stationery. After his retirement, his son, Stanley O. Pike, continued the business until 1916. In that year the store was sold to Harley Gossett who had long been his right hand assistant in the business. It still continues under the name of the Gossett Company. Stanley Pike was one of Greenfield's most public-spirited citizens. He was intimately connected with the organization of the Home Telephone Company and served for many years as a member of the Board of Public Affairs.

## 35.

*General Store*

The general store with its higgledy-piggledy arrangement of merchandise, ranging all the way from nails to calico, was the social center of Greenfield and the great American Forum for the discussion of public questions. It offered "credit and comfort, whisky and beans, conversation and conviviality and all the other amenities." It was presided over by the shopkeeper, a salty character in his own right. Here the cracker-barrel philosopher and the soapbox orator held sway. The customers gathered around the pot-bellied stove, by the pickle barrels and under the slabs of sidemeat to tell their tall stories, swap opinions and pass the time of day. They played checkers, joshed each other, whittled and spit tobacco juice. During hot political campaigns, it was no unusual thing for the participants to adjourn to the backyard to settle the argument in the time-honored fashion.

Abe Freshour's old frame store on East Jefferson street was the favorite haunt of the checker players. "In my mind's eye," Charles J. Bell wrote long afterwards, "I can see Abe Freshour, Charles Bell, Clairborne Lea and others sitting near the stove, two of them playing checkers while the others told them how to move." There were kibitzers even in those days. Abe Freshour came to Greenfield in 1824 and opened a saddlery shop but soon switched to the general store. He was frugal and thrifty and, by the time he passed his store on to his son James, he was reputed to be "the richest man in town," in a period when a few thousand dollars were considered great wealth. He built a fine stone mansion on the

present site of the Postoffice. Jim Freshour operated the store in its original quarters until the late Eighties. It was the last of Greenfield's pioneer stores. When it finally closed its doors, it looked and was still operated very much as it had been in the Thirties.

Abe Freshour's ledger, covering the period from April 7, 1834, to September 12, 1835, is still in existence. It contains several hundred transactions and gives an excellent idea of the wide variety of articles carried by a general store. Here are a few picked at random — ribbon, muslin, gingham, silk, calico, buckram, bonnets, Scotch thread, wadding, edging, footing, lace, beads, sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, salt, tobacco, snuff, whisky by the glass or gallon, lead, nails, brads, screws, chains, bridles, the Methodist Hymn Book, spelling book, Farmer's Almanac, potatoes, oats, brimstone, paper, feathers, glass tumblers, dishes, penknives, crepe, saw files, castor oil, saltpetre, onion seed, looking glasses, pickles, crackers, salted meats, wooden combs, bed cords, parasols, kettles, shawls, shoes, smoothing irons, allspice, cow bells, mouse traps, hats, blacking and spitting boxes. Eggs sold at 3 cents a dozen, chickens five cents apiece, butter 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents a pound, fish 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents apiece, whisky 12 cents by the quart or 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents by the glass, corn 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents for a dozen ears, bacon 12 cents a pound. Mr. Freshour frequently accepted produce in payment of bills — butter, corn, oats, "dried apples," chickens, turkeys, a load of wood, apple butter and eggs. One customer brought in 22 dozen eggs and received credit for 66 cents. The biggest credit given a customer was \$55.00 for a dun mare.

### 36.

### *Presidential Campaign*

The presidential campaign of 1840 was a rip-snorting, knock-down and drag-out affair with Ohio's favorite son, William Henry Harrison, pitted against the pale and colorless Martin Van Buren. The enthusiasm for old Tippecanoe, as Harrison was known, was boundless. The campaign was featured by great rallies, torch light processions and parades. There was always a canoe, carried on the stalwart shoulders of Harrison's followers and a buckeye cabin with a coonskin tacked to the door and a live coon cavorting on the roof. Everybody drank hard cider and sang with great gusto the campaign song, "My Buckeye Cabin," which C. B. Galbreath calls the only political song of any merit written before the Civil War. Its author, Otway Curry, was a native son of Greenfield. It was sung to the tune of "Highland Laddie":

"Oh where, tell me where, was my buckeye cabin made?

    Oh where, tell me where, was my buckeye cabin made?

'Twas built among the merry boys that wield the plow and spade,

    Where the log cabin stands in the bonnie buckeye shade.

"Oh what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?  
    Oh what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?  
We'll wheel it to the capital and place it there elate,  
    For a token and a sign of the buckeye state.

"Oh what, tell me what, will little Martin do?  
    Oh what, tell me what, will little Martin do?  
He will follow in the footsteps of Price and Swarthart too,  
    While the log cabin rings with Old Tippecanoe."

Harrison won the election and became Ohio's first president. On the day he was inaugurated in Washington, another Greenfield character gained a great deal of notoriety at a celebration of Harrison's followers in Cassopolis, Michigan. Job Wright, Greenfield's first citizen who had long since shaken the dust of Greenfield from his boots, again demonstrated that he still possessed the gift of prophecy bestowed upon individuals possessing two thumbs on one hand. At the celebration an eagle was released by Harrison's admirers. Just as the eagle was set free, Job made his famous prophecy: "So many rods as that bird flies, so many weeks will my beloved general live." The eagle flew four rods and then, as though bewildered, alighted on a tree. In exactly four weeks President Harrison died.

## 37.

*Doctor On Horseback*

We have heard a great deal in recent years about the horse-and-buggy doctor, the hardships he endured and the great services he rendered to suffering humanity. He deserves all the encomiums which have been heaped upon him. But a still more legendary figure is the doctor on horseback who traveled along roads that were little more than forest trails, bringing hope and comfort as well as medical assistance to the scattered settlers in their rude log cabins. Greenfield's celebrated Dr. Milton Dunlap may be taken as the prototype of all these doctors on horseback. Through storm and mud, in daylight and in darkness, he traveled endless miles on horseback to be at the bedside of his patients in their most trying hours. By the light of a kerosene lamp, he performed miracles of surgery without the aid of anesthetics. For fifty-five years he ministered to the sick and ailing of the Greenfield community. He ushered 5000 babies into the world which may account for the prevalence of the name "Milton" in this community half a century ago.

One of his daughters wrote many years later: "I recall how we children used to help Pa get ready to make a call. He would first ask for his leggings, wide strips of cloth which he wound around

# *Parade of the Years*



1. One of the ten bands
2. The Gay Nineties
3. Horseless carriage exhibit

## *Parade of the Years*



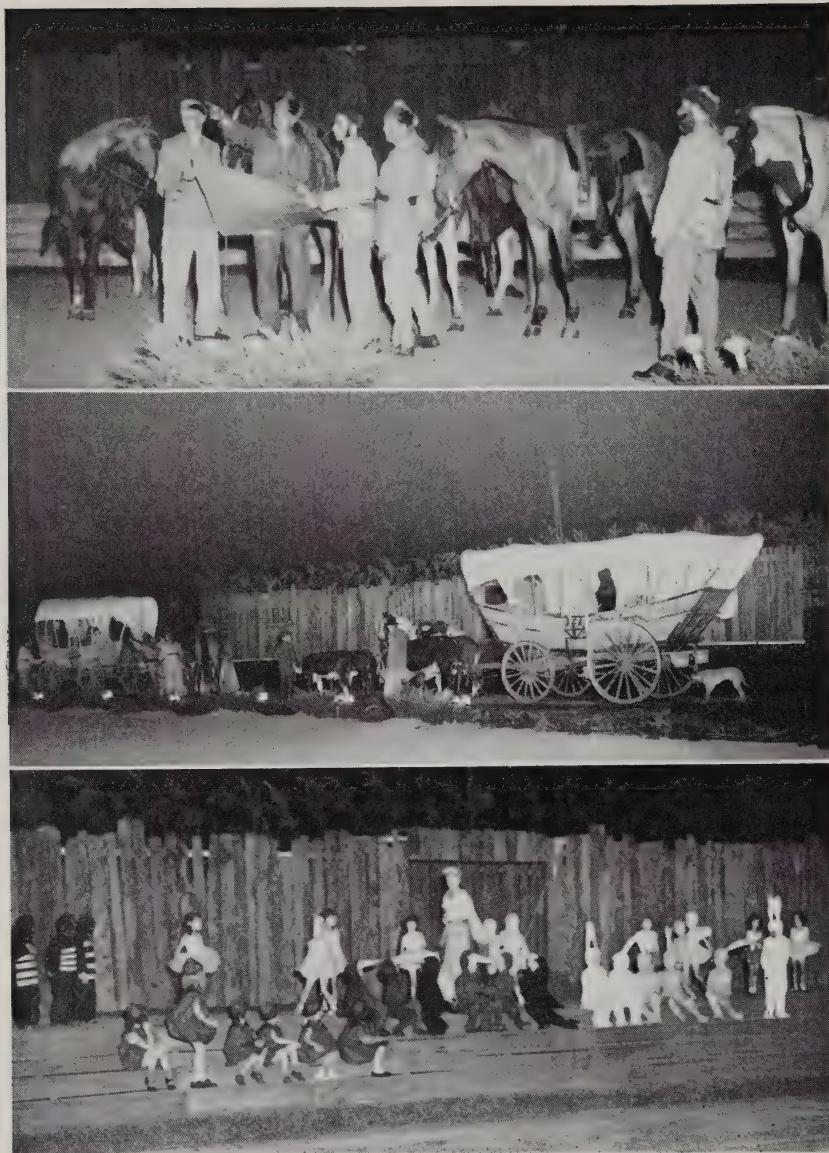
1. Coming of the railroad
2. Early fire-fighting equipment

## *Parade of the Years*



Two of the thirty-nine floats — the Grange and Red Cross Shoes

# *Pageant of the Years*



1. McArthur selects the site of Greenfield
2. Pioneers in camp
3. Sprites, elves and fairies

his legs. Then he would take his saddlebags, go outside where his horse was waiting, mount and go jogging off down the road. I still remember how we used to tie up the horse's tail." Dr. Dunlap had suffered an eye injury in his early childhood. He always carried with him a stick to ward off the branches of trees which overhung the country roads. In 1879 Dr. Dunlap was joined by his son, Dr. Robert Dunlap. After a long and useful life "he was gathered to his fathers" on October 11, 1890.

Dr. Dunlap was only twenty-two years of age when he arrived in Greenfield in 1829, having just completed his medical studies at O.M.U. He had traveled all day on horseback from his home in Red Oak. He had timed himself so as to arrive on Thanksgiving eve. His mother had been afraid that the staunch Presbyterians of Greenfield would be shocked if he traveled on Thanksgiving Day which, in strict orthodox circles, was regarded as a day of prayer and fasting, not of feasting. Much to the surprise of young Dr. Dunlap, he found that the solemnities, which had been so highly esteemed in Red Oak, were not strictly observed in Greenfield. Travel-stained and weary, he reined his horse in front of *Travellers Rest* and dismounted. The picturesque old inn no longer afforded "entertainment for man and beast." It had been converted into a dwelling and was now the home and office of Greenfield's highly esteemed Dr. Thomas McGarraugh. The young doctor was following the advice of his elders in seeking an association with an older and more experienced practitioner. Dr. McGarraugh was glad to have a young and vigorous associate.

Dr. Dunlap found accommodations at Wasson's Inn which was located on the south side of Main street on the site afterwards occupied by Crothers' saloon and, still later, by Price's garage. Here he found pleasant and congenial surroundings. Among his fellow boarders were W. W. Caldwell, Abe Freshour and Stewart Brown, all rising young business men. Dr. Dunlap prospered even though his fees were small. He was often paid in produce. His old ledgers show many credits for board bills paid in oats, corn and hay brought in by his patients. By 1843 Dr. Dunlap had tired of boarding house fare. He bought the two frame houses which stood on the present site of the Harper House. One of the houses was occupied by Wilson Smith, a cousin of Dr. Dunlap. Dr. Dunlap moved into the larger of the two houses.

He installed his sister, known as the Widow McCague, as his housekeeper. She was a highly intelligent and capable lady, a real personality, pleasant and agreeable but possessed of a strong will and firm convictions. She was what is sometimes referred to as "a strong character." When the organ was first introduced into church services, she signified her disapproval by rising and walking out of church. Perhaps she inherited some of her traits from one of her forebears who expressed his contempt for an edict, issued by

his parson, prohibiting the chewing of tobacco in church, by expectorating with unusual profusion throughout the services. The Widow McCague brought with her to Greenfield her daughter, Mary McCague, and another daughter by a previous marriage, Nancy Foster. We are told that they were handsome, stylish young ladies who created quite a stir among the young men of the community. Mary soon married one of the Barnett boys.

When young Dr. Dunlap arrived in Greenfield in 1829 he had noticed, with approval, a beautiful little maiden with golden hair who lived just across the street from Dr. McGarraugh's. Her name was Frances but her friends called her Franty. She was just eight years of age. Her father was Major David Kinkead who had settled in Greenfield in 1821 and acquired what was known as the Southward property. Here he opened the *Greenfield Inn*. When this building was torn down a few years ago, it was found to be a substantial log structure covered with clapboards. By 1838 Franty had grown into an attractive young woman of seventeen. We do not know the details of Dr. Dunlap's courtship but it is a matter of record that he and Frances Kinkead were married in the home of Cousin Wilson Smith on April 10, 1838.

After the wedding, Dr. Dunlap and his charming bride left on their honeymoon. It was one of the oddest honeymoon trips on record. The newly wedded pair took with them their entire social set. The doctor and his bride rode in a one-horse gig, followed by two carriages containing four young ladies and four young men. The party consisted of Mary Rhoads, Annie Barnett, Nancy Foster, Betsy Ann Dunlap, Alexander Dunlap, John Crothers, Stewart Brown and Decatur Spillman. Their destination was Red Oak, the ancestral home of the Dunlaps. William Dunlap and his wife, Mary, were eagerly awaiting the arrival of their son and his bride. Milton's younger brother, Shepherd, was so excited that he made innumerable trips up stairs where he could look out of a window which commanded a full view of the road. At last he spied the approaching cavalcade. He dashed down stairs to tell the news but in his precipitancy he caught his new roundabout on a nail, tearing a great rent in it and rendering it expedient for him to remain in the background during the reception of the bridal party. The bride and groom, with their retinue, spent a week visiting and feasting with the numerous friends and connections of the Dunlaps in Red Oak. On their return to Greenfield, they went to housekeeping in the house Dr. Dunlap had purchased on the Public Square.

### 38.

#### *A Famous Operation*

In 1839 Dr. Milton Dunlap, now firmly established in Greenfield, was joined by his younger brother, Dr. Alexander Dunlap,

who had just completed his studies at the Ohio Medical College. Sooner or later every young doctor is confronted by a situation calling for courage, initiative and skill. In September, 1843, the two brothers faced the acid test. A young woman by the name of Elizabeth Rose, afflicted with a malignant abdominal growth, lay dying in a rude log cabin on the Lyndon-Good Hope pike two miles north of Greenfield. The two brothers were summoned. They diagnosed the trouble as an ovarian tumor, a malady whose treatment had baffled all the medical science of the day. The two young "backwoods doctors," as they were later styled by medical journals, decided that the only thing that could possibly save her life was an operation, something that had never been successfully performed. They were acquainted with the case of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a Kentucky doctor, who had tried an abdominal operation without success in a similar case and had almost been lynched by his neighbors. Naturally they were loath to undertake the operation.

Mrs. Rose was a woman of courage and intelligence. She told the doctors that "if she couldn't get a doctor to cut her open, she would get a common butcher as she was determined to see that tumor before she died." On September 17, 1843, Dr. Alexander Dunlap, with the aid of his brother and in the presence of four medical students, performed the operation. The only anesthetic was a teaspoon of laudanum and a tablespoon of whisky. He had no appliances of any kind. Mrs. Rose lay quietly, without moving a muscle, watching the operation. She later died, not as a result of the operation but from other complications. Dr. Dunlap employed exactly the same technique in later operations with great success. He sent a report of the operation to the *Cincinnati Lancet and Observer* but the editor refused to publish it on the ground that it would encourage an unjustifiable and murderous operation. Dr. Dunlap continued to perform the operation with great success in spite of the almost united opposition of the medical profession which termed him "a quack."

Reports of the successful operations, however, began to appear in the newspapers, even though they were banned by medical journals. Younger members of the profession began to manifest an interest. It was not until after 1860 that the value of Dr. Dunlap's work was generally recognized. By that time his clinic in Springfield, where he had settled after leaving Greenfield, was swamped with patients brought from all parts of the United States and Canada. Eventually many distinguished honors were heaped upon the backwoods doctor who had performed the first successful abdominal operation. The site of the log cabin where that operation was performed is now marked by a pile of stones and decaying logs, overgrown with shrubs and brambles. In 1901 Arthur Dunlap and his brother Will visited the spot and secured a piece of one of the logs. They sent it to Dr. Ricketts in Cincinnati who had it fashioned

into a gavel which was presented to the American Medical Association at its meeting in Washington, D. C., with a fitting tribute to Dr. Alexander Dunlap.

A striking feature of the medical history of Greenfield is the number of family dynasties of doctors. Aside from the Dunlaps, the most notable was that of the Wilson family. In 1846 Dr. J. L. Wilson began the practice of medicine in Greenfield. He was soon joined by his brother, Dr. W. H. Wilson. In 1875 Dr. Frank L. Wilson, the son of Dr. J. L. Wilson, formed a partnership with his father and uncle. Later the partnership was dissolved but the three continued to minister to the needs of the people of Greenfield. At the close of the Spanish American War, another member of this illustrious family of doctors, a nephew of the older Wilsons, joined the triumvirate. Dr. Herbert Willson, who served in that conflict, hung out his shingle, continuing the family tradition. He is still a practicing physician. The Wilsons have given considerably over a hundred years of service to the Greenfield community. Another family combination was Dr. Jeptah Davis, his son who bore the same name and his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel B. Anderson. The roster of the doctors of this period also includes the name of Dr. S. F. Newcomber who began the practice of medicine in Greenfield in 1846.

## 39.

*The Steam Doctor*

Sometime during the year 1843, Greenfield acquired a colorful personality. Dr. J. F. Wright, who had practiced his profession in Leesburg, settled in the town, announcing his arrival in the county seat newspaper:

## MEDICAL NOTICE

Dr. J. F. Wright respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Greenfield and Vicinity. From the unparalleled success of his past practice in medicine and surgery and particularly of (\*) Midwifery he feels confident of being able to give general satisfaction. His practice needs but a fair trial to arouse universal approbation. Residence and office one door west D. Cool's grocery store. (North side of Main street.) N.B. No charge for medical advice in all ordinary cases. Bills moderate to suit the times. (\*) Many certificates to this effect from his former patients might be given if necessary.

Greenfield, April 26th, 1843.

Dr. Wright turned out to be an original genius. He was a man of parts — some of them missing, according to some of his contemporaries. He had no use for pills or powders. He was firmly convinced of the curative properties of certain herbs when steeped

in steam, hence he was known as "the steam doctor." He rigged up a contraption on his premises where he boiled and parboiled his patients with jets of steam impregnated with aromatic herbs. It was Greenfield's first—and only—Turkish bath. We do not know, however, whether Dr. Wright was the "ignorant steam doctor" to whom Dr. Alexander Dunlap refers in one of his medical treatises: "A young woman fell into the hands of an ignorant steam doctor who, after failing with his ordinary remedies, proposed one which he said had never failed, a 'ground sweat.' He prepared a deep, wide hole in the ground which he heated. He then stripped the girl of all her clothing and wrapped her nude form in the warm skins of a sheep he had slaughtered for the purpose. Thus clothed, he placed her in the heated hole and packed hot sand around her up to her ears. In a day or two the young lady died."

Dr. Wright engaged in many other activities. He set up a job printing establishment and printed handbills and posters many of which adorned the interior of the covered bridges for many years. He gave Greenfield its first newspaper. In 1849 the Ohio State Journal reported: "Dr. J. F. Wright of Greenfield has invented a machine to print the names of subscribers at the rate of 1800 names per hour. The doctor should now turn his attention to some process by which every subscriber will be made to pay for his paper." We are not aware that Dr. Wright followed this suggestion but he did turn his attention to politics and was elected justice of the peace and, as such, presided over one of the most sensational fugitive slave trials in the history of Ohio.

## 40.

### *Merchandising*

Hugh Smart, the first Mayor of Greenfield, settled in the town in 1824, at the age of twenty-four. With a little money he had saved by frugality and thrift, he opened a small general store with William Hibben as his partner. He displayed a real talent for merchandising. By the time of his election as Mayor, he had become a prosperous merchant and highly respected citizen. He built a fine Georgian brick house on the northeastern corner of Main and Fourth streets where he lived for many years. The house was torn down some years ago to make way for a filling station. He was active in the business life of the town until his retirement in 1860. Mr. Smart's chief competitor in the mercantile business was Charles Bell. Although rivals in business they were lifelong friends.

Charles was the youngest son of William Bell, one of Greenfield's original settlers. With his brothers, Joseph and Josiah, he formed a sort of family triumvirate which engaged in many business enterprises. As a boy, Charles worked in his brother's black-

smith shop in the mornings and the evenings. After the morning chores, he mounted his pony and rode over to the old Hop Run meeting house where school was held. He was noted for his mathematical accuracy, so much so that they called him "the town scales." One day in 1827, still wearing the leather apron he wore as a blacksmith, he dropped into the general store of Joseph Jones. Within a few minutes he had persuaded Mr. Jones to sell the business to him. This marked the beginning of a highly successful commercial career.

Once a year Hugh Smart and Charles Bell made a trip to Philadelphia to replenish the stock upon their shelves. They always made the trip together on horseback over the mountains, carrying their funds in their saddlebags. Although they traversed a wild and sparsely settled country, they never encountered any bandits. It usually required six or seven weeks to make the round trip. They had to exercise the greatest care and discretion in the selection of merchandise as it was not possible to replenish their stock by the quick and easy methods which prevail today. On the return trip they always stopped off in Pittsburgh to purchase iron, nails, tools and glassware. The purchases made in Philadelphia were shipped across country in wagons, loaded on boats and floated down the Ohio to Ripley where they were again unloaded, placed on wagons and brought to Greenfield. The supplies usually arrived two or three weeks after the travelers had returned home.

In 1853 Hugh Smart and Dr. Milton Dunlap erected Greenfield's largest and most imposing business block on the southeast corner of the Public Square. It was long known as the Smart Block. On the third floor was a hall which was long used as a meeting place for fraternal and other organizations, community gatherings and even plays. The building was built of brick. It is still standing and is still one of the best looking buildings in the business district. Although it has been completely modernized, its exterior looks very much like the old woodcut which the *Greenfield Republican* carried for many years at the head of its editorial column in the Fifties. Charles J. Bell, writing fifty years later, gives us some idea of the tremendous impact the Smart Block made on his youthful and susceptible mind: "Talk about immense buildings! What was the matter with Smart's Block when it was built? It was the largest structure ever erected. Old Blueford would stand on the pavement and send the bricks up to the roof from a shingle. I attended the first show in Smart's Hall and wasn't it out of sight? Quince Buck was the hero in the play and George Leonard was the villain and old John McNaheny was the fiddler. But it was a bully good show."

The general store of R. B. & D. L. Smart occupied most of the ground floor of the Smart Block. The east room was occupied by a

hardware store and still is after the lapse of a hundred years. It has never been used for any other type of business. Samuel Whiley, who was born in England and came to Greenfield in 1853, operated the hardware store. The young ladies of Greenfield were naturally interested in the young hardware merchant and, we are told, frequently made excuses to enter the store. One evening Mr. Whiley was invited to the home of Judge John Eckman where he met and became interested in Mary Jane, the Judge's eldest daughter. Miss Eckman was a very accomplished young woman, having attended the female seminaries in Hillsboro and Xenia. He proposed to her, standing beside the magnificent mahogany table which graced the living room of the Eckman home. They were married in the Eckman home on April 16, 1863. On the same day Samuel's brother, F. C. Whiley, was married to Mary Jane's dearest friend, Sadie Bell, in the Bell home. A wedding breakfast followed in the Bell home and a luncheon at the Eckman home. The double wedding was the biggest social event of the season. For more than a year, Mary Jane and her husband occupied rooms in the Harper House just across from Mr. Whiley's place of business.

## 41.

*Village Lawyers*

Greenfield's most celebrated legal lights during the antebellum period were Judge John Eckman and Judge Alfred Dickey, both eminent lawyers and jurists who served the community in many capacities. Judge Dickey moved to Greenfield from the Lyndon neighborhood in 1859 and immediately began the construction of an attractive mansion on the corner of South and Seventh streets. Its architecture was in marked contrast to other fine homes in the community which clearly show the Virginian influence. With its gabled roof and large dormer windows, it suggested New England rather than the South. It was set in spacious grounds and shaded by giant forest trees. It is still standing although the encroachment of other homes has deprived it of its air of a pleasant country estate.

Judge John Eckman was a brilliant lawyer, a member of the Town Council, a Mayor of the town and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born in Fredericktown, Maryland, on July 2, 1802. The Eckmans settled on a farm in Brown county in 1816. After studying law, John came to Greenfield to practice his profession. He was also an astute business man, acquiring several farms and considerable wealth. One of his business ventures, however, proved unfortunate. He acquired and equipped forty wagons with horses and a supply of clocks. The advent of the Civil War, however, put an end to the venture and seriously crippled the owner financially. Judge Eckman and his family occupied the spa-

cious building which has since been transformed into the Greenfield Municipal Hospital.

This building was built by Daniel Hull in 1859 and was originally intended to be a road house as it was well outside the plat of Greenfield. The Morris Brothers, Samuel, James and Mahlon, were imported from Chillicothe to make the bricks. They set up a brickyard on the south side of the street within a stone's throw of the proposed building. C. W. Adams, who worked on the project when a boy of eighteen, has left an interesting account of the way in which the bricks were made: "They were molded by hand. My part in the work was to off-bear and wheel and pitch on the kiln. Mahlon Morris was a wonder. He was the worst person to stutter and swear I have ever heard. When he got out of humor, he would start stuttering and swearing at the same time and it was something out of the ordinary. He had the use of only one hand, still he was an expert setting brick in the kiln. He would catch and set two bricks as fast as anyone could pitch them. When the kiln was ready the bricks were burned. As it required some weeks, day and night, there were some lively times, especially at night. The men put in the time drinking, quarreling and fighting. My pay was seventy-five cents a day or nineteen dollars a month."

Before the house was entirely completed, Daniel Hull sold it to Judge Eckman who, with his wife, Jane, and their eight children, occupied it for over forty years. It was the center of the social and political life of the community throughout this period. Judge Eckman's eldest granddaughter, Mrs. Ella Slutz, has left us a vivid description of the Eckman home which was undoubtedly "the biggest house in town." The interior was much the same as it is today with long halls on both floors, running the entire length of the house. There were fourteen large and spacious rooms with high ceilings. The front porch was added by Dr. Boggess who purchased the house from the Eckmans in 1890. To the west of the house, John Eckman planted an orchard and, on the east, some ornamental trees, shrubs and old fashioned flowers. On the second floor was a large sitting room with a log-burning fireplace. It was in this sitting room that Judge Eckman gathered his children and grandchildren around him on his eightieth birthday in 1882. Ella recited her graduation essay for the benefit of her grandfather and he, in turn, presented to her a fine old pitcher, one of the family's cherished heirlooms.

In the Eckman home, as was the custom of the day, long prayers were said and the Scriptures read before anyone could eat breakfast. Behind the house was a large brick smokehouse and the stables in which a number of horses were kept as well as buckboards and the family carriages. The carriages had been specially built so that, on many visits to their relatives, there was room available on the floor for beds where children could sleep en route.

There was always a great deal of company in the Eckman home. They were famous for their hospitality and seldom a day went by that the Judge didn't bring home friends without warning. In his old age, Judge Eckman was a venerable figure in Greenfield, highly respected by his fellow citizens. In the course of his long life he had lost the sight of one eye and all of his hair. The hairdressers did all they could to cover up this deficiency. He had a few mild eccentricities. It is said that he always carried an umbrella rain or shine to be ready for any emergency. When he passed away on January 8, 1883, his fellow citizens showed their profound respect for one of the town's most colorful personalities by distributing handbills of eulogy throughout the town.

## 42.

### *The Baptist Church*

It is an interesting and rather remarkable fact that the foundations of all the early churches of Greenfield were laid, not in the town itself but in the adjacent rural areas. This was true of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, it was also true of the Baptist church. On October 31, 1829, a group of Baptists met at the home of Thomas Berry not far from Walnut creek and organized the Walnut Creek Baptist Church. A few months later, the church acquired a new member. A rising young business man from Greenfield by the name of Hugh Smart joined the group. With his wife, Elizabeth, he was baptised in the waters of Walnut creek on June 19, 1830. Largely through Mr. Smart's efforts, the church removed to Greenfield the same year. Mr. Smart purchased the lot where the Baptist church still stands and built a small but substantial frame building which he presented to the congregation as a free gift. On October 16, 1830, the name was changed to the First Regular Baptist church of Greenfield. The first pastor of the church was Elder Layman. He was followed, in the order of their succession, by Elder Burnett, Elder Johnson, Elder Frey, Elder French and Elder Freeman. Pastors of the Baptist church were always addressed as "Elder."

Only one meeting a month was held. The pastor's salary would hardly be described as munificent, judging from the following entry in the record of the local church: "Called Elder Frey to attend us for a term of six months for which we promise thirty dollars compensation." This entry was made on September 21, 1839. In 1840 a great revival added twenty-seven members to the congregation. Included in this group were such influential citizens as Jesse and Elizabeth Harper, Rice Vass, Thomas Hixon, Gustave Taylor, Mary Leake, Mary Ann Smart and Elizabeth Smart. By this time the church had outgrown its original quarters. A new stone church

was erected on the site. The walls of this old stone church are still a part of the present church. A peculiar custom prevailed in the Baptist church in those early days. At every church meeting inquiry was made after the peace of the church. The usual entry in the record book read: "Peace of the church inquired for — all at peace."

At the April meeting in 1844, however, John McWhirt arose and announced that he was not at peace. He stated that he was very much aggrieved at the conduct of Robert Leake. When the congregation recovered from its surprise and shock, an effort was made to restore peace between Brother John McWhirt and Brother Robert Leake but without success. The quarrel quickly spread to other members of the congregation. Everybody took sides. The church was hopelessly divided between the supporters of the two men. This unhappy condition prevailed for two years. Finally an appeal to settle the dispute was made to the Straight Creek Association of which the Greenfield church was a member. Each of the twelve churches composing the Association sent two delegates to a meeting held in Greenfield in June, 1846. The delegates proceeded to hear both sides of the quarrel after which they passed vigorous resolutions condemning the members of the Greenfield congregation for "the long continuance of the contest between the said brethren." They added that they had found abundant proof "that the brethren of this body have allowed themselves to indulge in partisan feelings which have seriously impaired the maintenance of proper church discipline." The vigorous action on the part of the Association brought about a settlement of the difficulties of Brother McWhirt and Brother Leake and restored peace to the church. But the good old custom of inquiring after the peace of the church was thereafter discontinued.

### 43.

#### *School Days*

The log schoolhouse on the Old Burial Ground served the community until 1837. From the reminiscences of those who attended this school we catch a few glimpses of school life in those early days. One little girl by the name of Susanna, who was very fond of Biblical quotations, would go running down the hill toward the creek murmuring, "Behold I send my messenger before my face!" Another little girl by the name of Sally Robins climbed up into a tree on the banks of the Paint and fell from a limb into the creek. When Frances Kinkead's Aunt Lib fainted in school, she brought water to revive her from the old town pump on the corner of Mirabeau and Front streets. On one occasion a puppet show was given by George Leonard in the old log schoolhouse much to the

delight of the pupils and great excitement prevailed when the first elephant appeared in Greenfield and was quartered in an old building, without a floor, just a little ways up Main street. Henry Dickey tells us of the custom of "barring out" the schoolmaster at Christmas time until he came across with a treat. One belligerent teacher, however, broke open the door and by virtue of superior force abolished the time-honored custom.

In 1837 the school trustees abandoned the log schoolhouse and built a frame building on Mirabeau street on the site afterwards occupied by the German Methodist church. An old school register, covering the years 1839 to 1843, was discovered by Mrs. Louise Dunlap Watts some years ago. It is our earliest school record. Some of the pages are missing and others have been defaced by the crude drawings of some budding artist. Aylette Miller was the clerk. The teacher in 1839 was E. Durkee who is said to have come to Greenfield from Massachusetts where he had been an expert gardener and cheesemaker. E. R. Odell was the teacher in 1841 and 1842 and James Barnett in 1843. Bishop Merrill attended the school. He writes, "I have known as many as 75 pupils crowded into that old shack, their ages ranging from five to twenty-one and their classes covering the whole curriculum from ABC's to the last pages of Ray's Higher Arithmetic." Bishop Merrill also mentions a Mr. Patton and Joseph Haines as "teachers in the town." A Miss Anne Holmes, granddaughter of old Father White, taught a room in the back of the Old Seceders church on the corner of Washington and South streets.

Discipline was stern in the schools of those days and occasionally provoked a revolt on the part of the pupils. Bishop Merrill relates an incident involving his small brother who was flogged unmercifully by Joseph Haines when he said he didn't know the answer to a question. "I arose in my seat," says Bishop Merrill, "and raised a heavy slate to throw at the man but a young man, John Coffey, caught my arm and then arose and told the teacher not to strike that boy again. Mr. Haines laid down the rod and the boy took his books and went home. The next day he started to Miss Holmes' school."

A new boy in the community always had to demonstrate his ability to take care of himself. Bishop Merrill relates his own experience: "The next morning after we arrived in town, I ventured down the alley to investigate. I had seen some boys the day before in a lot on Lafayette street, separated from the one we lived on by an alley. I heard some one call out, 'Hello, country,' and before I could answer, a small, sharp stone caught me on the side of the head and I ran back into my home with blood running over my ear and down my neck. My mother dressed the wound and I was surprised to hear her say that it was only what might be expected

when a new boy came to town. She had taken boys into a strange town before." The next morning Stephen Merrill started out, with a pocket full of stones, to do battle with his adversaries but they met him half way, saying that they hadn't intended to hit him, only to scare him. They were the Leake boys, Walter and Abe, but Walter was always called Tough Leake and apparently deserved the name.

About 1845 the town was divided into two districts. Those who lived north of Main street attended school in the old Odd Fellows building which had been rented for school purposes. During the Twenties and Thirties there were a number of "select schools" in the town. As the name implies they were tuition schools privately operated. One of the schools was held in the Pommert house, a large frame building still standing on Main street near Front. Another was located in the frame building on the Public Square which became the home of Dr. Milton Dunlap. The latter school was operated by the Misses Gillespie and Fullerton. A Mrs. Bronson, wife of the Baptist minister, also took private pupils. Mrs. Lou Dunlap Watts has left us a picture of one of the teachers of this period, a Mrs. Bladen who is described as "a gentlewoman of a long extinct species, punctilious but kindly." She addressed little girls of eight or ten as Miss Bell or Miss Kinkead and besides the Three R's drilled the little misses to curtsy, to stand and walk erect with shoulders back. Sewing and embroidery were also taught. Samplers, now precious heirlooms, were wrought with silk floss, perpetuating choice passages from Thompson's *Seasons*, Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* or Pollock's *Course of Time*.

## 44.

### Newspapers

A survey of the journalistic enterprises of the past hundred years indicates that the life expectancy of a newspaper in Greenfield isn't very long. During that period the town has never lacked a newspaper, sometimes there were two or three at the same time, weeklies, semi-weeklies and dailies. With a few notable exceptions their life cycles have been short, some have perished in their infancy, none has attained a ripe old age, but all have been extremely active throughout the period of their existence. The copies of these papers which have come down to us are ably edited and marked by a vigorous and virile journalism. These papers have run almost the gamut of the names highly favored by the newspaper fraternity — *News*, *Times*, *Blade*, *Republican*, *Independent*, *Union*, *Mail*, *Spectator* and *Enterprise*. One had the highly suggestive title *Highland Chief*, another was known as *Success* — it lasted only a few months. As a matter of fact there is a thread of continuity running through

all these papers. Each paper, in its turn, acquired the press and equipment and goodwill of a previous newspaper but the editor, being a rugged individualist, preferred to select his own name for the paper.

According to an early commentator, the first attempt to found a newspaper in Greenfield was a "weakly" one. We do not know whether the spelling was accidental or intentional but it accurately described the situation. In 1840 a young man whose name has been lost in the dim and misty haze of the past came to Greenfield with the expressed intention of starting a newspaper. His efforts met with encouragement but no financial backing. The next attempt was more successful. In 1844 Dr. John F. Wright, familiarly known as the "Steam Doctor," acquired a printing press and started the *Paint Valley Spectator*. It didn't survive very long. Not a single copy of Greenfield's first newspaper has come down to us.

The *Spectator* was succeeded almost immediately by the *Buckeye Blade* published by Strickland & Simmons. Just as the paper was getting well established. Mr. Simmons died and the *Blade* soon ceased publication. At least one copy of the *Blade*, the issue of March 18, 1853, is still extant. Tucked away in one corner we find an advertisement signed by Henry S. Alkire: "Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodging this is to give notice that if he doesn't return immediately and pay for the same he will be advertised." We have not been able to learn whether Pat ever "paid up." The editor of the *Blade* complains that he has been out of wood for some time and that most of his neighbors were in the same plight. The Greenfield Seminary in announcing the opening of a new term quoted rates "with or without stove wood furnished." The *Blade* also suggested a new Beatitude, "Blessed are those who do not advertise for they shall not be troubled with customers."

Only a short time intervened between the demise of the *Buckeye Blade* and the appearance of the *Ohio Independent*, published by C. D. Smith and James Gibson. It was Greenfield's first Republican paper. Mr. Smith was the printer and publisher while Mr. Gibson acted as editor. The issue for August, 1854, gives us the information that Dan Rice's circus had appeared recently in Greenfield. The editor apparently didn't like circuses. He compared Dan Rice to his Satanic Majesty and stated that he had brought "a bogus circus to Greenfield and not only imposed upon the people with it but got drunk, engaged in a fight and made himself generally obnoxious." In 1854 Smith & Gibson disposed of the paper to Newton H. Taylor. Gibson entered the practice of law. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the army and died in the service of his country. The Gibson Post of the GAR was named in his honor.

Newton Taylor was a highly successful newspaper man. He changed the name of the *Independent* to the *Greenfield Illustrated News* and still later to the *Greenfield Republican*. It described itself

as "an illustrated Literary and News Paper for the Home Circle" and claimed the largest circulation of any paper in Highland, Ross and Fayette counties. The paper seems to have been very popular in the rural areas. In February, 1856, a mass meeting, held in South Salem, passed a resolution "for the purpose of making arrangements to secure the publication of that popular paper, the *Greenfield Republican*, expressly for circulation in South Salem and vicinity." Mr. Taylor seems to have been an expert engraver and his home-made illustrations added much to the interest of the paper. There were frequent woodcuts of prominent citizens and that seems to have been the reason why so many copies of the *News and Republican* have come down to us. Old family scrapbooks are filled with clippings from "Taylor's paper," as it was generally known. In 1860 Mr. Taylor passed the paper on to his brother, George Taylor.

## 45.

*The Village Blacksmith*

The garage mechanic of today, familiarly known as the "grease monkey," is the lineal descendant of the village blacksmith enshrined in song and story. He lacks, however, the glamour of his predecessor "whose sinewy arms were strong as iron bands." His neat little garage certainly lacks the picturesque qualities of the smithy with its spreading chestnut tree. Within was the great flaming forge built of bricks where innumerable horseshoes were brought to a red-hot heat, hammered into shape on the anvil and then dipped momentarily into the cooling waters of the slack tub. The smithy was a busy spot, particularly in "sharpening time," when sleet and snow changed the streets into sheets of ice and the shoes of the horses had to be sharpened to prevent their slipping. Greenfield had many blacksmiths, mighty men who swung the hammer and the sledge and kept the town rolling on wheels. Etz Bryan may be taken as the prototype of all these mighty men of muscle. He had a blacksmith shop on the present site of the Peoples National Bank. It isn't recorded that the smithy stood under a spreading chestnut tree but children coming home from school always stopped and peeped through the door, not only to watch the flaming forge but to hear the blacksmith sing. For Etz was a singing blacksmith. He always accompanied the rhythmic beat of the hammer on the red-hot steel with his song, an irresistible combination to the children who passed that way.

In the course of time the blacksmith frequently became the wagon maker of the community and then the builder of carriages and other vehicles. Job Hyer was the town's first wagon maker. He had a shop where the First Baptist church now stands. At a somewhat later period the firm of Day & Taylor built vehicles of all de-

scriptions. This firm was succeeded by Robert Buck who announced his acquisition of the business with an advertisement in the county seat newspaper on June 6, 1843: "The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Greenfield and vicinity and the public generally that he has purchased the well known factory of Day & Taylor known as the Greenfield Coach Factory and that he intends carrying on the business in all its variety of branches." The advertisement was signed "For ROBERT BUCK per T. L. Gray."

Carriage building became one of Greenfield's leading industries. On August 7, 1856, we find Porter & Read announcing through the columns of the *Republican* that they were opening a new carriage factory opposite the Baptist church. In the same issue appears the advertisement of the old established firm of Lyman Daniels & Son who were offering "Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons and Rockaways of the latest Eastern style with tempered springs and steel axles." It was stated that the Manufactury was located on the corner of Church and Second streets. Mirabeau street in those days was generally referred to as Church street, due no doubt to the fact that there were two churches on the street. In one of the early ordinances passed by the Town Council in 1851 we find Mirabeau spelled "Mirabaugh."

## 46.

### *Hotels*

The old inns and taverns of the pioneer period gradually disappeared as the public demanded more adequate accommodations. *Travellers Rest* was transformed into a residential property, its stone walls covered with a coat of stucco which completely hid the inscription above the door. Many of the taverns ceased to function as places of entertainment and were known by the new-fangled term, "saloon." Hotels and Houses replaced the inns and taverns. The new type of hostelry was far more commodious and comfortable than the pioneer inns. No longer was it necessary to limit the occupancy of a bed to five persons and guests usually removed their boots without any reminder. The appointments, however, were still rather primitive judged by modern standards. A washbowl and pitcher provided the necessary equipment for the traveler's ablutions. A central bathroom was a vast improvement on the "pump and tub" arrangement of pioneer days. Almost every room had a fireplace where the guest could have a fire on chilly nights by the payment of a small additional fee. The lobby was heated by a pot-bellied stove around which the guests and townsmen gathered in the evening.

Greenfield's hotels did not provide accommodations for the guest's horse. Most of them arrived by stage coach. The occasional

horseback rider had to put his horse up at a livery stable. Greenfield's only livery stable in the early forties was owned and operated by John Benner, a tailor. It was located in the rear of Abe Freshour's residence on the present site of the Post Office. Mr. Benner does not seem to have had much faith in humanity judging from a large sign posted on the door of his livery barn:

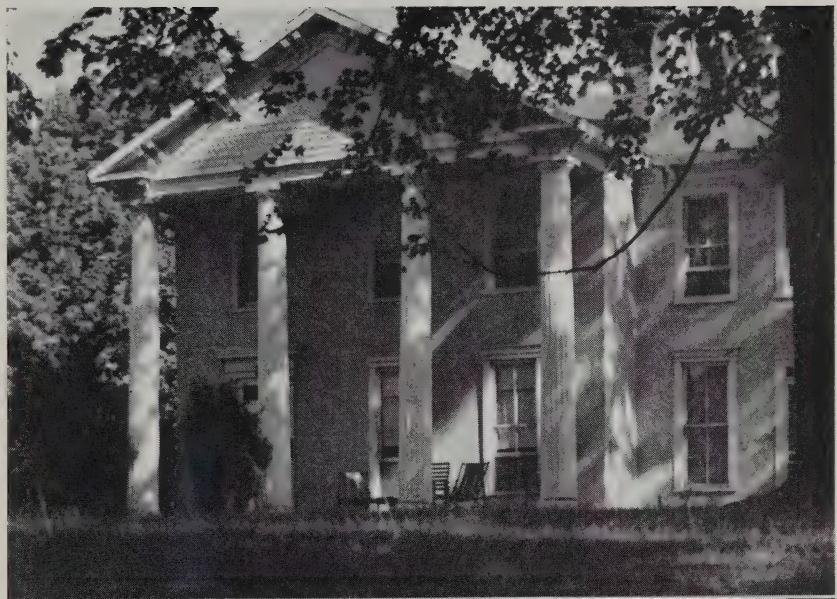
"Since man to man is so unjust,  
    'Tis hard to tell what man to trust.  
Since I have trusted to my sorrow,  
    Pay today, I'll trust tomorrow."

Greenfield's best known hotel men were Albert G. Franklin, better known as Colonel Franklin, and Jesse Harper, who in 1849, gave up his tannery on North Washington street to enter the hotel business. Colonel Franklin was born in Virginia on October 12, 1803. He settled in Greenfield in 1837. He was followed by his wife and two daughters who made their way over the mountains in a horse-drawn carryall. They brought with them a little colored girl by the name of Matilda Blueford whose mother had begged them to take her daughter with them to a free state as she was mortally afraid that she would be kidnapped and "sold down the river." The Bluefords were free negroes but the kidnapping of free negroes and selling them back into slavery was a lucrative business carried on by unscrupulous slave traders. Other members of the Blueford family followed within a few months. The name of "old man Blueford" appears frequently in the reminiscences of Oldtimers of that period.

Colonel Franklin's dining room was famous for its "good old-fashioned southern cookery." It was the rendezvous of gourmets of the period. If Charles Dickens had stopped at the Franklin House on his famous tour through Ohio in 1842, we are quite sure that he would never have inserted in his *American Notes* the aspersions which he cast upon the *Golden Lamb* of Lebanon when they refused to serve him anything except tea and coffee: "The preposterous forcing of unpleasant drinks down the reluctant throats of travelers is not at all uncommon in America, but I never discovered that the scruples of their mincing landlords ever induced them to preserve a nice balance between the quality of their fare and their scale of prices."

The *Greenfield Republican* records a feast which was held in November, 1858, at the Franklin House after a big game hunt: "In the evening great quantities of squirrel and quail were stacked up at the Franklin House. Upon count it was found that Captain Wigginton's party had brought in 154 while Captain Blackburn's party had but 112, giving Wigginton's party the victory by 42 squirrels. There were in addition about 100 quail killed by the hunters, making 366 pieces of very delicious game. Something after nine o'clock the gong told us that squirrels fried, broiled and stewed, as well as

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — The Samuel Mains' house, 1856, West Lafayette Street

Lower — Avalon built by Col. Jacob Hyer in 1858, Lyndon Avenue

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — The Anderson house, 1830, 428 Jefferson Street

Lower — The David Bonner house, 1839, 427 Jefferson Street; station on the underground railroad.

quail in the same condition, were smoking upon the table ready for the hungry hunters. About seventy persons were at the tables and a good time was generally had, not to say anything of the sprinkling of 'upsicated' gentlemen who enjoyed it exceedingly. This was we think the seventh match hunt that the boys have had."

## 47.

*An Old Deed*

Someone has said that history after all is just the abstract of land titles. However that may be, the abstract of the deeds to the lots now occupied by the Harper Hotel and the adjoining Odd Fellows building throws a lot of light on some disputed points in Greenfield's history. The abstract, prepared by Henry L. Dickey, shows the title of every transfer from the founding of Greenfield down until the property came into his possession in 1884. The original deed, conveying the property to Gabriel Wright, was recorded in Chillicothe on April 22, 1802. The land was not owned by Job Wright as the early Chronicles have it and it wasn't there that Job built his log cabin. Job didn't own a single inch of ground in Greenfield; he was just a squatter. The abstract still further shows that the heirs of Gabriel Wright — their names are too numerous to mention — deeded the lots to David Bonner on November 17, 1815. Mr. Bonner built a wool carding plant on the site of the Odd Fellows building. In 1825 he removed his machinery to another shop and sold the two lots to Greenup Campbell.

Mr. Campbell repaired and rearranged the buildings he had acquired and opened a grocery and a hotel which he called the *National Hotel*. In 1849 Mr. Campbell sold the property to Jesse Harper. The transfer applies only to the Odd Fellows site. Dr. Milton Dunlap had already purchased the corner lot from Mr. Campbell and built a fine brick residence on it. The deed to the plot was recorded on June 1, 1842. Having acquired the *National Hotel*, Mr. Harper continued to operate it under the name of the *Harper House*. It was the first of three hotels which have perpetuated the name of Greenfield's best known hotel man.

When Dr. Dunlap acquired the corner lot, it was already occupied by two frame houses built of great hewn oak timbers and poplar lumber, cut by the laborious hand process known as whipsawing. He had them removed to a site on Lafayette street. The larger house was occupied by David M. Harris for some thirty years but was demolished after his death. Dr. Dunlap's new residence also housed in the corner room the Dunlap & Hyer General Store. Another room became the Post Office. In 1852, Dr. Dunlap, preferring a less public residence, began the construction of the large two story brick building on the northeast corner of Pine and Wash-

ington streets. His former residence was remodeled and converted into a hotel known as the *Dunlap House*. On February 28, 1856, Dr. Dunlap sold the hotel to John Hyer, the brother of Colonel Hyer, one of Greenfield's most distinguished citizens.

The *Greenfield Republican*, under date of May 22, 1856, records the magnificent wedding supper given by John Hyer in the dining room of the hotel to a select group of his friends on the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Mary Cowman. The guests dined sumptuously to the strains of Kinkead's Sax Horn Band and the sweet music of the newly organized Placean Serenaders. One guest was so inspired by the music that he wrote a poem and dedicated it to the Serenaders. In due time it was published in the *Republican*:

“When moonlight shadows lightly fall  
And zephyrs sweetly murmur by,  
When fairies to the circle call  
The sylvan elfs that round us fly,  
Those holy strains, not of the spheres,  
Roll sweetly o'er half-slumbering ears.”

In September of the same year Mr. Hyer sold the hotel to Jeanette and A. G. Franklin who immediately took possession and continued the business without the loss of a single day. The name was changed to the *Franklin House* but it is not to be confused with another *Franklin House* which belongs to a later period. In 1857 Mr. Franklin built a frame addition on Washington street with business rooms on the ground floor and guest rooms on the second floor. March 6, 1861, Mr. Franklin sold the property to Jesse Harper who immediately took possession and changed the name to the *Harper House*. In 1863 he extended the frame addition back to the alley, removing the old log stable on the alley which had served as a refuge for fleeing slaves in the ante-bellum period. It was at that time that the glass fronts were installed in the business rooms. They were the wonder of the whole town. Under Mr. Harper's able management, the *Harper House* became one of the most popular hotels in Southern Ohio. The dining room was popular with townspeople as well as the traveling public, judging from this item found in the notes left by Mrs. Frances Dunlap: “Aus Bush took Leon to dinner at the Harper House. Leon got his foot in the soup plate.” This bit of information doesn't seem so startling when we learn that Leon was none other than David Leonidas Dunlap and that he was just about three years old when he put his foot in it.

## 48.

### “Water Smelling”

The McElroys settled on a farm four miles north of Greenfield in the early pioneer days. Rev. J. M. McElroy has left us a pleasant

picture of their old log cabin with the pewit's nest close up under the eaves and the wren's nest in a gourd which hung by its crooked handle under the projecting roof of the out-oven. The "noon mark" at the door of the cabin showed the exact time of 12 o'clock. The barn was large and spacious with an ample floor for threshing out the grain with Will Carleton flails or with a circus of six horses. Sometimes fifty wild turkeys could be seen at one time in the eight acre grain field and you were almost sure to encounter a startled doe on a walk through the woods. Half a hundred maple trees provided the family with sap, syrup and sugar. The McElroys were particularly proud of their orchard of peach, pear and apple trees.

Crossing a small creek where the calamus grew thickly, you arrived at the old log schoolhouse with puncheon floor and stone chimney. "Daniel Cool was my first teacher in 1834 or 35," Rev. McElroy writes. "I was the youngest of forty pupils and to me he was indulgent and kind. I had many a nap on the teacher's great coat spread for me in the big chimney. With the bigger pupils he was rigid and severe and used his big rod often and vigorously. I remember seeing William McConnell sitting on the floor with a handkerchief tied over his mouth to keep him from laughing." The McElroys prospered. About 1840 they replaced the log cabin with a large stone house with a secret room where runaway slaves were concealed. The house was an important station on the Underground Railroad.

"My father had occasion to have a well dug at the new house," Rev. McElroy writes, "the spring at the foot of the hill being too far away. Peter Smith, the man employed to do the digging, thought that it would be a good plan to hunt around and find where there was a deep-down stream of water over which to locate the well. So he got a forked peach-tree limb, trimmed it and smelled around diligently and found several weak streams but none of these in the right place. Father had little patience with such witchery and told Pete to go ahead and dig right there at a convenient spot near the kitchen door." Although Pete sank a forty-two foot shaft he didn't find a single drop of water. It was boarded up and stayed that way for six months. Finally Mr. McElroy appealed to an old friend who had had great success in locating streams of water. His friend procured a forked hazel rod, "smelled" around and finally announced, "There's a stream down there about twenty-five feet from the surface and within six feet of the well already dug." A lateral shaft was driven in the direction indicated by the divining rod. A good stream was found and conducted by a tunnel to the original shaft which was then walled up. Rev. McElroy adds: "The supply of water has been copious and unfailing for sixty years."

## 49.

*A Boy's Town*

Greenfield was a wonderful Boy's Town in antebellum days, judging from the nostalgic reminiscences of Oldtimers of that period. Bishop Merrill has left us a delightful picture of those far-off days. "Our favorite place of amusement," he writes, "was the tanbark of the Douglas tan-vats, wheeled out and deposited along the branch that ran south of the tannery, east of Washington street. There we ran and jumped, wrestled, pitched quoits, shoulder stones and long poles, and in the season when the water was running we used the tanbark to dam the branch to see how deep a pond we could get. Throwing the shoulder stone consisted of taking a large stone, lifting it on the hand above the shoulder and throwing it as far as possible. The long pole was a green pole, generally a small hickory sapling trimmed smoothly. This was taken by the small end, swung enough to give it momentum, and then pitched forward as far as the player could send it."

"After the first frost in October, gathering walnuts was a source of revenue to the boys. It was not the nuts but the hulls that were valuable. We would carry home bushels of walnuts, take off the hulls and sell them at Robinson's Woolen Mills where they were used to make dye. If the hulls were in good shape, they brought 18 to 20 cents a bushel. Fishing was our rare sport. Sometimes we would go out to Sugar Run and, in the little pools at the foot of the trees, we would catch strings of little chubs and sunfish. Other times we would go straight to the creek and follow down, fishing in the little pockets of the creek, sometimes bringing in fine strings of sunfish and goggleeyes with an occasional bass or catfish. Skating was the favorite winter amusement for the young men. There were few small boys who could afford skates which cost as much as a pair of shoes. If a boy got the shoes he was lucky. A favorite skating place was Bonner's woods, a low, flat piece of ground, just west of town which was often covered with water in the winter. Heavy timber served as a windbreak and there were good places to kindle a fire without danger to property. I think it was Patterson, the blacksmith, who made the skates to order and kept them in repair for the boys."

"Our favorite blackberry patch was a pasture lot at the southeast corner of South and Second streets. It was an old field which had been cultivated for a while and then permitted to grow up with briars and brush. It extended from Second street east along the road to the creek and south to the railroad tracks. Here is where the boys and girls picked blackberries galore. Another similar patch was found in an old field on the farm of Ignatius Harris a mile or so south of town. Mr. Harris would sometimes chase us

out, telling us that if we weren't lazy we would raise our own blackberries. Swimming was our favorite amusement in hot weather. There were two favorite swimming places, Job's Hole and the Bend. The Bend was just below town, concealed from the road by a heavy growth of bottom timber. It had a fine bottom, was deep enough to swim in and was shaded from the sun during the heat of the day.

"There was another small place, a little below Job's Hole, a washout at the root of an old sycamore stump where many a boy learned to swim before venturing into Job's Hole. It was called Round Hole. Rice Vass lived on the hill above Job's Hole. This was the only house from which the water could be seen and then only by going to the back porch and looking over a board fence. But Vass used to complain of the boys' swimming there as in those days bathing suits were unknown and wholly unnecessary. One day he slipped down the hill and stole some of the young men's clothing and took it back to the house. The young men did not wait to dress up in a headless barrel but simply came out of the water, followed him up to the house and claimed their clothes. He didn't try that game on them any more."

There were some young scalawags in Greenfield according to the highly colored reminscences of Charles J. Bell. "Lordy!" he writes, "What times I have had there and thereabouts. I have caught sunfish, shiners, chubs, cats, goggleeyes, suckers, pickerel, bass, perch, turtles and frogs at the old dam, Leib's dam, Robinson's dam, Wilson's dam and Lunbeck's dam. I have hunted rabbits, squirrels, coons, possums and muskrats on Billy Collier's place. I have had fights at the old covered bridge with Salem, Frankfort and Lattaville boys. I have thrown rocks at dogs, ducks, cats, and the DeVosses off the railroad bridge and I have hit old Blueford, Aaron Winters and Billy Askew with apples. I have run like the devil from old Aunt Eddy and Uncle Harry, Fred Marks and Wes Hitchens. I have walked to South Salem to exhibitions and to Lyndon when the sun was low. I have seen Jud Smart and Jim Coffey fight it out at the old Odd Fellows hall. I saw China Miller and Henry Clay Taylor fight while playing shinny on the Public Square. Those were the scrapping times. I have walked to Petersburg to meet Dan Rice or Van Amburg or Spalding & Rogers shows. I still have the same old knife which John Shadford made for me. Panel Green made the handle and John Death ground it for me. It's as good as new."

The job of the Town Marshal wasn't a bed of roses judging from this incident related by Mr. Bell: "It seems that Cal McClellan had lately purchased a brand-new wagon and it was standing in Freshour's alley. The boys brought it out on the street, filled it with signs, boxes and other stuff and started for the creek with it, the wagon tongue sticking straight out. About the time we — the

other boys I mean — got to the corner of Second street, the wagon was going too fast for us — them, I mean — and all had to let go. The wagon caromed to the left and the tongue struck Doc McGarraugh's door right in the center and split it from center to hock. The boys made a rush and recaptured the wagon and proceeded on their way to the hill near the grave yard. Someone suggested that they upset the wagon and see if it would tumble into old Paint creek — and it did. That wagon, according to Ed Dines' figures, cost \$356.82 to repair. The account wasn't squared for two years. I might as well have been in that crowd for I was accused of being in it!" In spite of Charley Bell's tall stories — he was a charter member of the Burlington Liars Club — we don't believe that there was anything so wrong with the young scalawags of that period which a trip to the woodshed — a highly respected institution in those days — could not have cured.

## 50.

*Church Discipline*

The records of the Rocky Spring church are complete and intact for a period of more than fifty years. They open with a statement by Abraham Pettinger that he assumed the pastorate on April 22, 1810, and close with the minutes of March 31, 1864, when the church united with the First Presbyterian church of Greenfield. The records present a remarkable picture of the part played by the church in a rural community in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. There was no need for courts of law. All questions, respecting members of the church, were settled in the church Session. The decisions were based on the Scriptures. The common law was the Ten Commandments. Decrees were enforced by an official ban which decreed that the offender "be excluded from the sealing ordinances of the church until he confesses sorrow and gives evidence of repentance." Some protested against the sentence. Some might even defy it for a time but all, sooner or later, yielded to the ban and expressed sorrow and repentance for their acts. The records of the church reveal the whole range of human frailties and peccadillos — personal disputes, neighborhood quarrels and family tiffs, as well as more serious moral lapses and offenses against church law.

There was the case of the husband who accused his wife of being so jealous that he couldn't "pass the time of day" with another woman. And the case of the missing bag of meal left at a local mill which became so involved that it would have stumped a Philadelphia lawyer to untangle its intricacies. Women were haled before the Session for talking too much and rebuked for gossiping. A prominent member of the congregation was accused of "swear-

ing, cursing and stripping off to fight." In another case involving profanity, a witness testified that he had heard the accused say "damn" but admitted on cross examination that it might have been "dong." The most frequent charge was "over indulgence in spirituous liquors." The Rocky Spring church showed none of the tolerance toward strong drink which was typical of pioneer communities. A father hailed the schoolmaster before the Session on the ground that he was prejudiced against his family and had flogged his son unmercifully. The Session not only acquitted the schoolmaster but censured the father for the unseemly language he had used in his protest to the schoolmaster. There were many cases involving those who had not "remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Samuel Strain, a patriarch with twenty-two children, was accused of having traveled two whole Sabbath days in going and returning from a visit to Indiana. Mr. Strain admitted that he might have been wrong in having traveled the first Sabbath but he contended that he had had ample justification on the second Sabbath. He asserted that "he kept the Sabbath better by riding than he could have done by staying where he was as he could not enjoy Christian fellowship where he put up for the night." He added, as a sort of afterthought, that there was no feed for his horse at the place of entertainment except oats. The case extended over many meetings. Mr. Strain clung tenaciously to his contention. After a while we can sense a desire on the part of the Session to drop the matter as gracefully as possible. It isn't clear that Mr. Strain ever did admit his guilt but eventually, with some reference to his advanced age, he was restored to full membership in the church.

Another case involved parental authority. A father accused his sister-in-law of "persuading children to disobey their parents' reasonable requisitions which conduct must be very heinous in the sight of God." Apparently the father and his sister-in-law had been at loggerheads over a suitable wife for the son. During the examination before the Session the father put this question to his son: "When I recommended another young woman to you and wished you to ride over and see her, did not your aunt speak lightly of her?" The son replied that his aunt had simply said that she didn't agree with his father. In this case the Session brought in a Scotch verdict — Not Proved.

## 51.

### *The Flip of a Coin*

Thomas Rodgers was a highly respected citizen of the Rocky Spring community. As Commander of the Highland County Militia he was known to everybody. "When the yearly muster of the Militia came around," according to an Oldtimer, "it was a big day

in the county seat. Martial spirits ran high and *spirits frumenti* ran even higher. Often before the day was over it was all the officers could do to enforce 'chins up' and 'toes on the line.' Thomas Rodgers on his horse, leading the parade, was the grandest sight I have ever seen." The Rocky Spring church was no respecter of persons, as Col. Rodgers quickly learned when he resorted to chance to settle an election. It appears that the Colonel was a candidate for the office of magistrate in an election held in Greenfield in 1827. The election resulted in a tie. By mutual agreement the two candidates decided the tie by a flip of a coin. Col. Rodgers lost the toss and was promptly hailed before the Session of the Rocky Spring church.

Col. Rodgers refused to concede that he had done anything contrary to the Scriptures in tossing the coin; consequently there was no reason why he should feel sorry or repent a sin he hadn't committed. The Session was shocked at this recalcitrant attitude and deprived the Colonel of his churchly privileges for a period of six months during which he could think the matter over. The case, however, kept bobbing up at every meeting of the Session and much concern was felt and expressed at the obduracy of Colonel Rodgers who refused to recant. Finally he was prevailed upon to submit a written statement saying that he was sorry but his sorrow was expressed in such ambiguous terms that the Session agreed "that there was no evidence that he had in the smallest degree a just idea of the criminality of casting a lot." At the end of the probationary period, Colonel Rodgers, having thought it over, made peace with the Session and was restored to his churchly privileges.

At the same meeting at which Colonel Rodgers had been tried, the Session brought a similar charge against William Wilson. The incident is related in Galbreath's *History of the Chillicothe Presbytery* which gives an account of the episode as related by W. C. Holliday, an eyewitness: "Big John Wilson was digging a mill race and the whole community turned out to assist. There were, I think, about sixty persons present. To get done that day they chose captains and divided. One captain and his men took the north end of the race, the other the south end and to work they went, each striving to have his end finished first. I was one of them and we made the dirt fly with a will. When dinner time came, neither party would go, each saying to the other, 'You go first.' To decide the dispute, the captains took a chip, spit on one side and threw it up, one saying, 'wet' and the other 'dry' and if the wet side was up when it came to the ground, then the wets had it. I was one of the party that went to dinner first by decision of the chip and I was glad for I was hungry and wanted my dinner." Elder William Wilson was one of the captains and for this appeal to the lot William Wilson was called before the Session. Elder Wilson told the Session that "he meant no harm and of course did not intentionally make an

appeal to Heaven in the case." The Session, however, considered this a mere quibble and gave him the choice of repenting or else —! Like Colonel Rodgers, Elder Wilson did not immediately see the error of his ways but eventually he expressed his sorrow and repentance and was restored to good standing in the church. The records of the Rocky Spring church are filled with these quaint and curious incidents, indicative of the tremendous pressure the church could bring to bear upon erring individuals.

## 52.

*Methodist Church*

The first Methodist church building was erected in 1828 on the south side of Mirabeau street, east of Second, on land purchased from Isaac Death. On it stood a small frame house occupied by Mr. Death's daughter, Rebecca, and her husband, Enos Bowen, a potter. The pottery was located on the present site of the Oliver Styerwalt home. The house was moved off to make way for the church which was built of brick at a cost of \$150.00. The building was never finished and never dedicated. Its dimensions were 25 by 35 feet. It was never plastered, had no floor and each family provided its own pew. In 1832 the first missionary collection was taken up. It amounted to \$8.25. The pastors who served in this church were John Feree, F. Wilson, David Lewis, G. W. Maley, John Stewart, A. Sellers, J. F. Donohoe, J. A. Reeder and George W. Walker.

In 1833 a much larger and more substantial church was built on the site of the small brick church. It was so large in fact that it was said during its erection: "They will never build it, if they build it they will never finish it, if they finish it, they will never fill it." It was built, finished and filled to the overflowing. Charles White, of Revolutionary fame, supervised the construction of both the brick and stone churches. His sons, Willis and Griffin, hauled every stone for the latter. The old stone church had one peculiar feature — the center aisle and the space in front of the altar were paved with brick, probably salvaged from the earlier brick church. This did not prove very satisfactory so a floor of wood was installed in 1844. This church served the Methodists until 1860. The building is still standing on East Mirabeau street, having served in many capacities — in the course of the years — as a carriage shop, a plant for the manufacture of life-saving nets, a garage, a skating rink and a basket ball court. It was here that the high school played its first basket ball games half a century ago.

In 1860 the Methodist congregation, which had grown from 192 members in 1841 to 240 members, erected a fine two-story brick church on the southwest corner of Mirabeau and Second streets.

The basement was fitted up and used for church purposes, with C. R. Lowell as pastor, before the building was entirely finished. The church had almost been completed when a terrific tornado hit Greenfield, completely destroying the new edifice. With true heroism and Spartan self-sacrifice the congregation took immediate steps to rebuild the church on the old foundations. It was dedicated by Rev. D. W. Clark, afterwards Bishop Clark, on February 8, 1863. In 1864 the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Conference was held in the fine new church.

### 53.

#### *Old Seceders Church*

The Associated Reform Presbyterian church continued to occupy the old log church on Hop Run until 1835. Its congregation was small but devoted. It is said that the family of George Brown who lived on the Upper Twin would walk to church every Sunday, a distance of eight or nine miles. The girls would come barefooted as far as Hop Run. There they would bathe their feet, don their shoes and stockings and go on up the hill to the church, having saved considerable wear and tear on their shoes. Sometimes the young people would go over to the Walker home on Saturday night, stay all night with the Walkers, so as to get an early start on the Sabbath morning for the remaining four miles. Eventually the Hop Run congregation united with the Old Seceders church of Greenfield, a group which had split off from the Presbyterian church on account of doctrinal disputes. The Old Seceders built a small stone church on South street, just east of the present Christian church. This building, later used for school purposes, is still standing. In 1858 the O. S. Presbyterians changed their name to the United Presbyterian church. Sometime later a division occurred in the church, one part of the congregation worshipping for a while in the German Methodist church on Mirabeau street. Eventually the two factions reunited. The brick church on the northeast corner of South and Washington streets was built and occupied by the United Presbyterians in 1867. Some of the ministers during this period were Rev. Campbell, Rev. Gowdy and Dr. Archibald Brice.

Every church had its social events. The *Greenfield Republican* records one of these socials which was held in the O. S. Presbyterian church in September, 1857. It is described as "brilliant and largely and liberally attended." We are told that "refreshments were first served to the large and unexpected number of patrons from waiters after which the vestry doors were thrown open and displayed a most beautifully decorated table. This was laden with fruits and sweetmeats, and literally covered with bright and fragrant flowers. Sales of the desserts were made rapidly, the delicious

peaches claiming particular attention. The post office department received no small degree of patronage, and many a young heart quickened as they tore the seal and traced the lines of love and friendship, half believing it from him or her." We also note that the occasion was enlivened, as were most social occasions, by the presence of Kinkead's Sax Horn Band.

## 54. *German Methodist Church*

The early settlers of Greenfield were, for the most part, of old American stock. They came from the eastern seaboard where they had lived so long that they had almost forgotten their old world origin. About 1850 a considerable number of Germans settled in Greenfield, having fled from the Fatherland to escape religious persecution. They proved to be exemplary citizens. Through their industry and thrift, as well as their technical skill in various trades, they soon made themselves an integral part of the community. Some of the older Germans could not speak English fluently so they organized the German Methodist church in 1854 with Rev. J. A. Cline as pastor. They purchased the recently abandoned schoolhouse on Mirabeau street and converted it into a church home. Here services were held in the German language for twenty years.

When the building became inadequate for the needs of the congregation, they erected a new brick church on the same site at a cost of two thousand dollars. The Rev. C. F. P. Paulus of Covington, Kentucky, delivered the dedication address. At this time the congregation numbered forty members. With the passing of the older Germans, who cherished their native tongue, the church declined in membership and finally disbanded.

## 55. *Catholic Church*

Between 1840 and 1850 a considerable number of Irish immigrants settled in Greenfield attracted by the opportunity to work in the stone quarries. The great Irish immigration was prompted by the intolerable conditions which prevailed in the Emerald Isle during the famine years. Among Greenfield's early settlers from the "Auld Sod," we note the names of Buckley, Hinnigan, Hyde, Murphy, Collins, Callahan, Love, Toomey, Leary, Casey, Tracey, Smith, McCormick, Deacon, Ford, Cribbins and McGillicuddy. The McGillicuddys hailed from the McGillicuddy Reeks. They found it convenient to shorten their name to Mack, as did their close kinsman, Connie Mack of baseball fame. Many of these early Irish settlers had been skilled masons in their native Ireland. The ex-

quisite craftsmanship of these workers in stone is still to be seen in our beautiful churches, and the ashlar work on the school buildings. The Irish formed a little settlement of their own just south of the original town plat. In the early days it was known as *Dublin* but, with the passage of the years, people simply referred to it as *Irish Town*. They built little wooden and stone cottages along the lanes and roads which wind along the old quarry pond.

The first visit of a Catholic priest to Greenfield occurred in 1854. In the fall of that year, Miss Bridgit McCormick, afterwards the wife of Lawrence Cribbins, went to Cincinnati to Confession. Archbishop Purcell learned from her that there were a number of devout Catholics in Greenfield without the services of a priest. He dispatched Rev. John B. O'Donoghue from Fayetteville to Greenfield. His coming was unheralded. Only two persons, Owen McCormick and his sister, Bridgit, were present to assist in the first Mass ever held in Greenfield. Father O'Donoghue continued to visit Greenfield once a month. Later on he was stationed in Hillsboro and Greenfield was included in his parish. During this period Mass was celebrated at the homes of Owen McCormick, Patrick Love and Daniel Collins. In 1856 work was begun on a small stone church on South Second street. It was finished and dedicated in the spring of 1858.

The little stone church continued to serve the Catholics for fifty years during which it was administered by Fathers Hays, Michael, Sullivan, O'Brian and Walsh as an integral part of the Hillsboro parish. It was not until 1899 that the St. Benignus church, as it is known, became a separate parish with its own resident pastor. The little stone church, with its large golden cross, set on a high bluff overlooking the Valley of the Paint with its thickly wooded islands, its old mill race and quarry pond, formed a picturesque entrance to the town from the South.

## 56.

### *Greenfield Seminary*

On September 6, 1845, a mass meeting was held in the Baptist church, its object being to give the community more adequate educational advantages. It was proposed to establish a Seminary "with full collegiate powers." Two thousand dollars had already been subscribed for this purpose. Alfred C. Lang headed the list with a subscription of \$300, followed by John Surber with \$200 and Rev. James Arbuthnot and Andrew Kerns, \$100 each. The other subscriptions were for smaller amounts ranging down to \$10. The meeting authorized the incorporation of the Seminary with the following Board of Trustees: Hugh Smart, Andrew Kerns, Josiah Bell, John Surber, Milton Dunlap and John Boyd. At a later date

George W. Sellers and John Eckman were elected to fill vacancies on the Board. Fortunately, the complete minutes of the Board of Trustees have survived and throw interesting sidelights on the problem of building, equipping and administering an institution "with full collegiate powers" with inadequate financial resources in the middle of the last century.

Two outlots (Numbers 20 and 21) were purchased from Andrew Pope for the sum of \$250 on South Washington street. Commenting on the location, the local paper remarked: "We believe the site of the Seminary and Academy well calculated to promote health and vigor of constitution. Its location is elevated and handsome, the town contains about a thousand inhabitants and its character for good morals and good order has long been celebrated." James Bell, reminiscing many years later, recalled that he had once killed a nest of young rattlesnakes on the lot opposite the Seminary. The contract for the construction of the building was awarded to A. C. Lang and the carpenter work to Daniel Macey. The specifications required "that the front and sides shall be neatly cut and done equal to the work on the front of Abraham Freshour's new building." On March 26, 1846, the trustees assembled at nine o'clock in the morning for the purpose of staking off the building. A. B. Dunlap has given us an imaginative but highly credible description of the ensuing ceremony:

"The Board, as was their custom, probably met at Hugh Smart's store. In proceeding down Washington street, they probably kept the middle of the way for there were no sidewalks. At the alley between Mirabeau and South streets, they crossed a very deep hollow, passing over the stream on a foot log or on stepping stones. From here the street gradually ascended until it reached the top of the hill at a point on the west side of Washington street about opposite the intersection of Pine street. Here on the lots where the American Pad & Textile Company has its plant in part, they proceeded to locate the ground plan for the building. High as were their hopes, it is not probable that they fully realized the import of what they did that morning. The institution which they founded was to become a potent factor in the intellectual, social and moral well being of the community. The building itself was to become the nucleus of an extensive industrial plant. Those stone walls are still there, though largely hidden by the mass of buildings — a sort of nerve center for the commercial life of the entire community."

The Trustees selected Rev. J. G. Blair as principal of the Seminary, his term to begin November 1, 1845. He continued to occupy that position throughout the entire existence of the institution. He was ably assisted in his work at various times by Professor R. W. McFarland, afterwards a member of the Ohio State faculty, Rev. W. H. Black, Miss Mary Kniffen, Miss Mary Parry, Miss Sarah A.

Foote, Miss Julia A. Wheeler, Miss Mary E. Lovejoy and Miss Frances Arbuthnot. A catalog issued for the academic year 1848-1849 furnishes some interesting information about the Seminary. The tuition ranged from \$2.25 to \$5.25 for a term of 11 weeks, with a small fee of 12 to 25 cents for lectures in the Department of Natural Science. Board was quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week. The curriculum ranged from advanced courses in Greek and Latin to the Moral and Intellectual Sciences "with Hebrew and modern languages when requested." The courses for "meritorious females," to quote the catalog, were more restricted than those for young men. They could substitute the "ornamental branches" for Latin and Trigonometry but the catalog added, "Parents need have no apprehension that their children will become contaminated with those fool-headed prejudices which look contemptuously upon the active and industrious callings of life."

The rules and regulations for student conduct were strict: "Each pupil is required to attend church on the Sabbath. All visiting, pleasure calls or walks on the Sabbath are prohibited." The rules add ominously, "In no case will pupils of indolent habits or addicted to immoral practices be permitted to continue as members of the institution." The enrollment of the Seminary at this time was 180 students who came from almost every town and hamlet within a radius of fifty miles. The first class was graduated in 1849. It was composed of two young ladies, Miss Lavinia Smart and Miss Mary L. Dunlap. The last class, graduated in 1852, consisted of Miss Sadie Sellers, Mrs. Martha Dickey Bush, and Mrs. Maggie Campbell Smart, all of whom were life-long residents of Greenfield, and Lizzie Austin Culver, Lizzie Barrett Lough, Lizzie Harris Bell and Hattie Wilson. No records of the young men's department have survived but its alumni embrace such distinguished names as Henry L. Dickey, W. H. Eckman, W. H. Irwin, Judge Mitchell Gray, and Judge Robert Briggs in law; Dr. Milton James and Dr. W. H. Wilson in medicine; and Bishop Stephen Merrill and Dr. S. D. Crothers in the church.

Every Friday afternoon recitations at the Seminary were dispensed with and teachers and pupils gathered in a large room up stairs to read compositions, declaim and debate the issues of the day. This custom was handed down to the local high school in the course of time. Friday afternoons continued to be a regular feature of school life until comparatively recent times. At the close of each term public examinations were held in the largest available hall in town. A Board was appointed to attend, question and evaluate the intellectual attainments of the students. One of these Public Examinations, held in the Baptist church, almost ended in a terrible tragedy.

Bishop Merrill relates: "On this occasion I had gone early and taken a seat near a window with the idea of getting a seat up in

the deep window when the room became crowded and the boys had to give place to old people and ladies. The crowd came and I was asked to surrender my seat which I did by mounting into the window. Just as the performance was about to open, there came a crash and the floor began to settle in the center. Then came the cry that the heavy columns that stood in the aisles would fall. The panic began in earnest. I held my place long enough in the window to see men crazed with fright, fight and push and jam women and children until I thought they would be trampled to death. Then people began to climb out of the windows and I was compelled to jump. I ran around to the east end of the building where there was a door but I knew that it was closed by the stage planks across it. Geoffrey Day was listening at the door. 'Lawd,' he said, 'dere's somebody lost down there. I hear's 'em.' With a kick of his mighty foot, he broke the panel and pulled it out. He reached in and pulled out five or six girls who were jammed down behind the stage."

The task of financing the Seminary solely on the basis of tuition fees finally resulted in closing the Seminary but it continued to exert a tremendous influence on the town for several decades. The final entry in the minutes of the Board of Trustees, written in Aylette Miller's beautiful copper-plate handwriting, is a resolution to transfer the Seminary property to the Board of Education, consideration being that the Board would keep the building in good condition and repair.

## 57.

### *Brass Bands*

Music has always been a great builder of morale. The pioneer community welcomed the advent of the old-time fiddler who "played by ear" with more verve than finesse. He was always in demand for the barn dances and other social occasions. It isn't a matter of record who played the first fiddle, tooted the first horn or beat the first drum in Greenfield but it is said that the first owner of a piano was a German by the name of Tribbit who brought the instrument with him from the Fatherland in 1840. Mr. Tribbit worked in the tannery by day and taught music by night. His hands were the color of tanbark stain and big enough to reach four octaves. He is described by one of his pupils as "very cross and impatient." He would rap his pupils' knuckles with a heavy pencil when they made a mistake but he instilled into them a love for good music.

It is a matter of record that Robert Buck, who owned a carriage shop, brought a piano over the Allegheny mountains in a "prairie schooner" in 1843. It became the treasured possession of his daughter, Mrs. Martha Caspari, who lived in the frame house

just west of *Travellers Rest*. People would stroll down Main street in the evening just to hear her play. In 1857 Mrs. William Dunlap received a piano as a present from her uncle, Henry Wilson. The piano had been salvaged from a steamboat which had been wrecked in New York harbor. Mr. Wilson purchased it and sent it to his niece. Just above the keyboard was a silver plate with the inscription, "Presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales."

Every early community wanted a brass band. Greenfield had one as early as 1836. This date can be definitely fixed as the band was invited to participate in the Fourth of July celebration that year. It was organized by James Easterbrook and held its rehearsals on the great double porch of *Vass's Tavern*. All the town turned out to listen to the nightly rehearsals. There were thirteen members in the band, at least that is the number listed in the music book of Abraham Freshour. The names listed are James Easterbrook, leader; Abraham Freshour, James Hudson, William Clise, Decatur Spillman, Henry Snyder, W. W. Caldwell, Stewart Brown, John M. Crothers, James Bonner, William Buck, William Bell, James G. White, and a Mr. Ott and a Mr. Southerland whose first names are not given. It must have been a good band of more than local reputation as it was invited to participate in the rip-roaring "hard cider" campaign in 1840. For three months it was employed by the State Campaign Committee. It marched up and down the state, heading parades and helping to generate enthusiasm for "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

The next band of which we have any record was the famous Kinkead's Sax Horn Band which for twenty years or more was an indispensable feature of every social, civic and political gathering in the town. The *Greenfield Republican* in its issue of October 23, 1856, makes this comment: "The Democrats had a glorification last Saturday night. About a hundred transparencies were carried in the procession which was preceded by Kinkead's band. Some thoughtless persons amused themselves by throwing stones at the lights by which a number were disabled." Again in its issue of December 4, 1856, we read this notice: "Kinkead's Sax Horn Band, being thoroughly organized and located in Greenfield, are ready to attend and play Marches, Polkas, Quicksteps, National Airs, etc., at political meetings, celebrations, etc., for a reasonable compensation. All orders addressed to A. E. Bush, Secretary, will receive prompt attention."

Charles J. Bell has left us some impressions of this celebrated outfit: "I remember the old Greenfield Metropolitan Military Sax Horn and Reed Band with Abe Elder blowing on a horn that reached from Uncle Josiah Bell's corner to the old *Wasson Tavern*, and Bill Bell's horn with a bean in it, and John Thompson on the swinette and an extra wagon for the bass drum with old Barney

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — Paul Wilson home, south of town. Built by Charles White in 1817. First brick house in this area

Lower — Baldwin Rice home, north of town. Built by Alexander Beatty in 1837

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — Judge Alfred Dickey house, 1859, West South Street

Lower — Dr. Milton Dunlap house, 1852, 333 South Washington Street;  
now the home of Mrs. J. B. Renick

driving. Of all the bands I ever knew that was the band. I always declared that Bob Kinkead was the writer of 'Hail Columbia' and that his band played it for the first time right at the depot when the first train crossed that big bridge. The editor of the *Musical Director*, published in Boston, and I have stacks and stacks of correspondence on this subject. He finally admits that Kinkead may have written the 'Hail' but that a man named Pope of Centerfield, Ohio, wrote the 'Columbia' part."

## 58.

### *The Circus Comes to Town*

The traveling circus was an annual event eagerly awaited by the people of Greenfield. It brought a touch of color and a bit of pageantry into their rather drab lives. Dan Rice, Van Amburg and Spalding & Rogers circuses regularly visited the town in the days before the war. In spite of the fact that the local paper had given Dan Rice an unfavorable notice on one of his appearances in the town, his circus was the most famous of all the road shows and Dan Rice himself the most celebrated of all the early clowns in a day when the whole circus revolved about the clown. Dan was renowned for his bright repartee, topical songs, acrobatic feats and particularly for his gay banter with the paying customers who delighted to match their wits with him. The one-ring circus permitted an intimacy between the spectators and the performers not possible in the mammoth circuses of a later period. The circus with its prancing horses, brilliantly colored wagons, mimicking clowns and blaring bands exerted the same fascination over the minds of the boys and girls of that era that it does today.

The old-time circus traveled overland in powerfully built wagons designed to withstand the terrible roads. It always stopped outside the town where it was billed to prepare for the big parade. "I distinctly remember," says C. J. Bell, "that when I was a wee bit of a cuss, the circus was coming in from Hillsboro. In those days the boys would start out long before daylight to meet the incoming circus, each one trying to get the first sight of the elephant. On this occasion some of the boys walked all the way to Petersburg." The youngsters always found it fascinating to watch the preparations for the grand, triumphal entry into town. The drivers put plumes in the bridles of the horses, the performers donned their tights and spangles, even the humble canvas men blossomed out in red jackets with plenty of gold-lace. When all was ready the procession moved forward, the members of the band in a great bandwagon, shaped like a shell, glittering in gold and red; beautiful ladies in picture hats and long flowing riding habits mounted on piebald ponies; the clown in a little cart drawn by a diminutive donkey; the elephant

and camel, gaily caparisoned with oriental trappings; a cage or two of wild beasts, carefully concealed from the eyes of the curious public; the wagons bearing the circus paraphernalia, all carefully camouflaged with gilt and glitter; and last, but not least, the calliope, seeking to drown out the blaring band.

The triumphal procession swept down Main street, already lined with crowds that had been waiting for hours for this big moment, accompanied by an escort of small boys who had followed it all the way into town. The grand parade ended at the Public Square where the great white tent was quickly erected in the park and preparations completed for the afternoon performance. Every community in those days had its rough element and clashes between the circus hands and the local toughs were not infrequent. When anyone started trouble, the rallying cry of the circus hands was, "Hey Rube!" When that cry was raised, everyone connected with the circus — canvas hands, drivers and performers — immediately seized stakes and mauls and rushed to the point of attack. Greenfield once had one of those "free for alls," revolving around a negro named Blueford. He was a big, powerfully built man, inoffensive in manner and hard working. On this occasion he entered the circus and took his seat. Some youths began to yell, "Nigger in the pit." A canvas hand, thinking that the crowd was objecting to Blueford's presence, attempted to eject him. But Blueford refused to be ejected. The canvas hand found himself lying on his back in the center of the ring. He raised the circus battle cry, "Hey Rube!" which brought the circus men to his assistance, armed with stakes. But Blueford's dander was up. He laid about him with a will. Canvas hands, riders and performers were knocked down as fast as they appeared. Finally he was struck from behind, cutting an ugly hole in his head. Unable to continue the fight, he broke and ran down Main street pursued by the angry circus men. He took refuge in Vass's Tavern, ending the pursuit.

## PART III

### THE IRON HORSE

1850 — 1860

*"The past is stone and stands forever fast."*

## THE GREAT HEREAFTER

*'Tis sweet to think when struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shore of time  
The better days begin.*

*When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes  
Before me, like a boundless sea,  
The Great Hereafter lies.*

*Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe,  
Around the emerald isles.*

*There in the blue long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of Old Beulah's land.*

*And far beyond the islands  
That gem the wave serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.*

*Into the Great Hereafter—  
Aforetime dim and dark—  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering bark.*

*And in the far-off heaven  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.*

— OTWAY CURRY

*The Fabulous Fifties*

Mrs. Louise Dunlap Watts has left us some pleasant impressions of Greenfield in the Fabulous Fifties: "I still hear the creaking of the store signs hung on long chains as they swung in the wind; I see little girls carrying parasols marching up and down the streets after a party; emigrants from the eastern states coming through the town in covered wagons; squealing pigs caught in Murray's picket fence just across the street; Robert Kinkead blowing the bugle to call together the members of his famous Sax Horn Band for practice; a father lighting his family's way to church with a lantern; the long shadows thrown by the lantern's light; country families having a picnic dinner on the church lawn on Sunday; old women puffing away on their corncob pipes; a family coming to church dressed in deep black mourning clothes."

The year when the first street lights were installed is not a matter of record. It was probably not until the late Sixties. There was little need for street lights as most people were in bed by nine o'clock. An old record, without a date, indicated that 150 lamp posts were finally erected, each ten feet high, at the intersections of streets and alleys. Set on the top of each post, was a Cape Cod lantern with a kerosene lamp inside. The old lamplighter became a familiar figure on the streets of Greenfield. He made his rounds every evening, except on moonlight nights, and lighted the lamps. At dawn he made another round to extinguish the lights, trim the wicks and fill the lamps with oil. This method of lighting the streets continued until electric lights were installed in the early Nineties. Bert Leaming was the last of the lamplighters. "Bert sometimes chiseled on the job," according to an Oldtimer. "He used to get his father's horse and ride around to the lantern posts and just reach up and light the lamps. It was easier than toting a ladder with him all over town."

The ladies of Greenfield went in for culture in a big way, particularly after the Seminary for "meritorious females" was established. The well-to-do families made occasional trips to Cincinnati to avail themselves of the cultural opportunities afforded by the "City," as Cincinnati was always called in those days. By 1850 Cincinnati had acquired the title of the "Queen City of the West," with over a hundred thousand inhabitants. It had become an important pork-packing metropolis due to the availability of river transportation. Buckingham informs us that the hogs, processed in Cincinnati in 1841, "if put into sausages of the ordinary diameter would make a girdle long enough to encompass the earth at the

equator." Apparently they were putting things "end to end" even in those early days. Greenfield, we might add, contributed many porkers to that girdle. With commercial prosperity, Cincinnati had acquired many cultural advantages which were deeply appreciated by the ladies of Greenfield.

The trip to the City was usually made by stage coach in the early days and by train after the railroad was built. The ladies and their escorts put up at the Burnett House, resplendent with marble columns and plush divans. They shopped on Vine street, attended theatres and lectures. The men sometimes managed to slip away and visit that mysterious region known as "Over the Rhine" where they could enjoy true German *Gemutlichkeit* and Teutonic culture of a different sort. The ladies, however, preferred to visit the Western Museum with its fine collection of Mexican relics. A visit to the Museum, however, was never complete without a trip to the fourth floor where one could experience the delicious thrill of a journey through Hades with startling wax figures set against a realistic background designed by the great Hiram Powers himself.

## 60.

*"This Pleasant Land"*

A hundred years ago the name of Joseph Irwin was a highly respected one in this community; in fact there were so many Joseph Irwins that it was sometimes quite confusing. This arose from the fact that the original Joseph Irwin thought so much of the name that he sought to perpetuate it by offering the sum of five hundred dollars to each of his grandsons who bore that name. Consequently almost every family of Irwins had its Joseph. The original Joseph was a country squire who lived in a double two-story stone house with a bank barn a few miles from Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. In 1844 Joseph Irwin made a trip to Ohio on horseback for the purpose of purchasing a farm for his sons. He found a farm that suited him exactly on the banks of Sugar run two miles west of Greenfield. He bought the farm and sent his sons, Henry and Joseph, out to take charge of it. His son Joseph, after inspecting the farm, decided to return to Pennsylvania.

On April 14, 1851, Henry wrote a letter to his brother Edward urging him to come and see for himself "this pleasant land that our Father has provided for his children who love him and like to live on the waters of Sugar run." Again on October 1, 1851, he renewed the invitation and asked him "to fetch a horse with you, one that will work in the lead to the plow or harrow." Edward could not resist this appeal. He came, he saw, he stayed. His descendants are still here. They live in Buckskin township where Edward eventually acquired a fine farm. In course of time his brother Joseph

also came. The Irwin boys intermarried with the Bonners, Elliotts, Dunlaps and Duncans and their progeny has played an important part in the history of the community. Rear Admiral Noble E. Irwin was a member of the family.

In his letter of April 14, 1851, Henry also gave an interesting bit of local news: "The railroad has been put under construction from Greenfield. A Boston company took the entire contract; it is to be finished by next June a year. It is not determined yet which route they will take from here to Cincinnati, perhaps through this land or north of it. On the day that work is commenced at Greenfield there are great preparations to have a free dinner for all. It is expected that there will be some hundreds of people there when the first shovel of dirt is thrown and a pole and flag put up on the publick square." On October 1, 1851, he wrote that the railroad had run a line "nearly in the center between the house and barn. They are now staking and marking off the track." As the company agreed to move the barn, he had decided to ask only \$400.00 for the right of way through the farm.

After their father's death and the settlement of the estate, the sons urged their mother, Mrs. Mary L. Irwin, to come to Ohio to live. Mrs. Irwin was a woman of education and culture. She was horrified at the idea of living in the wilds of Ohio. On April 15, 1853, she wrote to her sons, "I do not think that you have any room to spare. You could not entertain a lady from Pennsylvania in your backwoods cabin." Eventually, however, she did decide to come to Ohio and was very much surprised to find that her sons were living in comfortable homes. She arrived with trunks and bags packed with a wardrobe of silks, satins and brocades which were the marvel of all the ladies for miles around. For years the young people drew upon that wardrobe when they needed costumes for their amateur theatricals. Mrs. Irwin displayed surprising ability in adapting herself to the backwoods of Ohio but she never forgot that she was a lady from Pennsylvania.

## 61.

### *Coming of the Railroad*

In order to grow and prosper, a community must produce the things it is best fitted to produce and exchange those things with other communities for things it cannot produce. This of course involves transportation. For almost fifty years, the settlements west of the Alleghenies were almost isolated from the Eastern seaboard except for the great arterial waterways and a few roads which were little more than mountain trails. The towns along the rivers grew and prospered, the inland towns languished until the coming of the railroads. On May 24, 1830, passengers rode over the first railroad

ever built in America in dinky little coaches propelled by horses. On that day the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. opened its line between Baltimore and Willicott's Mills, Maryland. Many people scoffed at the practicability of the new mode of transportation but the line continued to operate and, in a few years, substituted steam power for horse power. There were many obstructionists. Some claimed that the fumes from the engine would kill the birds and vegetation along the way. Farmers asserted that sparks from the engine would set fire to their crops. Others claimed that the boiler would blow up with disastrous results — and sometimes it did. But farseeing men recognized the tremendous import of the new means of transportation.

When it was proposed to build railroads across Ohio, every city, town and hamlet fought determinedly to get the railroad. Great blocks of stock to finance the project were subscribed. A free right of way with terminal facilities was offered. Towns bid against each other. Many bitter community feuds developed, none more bitter, perhaps, than that between Greenfield and Hillsboro. The Cincinnati & Belpre R.R. was the bone of contention. In March, 1845, a charter was granted to this railroad with the power to construct and maintain a railroad with double track, commencing at some eligible point on the Ohio river opposite Parkersburg and extending to Cincinnati which, in those days, was the largest and most prosperous city in the Middle West. For several years surveys were under way to determine the most feasible route. The capital stock was fixed at \$1,000,000 but was later increased to \$6,000,000.

Eventually two routes were proposed between Chillicothe and Cincinnati, one by way of Bainbridge and Hillsboro, known as the Paint Valley route, the other through Frankfort and Greenfield. The citizens of Greenfield and Hillsboro rose en masse to defend their right to the railroad. Hillsboro pointed out that the Paint Valley route was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles shorter than the other route. The people of Greenfield, led by an aggressive Committee and sparked by Henry L. Dickey and John Chestnut who had been employed in surveying the routes, demonstrated that it would cost \$25,000 more to build the Paint Valley route because of the terrain. But the clinching argument was the fact that the people along the Greenfield route had subscribed more than twice the amount of money subscribed by those along the other route. The Greenfield route was selected. For many years it was a sore spot between the two towns. Hillsboro set about promoting its own railroad from Cincinnati to Parkersburg. According to John Addle, who wrote a comprehensive account of the building of the railroad, \$450,000 were spent before the project was abandoned.

When the good news reached Greenfield that it had been victorious in its fight for the railroad, the whole town turned out to celebrate the event. A great bonfire was lighted on the Public Square.

The brass band paraded up and down the street followed by youngsters whirling blazing balls of cotton soaked in kerosene. "They looked like comets," according to an Oldtimer. There were many rousing speeches but the biggest ovation was reserved for young Bill Boyd, the Mayor of Greenfield. Bill had barely attained his majority but he made a rattling good speech. The revelry lasted far into the night.

## 62.

*The Town Celebrates*

As a result of the brilliant fight the town had put up to secure the railroad, Greenfield was awarded the privilege of breaking the first ground for the construction of the Belpre & Cincinnati R.R. May 2, 1852, the day set for the ceremony, proved to be a sunshiny day, a trifle chilly in the morning as there had been a white frost the previous night. A large delegation arrived from Chillicothe at an early hour. They brought with them a band and a cannon which had seen service in the War of 1812. The cannon, a rusty old six pounder, fired a salute from the bluff overlooking the Paint, inaugurating the festivities of the day. As far as we can learn, it was the first and only time that a cannon has been fired within the limits of our peaceful village. Adam Wilson, who lived over in Buckskin township, arrived with an ox-cart drawn by his famous steers, Bright and Berry, reputed to be the strongest team of oxen in the country. By this time the town was overflowing with the crowds.

A great Liberty Pole was raised on the Public Square. From its top a pennant fluttered in the breeze bearing the words Belpre & Cincinnati. "No other steers than Bright and Berry could have placed that pole," according to C. J. Bell. After this ceremony, a procession formed, headed by Kinkead's Sax Horn Band, and marched to the southern end of Washington street which, at that time, was just a large open field. Bright and Berry were again called into action. Three furrows were plowed along the right of way and then old Grandfather White, more than ninety years of age, was handed a spade and proceeded to throw the first shovelful of dirt into the ox-cart. Robert Kinkead, the leader of the band, took up the shovel and threw the second spadeful of dirt into the cart. Others followed. A grandstand had been erected at Second street where the rest of the ceremonies, principally speeches, was held. The principal speech was delivered by William Corry, a prominent attorney from Cincinnati. Many years later Robert Kinkead recalled that Mr. Corry had said, among other things, that "some of his hearers would live long enough to see the teas of China and fish from the Pacific rolling over this road," a prediction which came true.

While these ceremonies were in progress at the railroad site,

great preparations were under way for the big barbecue which was to follow. The scene of the great feast was the field behind the old Odd Fellows Building on the northeast corner of Main and Fifth streets where the Presbyterian church now stands. A deep pit had been dug and an ox roasted whole in the true Kentucky style. This was supplemented by roast sheep, vegetables and all the trimmings. Everybody had been invited to partake of the feast and apparently everybody availed themselves of the invitation. It was the biggest barbecue ever held in this part of the state. Needless to say “a good time was had by all.”

Three years elapsed before the section of the railroad between Greenfield and Chillicothe was completed and opened to traffic. The construction of the long bridge which spans the Paint Valley excited the wonder and admiration of all who beheld it. It was a wooden structure with massive wooden trestles resting on stone abutments. There were those who declared that it would never withstand the weight and vibration of a locomotive drawing a long train of heavily loaded cars. Some were disappointed when it stood up under the test. “I distinctly remember,” says one Oldtimer, “when quite a diminutive lad accompanying my father to get my first impression of a locomotive. As we approached the smoking monster, the engineer pulled the cord running from the cab to a polished brass ornament at the top and near the center of the boiler, which emitted a hoarse, deafening sound. Soon after this I witnessed a feat that was deemed thrilling beyond compare. A trestled structure spanned Paint creek over which Joe Dudley was to run a locomotive named the Little Lyon — every locomotive in those days had its own distinctive name. The diminutive and dapper little Yankee was looked upon as attempting a feat little short of foolhardy. Yet the feat was successfully accomplished and Dudley, like the Little Lyon, was the lion of the day.”

The first passenger train made the trip from Chillicothe to Greenfield on September 23, 1854. It was greeted by a huge crowd at the newly erected depot which is still standing and, after a hundred years of service, still looks very much as it did when the first train rolled into Greenfield, inaugurating a new era in the history of the town. The section of the railroad between Greenfield and Blanchester was not opened to traffic until October. There it connected with the branch to Cincinnati which was already in operation. The *Greenfield Republican* pointed with pride to the fact that “six passenger trains and many freight trains pass through our depot every day” and that two hundred tickets were sold at Greenfield in a single day to the Fair in Cincinnati. The passenger trains always stopped at Greenfield from twenty to thirty minutes to allow the passengers to secure refreshments at Kinkead & Glasscock’s palatial “Eating Saloon” which had been built near the depot for the accommodation of travelers.

One passenger was so pleased with the service which he received at the "Eating Saloon" that he felt impelled to write a letter to the editor of the *Republican*. It appeared in the issue of December 4, 1857. The writer had nothing but warm words of praise for "Mrs. Millet's cooking and the way she makes everybody feel at home." And then he adds, "If ever any traveler along life's dusty highway enters there with a good appetite, we feel confident that he will approve of all we say concerning it. Here the traveler is given twenty minutes, we should judge oftener thirty, at least long enough for any epicure or dyspeptic to get enough and have his teeth picked 'ere taking his seat in the car." Those were the good old days.

## 63.

*Baltimore & Ohio R. R.*

The Belpre & Cincinnati was just one of four railroads which were being constructed at the same time with the intention of so connecting and coordinating their services that it would be possible to make the complete trip from Baltimore to St. Louis by rail. While each road had its own independent organization and management, the four operated for a number of years under the name of the American Central Railway. Eventually they were all consolidated into a single unified system known as the Baltimore & Ohio. In 1857 all the connecting links having been completed, the first through service between Baltimore and St. Louis was inaugurated. The American Central Railway signalized the occasion with a grand tour of inspection. A large number of dignitaries were guests of the company on a special train which was the last word — perhaps we should say the first word — in antebellum elegance. Many receptions were held along the way and, when the party returned to Baltimore, a grand banquet was held. It was at this banquet that S. W. Ely of Chillicothe made certain remarks which aroused the ire of the editor of the *Greenfield Republican*, according to an editorial which appeared in the issue of June 11, 1857.

In the course of his remarks at the banquet, Mr. Ely was quoted as having said, "The men I accompany, Mr. President, come from the little city of the hither West, couched among the corn gardens of the Scioto, the little city I may add, without boasting, with a big heart. A city, sir, which has had the heart to devise and prompt the construction of the middle section of the American Central Railway. The people of that little city, sir, started that work — it was there the first dollar was subscribed and it was there the first spadeful of earth was excavated." The editor of the *Republican* took exception to Mr. Ely's statement and declared that the first spadeful of earth "was lifted by Charles White, a venerable old soldier of the Revolutionary War, on the site of our depot and

there the first shanty was erected on the 2nd of May, 1852." He adds plaintively, "Sister, don't take all the broth."

The year 1857 proved a very trying year for the Belpre & Cincinnati R.R. Its finances were seriously impaired by the great panic of that year and it found itself unable to pay its workers regularly. The dissatisfaction of the workers culminated in a great strike in Chillicothe. The strikers took possession of all the locomotives and seized the car shops, bringing traffic to a complete halt. The local authorities however, took drastic action. Forty strikers were arrested. The railroad filed suit for \$50,000 damages. The strike was quickly broken and service resumed but the railroad was forced into a receivership. It was reorganized and the name changed to the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad by which name it was known for many years. The editor of the *Greenfield Republican* took exception to some disparaging remarks made by the editor of the *Hillsboro Gazette* in January, 1858: "He calls the management of the road a sham, says that its trains had not been run with any reference to the published time-table, that accidents endangering the lives of passengers were of almost daily occurrence but the most culpable act is the utter indisposition to pay its employes. What stuff! That editor sees everything through smoke and fog — or, can it be, that he has strained his eyes looking down the gloomy vista of the defunct Paint Valley Line until in utter despair he bites his lips and bitter vindictives rush through his mind and unfounded statements fall from his pen as a god-sent relief to his pent-up venom. We pity the sorrow of the poor old man and do not choose to be too severe." He closes with a triumphant, "The Iron Horse still crosses the fertile extant of Southern Ohio." Such vitriolic exchanges were quite common between the editors of the Greenfield and Hillsboro papers in those days.

## 64.

### *Newcomers*

John Freshour Waddel took advantage of the newly established freight service on the Belpre & Cincinnati R.R. to ship his household goods to Greenfield. His grocery business had been completely wiped out in the disastrous fire which swept Chillicothe on April 1, 1852, destroying nearly a fourth of the entire city. Mr. Waddel always insisted upon spelling his name with one "I" although all the other members of the family spelled it with two "l's." He had spent his early life near Bourneville where he was born June 4, 1820. His grandfather, Matthew Waddell, had emigrated from Scotland in 1807 and his father, who bore the same name, had, with his brothers, built a large woolen mill on Puncheon run, one of the small tributaries of the Paint. After his marriage to Hannah

Jones in 1843, he settled in Chillicothe. His decision to come to Greenfield was influenced no doubt by his relationship to Abraham Freshour, one of the leading citizens of the town.

Just across from the depot, Mr. Waddel built a large warehouse and elevator and engaged in the business of buying and selling grain. The original building, hand-hewn timbers and all, is still a part of the Waddell Company, owned and operated by his descendants. Later on he engaged in the hardware business, occupying the room in the old Smart Block now occupied by the Jones Hardware Company. Mr. Waddel was a highly successful merchant, retiring in 1889. He contributed much to the civic welfare of the community throughout his long life. One of his granddaughters, Nell Waddell (Mrs. H. L. Joannes), author of the delightful book *Sulphur and Molasses*, has given us a delightful picture of her grandparents in the later years of their lives:

"Grandfather was tall and slender," she writes. "He carried himself very erect and used a cane with a crook which he did not seem to need but it was convenient to reach out and pull his grandchildren to him. He had an aristocratic face, small piercing brown eyes, grey hair, a clipped mustache and a short pointed goatee. My grandmother was a strong character. She was short and plump, her eyes were blue, her face full and round and grey curls kept peering out from under the caps she wore. She dressed in plain grey or grey with small sprigs of flowers during the week; but on Sunday she wore a heavy black silk gown softened with a white fichu around her neck and shoulders, fastened with a large cameo brooch. She always addressed grandfather as "Mister" which seems rather strange considering that they had been married many years and had six sons and three daughters."

Mr. Waddel was what is sometimes described as "a nifty dresser." He was probably the only man in Greenfield who possessed a high silk hat but there were very few occasions when he could wear his imposing headgear. So the hat reposed on the top shelf of one of the closets. Finally an occasion arrived when Mr. Waddel considered it right and proper to appear in public in full dress regalia. He recovered his high silk hat from its resting place on the top shelf, but in trying to put it on he was deluged with a shower of quarters, nickels, dimes and dollars. His wife had found it a convenient depository for her savings.

William Page McClain settled in Greenfield in 1854 and engaged in mercantile pursuits. In his later years he operated a saddlery shop on Washington street. His three children, Edward Lee, Arthur and Nellie were born in Greenfield. Before his death on August 8, 1888, he had lived long enough to see his son, Edward Lee McClain, embarked on that remarkable industrial career which was to transform the village of Greenfield from a "greene countrie

towne" into a thriving little city. He was a deeply religious man, an indefatigable worker in the Methodist church. He contributed much to the civic advancement of the town. The McClain family traces its origin to Scotland. The first representative of the clan in America was Andrew McClain, a soldier of the Revolution, who was killed in the battle of Brandywine. One of Andrew's descendants, John McClain, came to Ohio with his parents in early pioneer days. They settled near Bethel in Clermont county. John McClain was a devout churchman and acted as local preacher in the Methodist church.

John's son, William Page McClain, married Margaret Ann Parkinson, a daughter of Rebecca Ross, the first white woman to set foot in what is now Highland county. Rebecca was the daughter of Oliver Ross who is described as one of "the wittiest Hibernians ever to come over from the Auld Sod." Oliver was a member of the surveying party which laid out the town of New Market. While the town was being surveyed, Rebecca, who was fifteen years of age, acted as tent-keeper and camp cook and was rewarded for her services with a lot in the new town. Eventually, Oliver Ross opened a tavern. When Territorial Governor Arthur St. Clair stopped at the tavern he was so impressed with his host, who possessed in considerable degree the gift of blarney, that he shortly afterwards made him a Territorial Justice of the Peace, the first officer of the law within the present limits of Highland county. Rebecca Ross was destined to become the grandmother of two of Highland county's most famous men — Alfred J. Beveridge, the Senator from Indiana, and Edward Lee McClain, whose memory is perpetuated by the magnificent Edward Lee McClain High School which he built and presented to Greenfield.

## 65.

### *Bucket Brigade*

When a house caught fire in pioneer days, it usually burned to the ground. There was no adequate way of fighting a fire until the year 1848. A number of disastrous conflagrations finally induced the Council to do something about it. The Greenfield Volunteer Fire Department was organized. It was usually referred to as "the Bucket Brigade." A hook and ladder wagon was purchased and housed in a rakish-looking shed situated in the "Park." The water supply was furnished by a number of wells spotted at strategic points throughout the town. There was one of these wells on the corner of Mirabeau and Fourth streets, another at the intersection of Front and Mirabeau streets, one in front of *Travellers Rest* and, of course, the old wooden pump on the Public Square which had seen service since early pioneer days.

When a fire broke out the signal was usually given by someone running wildly down the street shouting, "Fire! Fire!" When the Town Hall was built some years later a fire was announced by the ringing of a bell in the Town Hall steeple. A long wire cable hung just outside the entrance to the Town Hall. Any citizen could give the signal by pulling the cable and ringing the bell. The signal was three quick sharp taps followed by a pause. This was repeated over and over again until the ringer was sure that everyone in town knew that there was a fire.

This system continued until long after the turn of the century when the town acquired motorized equipment and shrieking sirens. The members of the fire department responded to the signal with commendable alacrity. The hook and ladder wagon was quickly hauled out of its shed and rushed to the scene of the fire. Two men usually manned the nearest pump and filled the buckets with water. They were then passed on from man to man until they reached the burning house. Although a lot of the water slopped out on the way, there was generally a little left to throw on the fire. There were usually plenty of volunteers to help the volunteers but they sometimes proved more of a hindrance than a help. Instances are on record of mattresses being carried carefully down the stairs while washbowls and pitchers were thrown out of second-story windows. This haphazard method of fighting fire prevailed until the fire department was reorganized on a more efficient basis in 1881.

## 66.

### *The Editor Speaks*

The local newspaper was an integral part of community life as fixed and immovable as the Wednesday night prayer meeting and the Saturday night bath. It may not have had much news to report but the editor was never backward in expressing his views on a variety of topics. His "gripes" afford an excellent commentary on village life. From copies of the *Greenfield Republican* published in 1856 we offer a few of the editorial comments. "Hogs in great numbers," the editor fumes, "are allowed at large in our streets much to the annoyance of our citizens. The noble work of cleansing gutters and filling up hog wallows in the upper part of Main street seem to have ceased entirely." More in sorrow than in anger the editor writes in September, 1857: "It is a sad commentary, not alone upon the boy but upon his parents, that night in this quiet village should be made hideous with unearthly yells proceeding from its youth." There seems to have been some parental delinquency even in those early years.

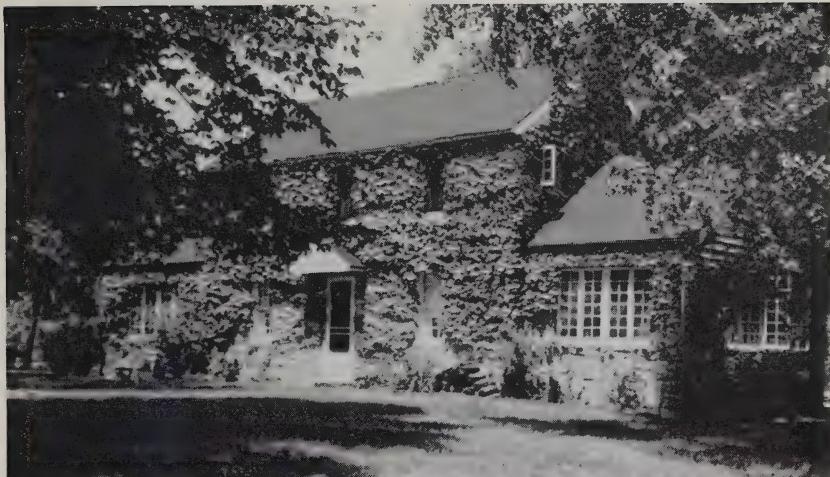
The park bench loafers seem to have been in evidence as early as August, 1857. "The harvest is bountiful," we read in the current

issue of the *Republican*, "business in the town is again on the alert. New and elegant buildings are going up. Good crops in the country inspire a spirit of improvement in the town and everything betokens animated progress. Did we say everything? We mean everything except that class of creatures who infest every town and are denominated loafers. Beasts go into dens, birds build nests and the tortoise falls from the log into the water but nothing short of a scorching sun can stir the regular loafer." The editor also makes a few caustic remarks about the do-nothing attitude of the Town Council and pays his respects to those citizens who fail to pay their subscriptions to the *Republican*. He promises to give the latter "a gentle 'histe' by publishing their names and other particulars in a Black List."

The editor appears to have been in a happier mood when he considered the improvements of what he terms "Washington Avenue" which, he assures us, no longer resembles "a country road in a hilly region." It had become a beautiful thoroughfare lined with "ornamental trees, beautiful and substantial residences." He compliments C. Robbins upon his young and thrifty shade trees and adds, "His new and fashionably constructed residence stands upon an elevation which is partly artificial but none the less attractive, fronting the Union School buildings whose managers and directors are deserving of no small share of credit for substantial elegance and beauty of their late improvements." He then turns his attention to the property of W. W. Caldwell where "his front fence stretching 163 feet along the pavement is of iron casting of the latest style, set upon a well-finished foundation of stone, averaging about thirty inches high." He pays his respects to the "handsome and tasty" homes of Dr. Milton Dunlap, R. C. Kinkead, Joseph Thompson, C. P. McClelland, C. Bell and D. and W. Douglass which are "in keeping with the general progress of this, destined to be the most handsome street of our town."

There were few houses out on North Washington street at this period. The present Cemetery was just a cow pasture. South of this cow pasture was the home of Edward Leonard, the tailor. Mrs. Leonard was a short, fleshy woman who had a harrowing experience one spring morning. It was the practice in those days for everyone to cure his own meat for winter use and to pack it in a barrel or hogshead. Fresh meat was a rarity except at "butchering time." John Meyers did open a meat shop in the basement of John Rhoad's grocery in 1856 but meat was available only three days a week and in limited quantities. Customers had to line up at five o'clock in the morning when the shop opened as the supply was quickly exhausted. One day in spring, when the meat was low, Mrs. Leonard reached into the barrel for the last hunk of sidemeat. She lost her balance and toppled into the barrel headfirst. There

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — Home of Wilbur McWilliams, built by James Gustin in 1831

Lower — Home of Jesse Harper, 338 North Washington Street; built in 1838, adjoining his tannery

## *Historic Houses*



Upper — Judge John Eckman house, built by Daniel Hull in 1859; now the Greenfield Municipal Hospital

Lower — House of Samuel Smith, the tanner, Jefferson and First Streets. Built about 1821

was no one at home at the time and no near neighbors. The consequences might have been serious if a passerby hadn't heard Mrs. Leonard's muffled screams. He found her tightly wedged in the barrel, her legs waving wildly in the air. With considerable difficulty, he succeeded in rescuing her from her embarrassing predicament.

## 67.

## Main Street 1856

Our forefathers evidently believed in advertising judging from the number and variety of the advertisements which appeared in the local papers a hundred years ago. The advertisements were set in small type and everyone tried to get just as much in the allotted space as humanly possible. There were no display advertisements with a sinful waste of valuable space. The advertiser was usually exceedingly respectful in his approach to prospective customers, beginning with such phrases as "We would respectfully announce" or "We beg to call your attention." Examining copies of the *Greenfield Republican* for the year 1856 we can obtain a fair picture of the social and economic conditions which prevailed in Greenfield at that time. P. McClain announced: "Although he sells for cash he pays the highest market price for butter and eggs and all other produce usually bought in Dry Goods stores." In an advertisement headed, "The Last Call," Boyd and Wesson urged "all persons to call and settle their accounts as they owe debts themselves which are now due." M. M. Mackerly made a similar appeal but tempered it somewhat by adding, "Don't consider this a dun, it is only a reminder." Sarah M. Patton and Satterfield Scott ran similar appeals.

Many persons were concerned about their lost stock. Evan Rees offered a liberal reward for the return of his light bay mare colt which had strayed. Joshua Smart was concerned about the loss of a "large, dark reddish heifer with white hairs on her sides." M. H. Cherry reported that "he had taken up a light sorrel mare in thin condition which had on a saddle behind which was strapped a roll supposed to be pantaloons." Miss Wiseman announced lessons on the piano forte. Wigginton & McClelland advertised "all sorts of blacksmithing" while David Gray was prepared to contract for the building of houses and barns. John King warned the public that he "would no longer be responsible for the debts of his son, Henry R. King, a minor." There were two paid wedding announcements: Jeptha Davis, Jr., to Alexina St. C. Williamson and Caleb Dwyer to Eliza J. Dwyer of Virginia.

"I am going to Kansas," was the way Jacob Rhodes advertised the sale of his bakery and eating house. R. B. & D. L. Smart stated that they had on hand a good assortment of wall papers which are

"cheaper than whitewash." Thomas Dollarhide advertised "a choice lot of walnut table legs." Roan & Murray offered "looking glasses with black walnut and mahogany Ogee frames." A. R. Brattin laconically announced: "Those clocks have come." Dr. Slagle announced that he had received thirty ounces of quinine. Hirn & Hurst, bakers, advertised "oysters by the plate and can." They also received some free advertising in the editorial column by presenting the editor with "a rich and beautiful ornamented Gold Cake." Professor Hooper advertised two performances of the "Ethiopian Minstrels" during the Fair. William B. Elliott announced a series of lectures on Phrenology, Physiology and Physiogamy in the basement of the Old Seceders church. Wasson's offered "an excellent variety of Carpet Sacks for those about to start on a journey." T. M. Gray informed his patrons and the public that "he would say generally (once and for all) that he is now prepared to make their clothes (without fear of practical contradiction) as neat fitting, fashionable, tasty, as durable and on as short notice as can be done by any of his competitors."

## 68.

*Pills and Panaceas*

Contrary to popular belief our forefathers did not live to a ripe old age. There were exceptions, of course, men and women of such extraordinary native vigor and vitality that they survived the rigors and hardships of pioneer life. As a matter of fact, our ancestors were an ailing lot. They suffered from agues and chills, typhoid and malaria, fevers and shakes. They had "consumption," as tuberculosis was known, dyspepsia, colds, influenza, salt rheum, dropsy, scurvy and ulcers. They dosed themselves with "yarbs" and teas, home-made bitters and tonics and an endless array of "old wives' remedies." Calomel was a specific for almost anything. In the absence of adequately trained physicians, barbers sometimes practiced blood-letting which was highly regarded as a panacea for many ailments. In the period from 1825 to 1850 the average doctor received from a quarter to a half dollar a visit. The country doctor's usual equipment was a revolver, a carpenter's hammer, scoop shovel, wire cutters and an instrument bag. He needed them all. The doctor on horseback had a never ending struggle with ignorance and superstition. J. H. Dwyer appears to have been the town's first resident dentist. His professional card appears in a copy of the *Greenfield Republican* in 1856. "Old Doc Dwyer," according to an Oldtimer, "was a tooth carpenter of considerable skill and a good deal of muscle. When he put his irons on a man's grinder it had to come out, regardless of the comfort of the patient."

About 1850 patented medicines began to appear in great num-

bers. About half of all the advertising in the Greenfield papers of this period was made up of advertisements for all sorts of cure-alls. In a single copy of the *Greenfield Republican* the people of Greenfield were offered remedies for "all the ills to which the flesh is heir." Imperial Wine Bitters was recommended for incipient consumption, weak lungs, indigestion, dyspepsia, paralysis, piles, sore throat, headache, weak stomach and general debility. If that didn't completely cover your symptoms, you might try Moffat's Life Pills, an infallible cure for costiveness, rheumatism, scurvy, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, salt rheum, common colds, influenza, fever, dropsy, agueill temper, languor and melancholy. For more specific complaints you could turn to Darling's Liver Regulator, Scandinavian Purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Spalding's Cephalic Pills, Biniger's Gin, Dr. Mott's Chalybeate Restorative or Dr. Roback's Stomach Bitters.

It was probably merely a coincidence that we found the announcement of J. M. Murray, Funeral Director, sandwiched in among these patent medicine advertisements. It stated that Mr. Murray was prepared to furnish coffins of every description at prices to suit the times, that he had a good hearse and was prepared to attend funerals in town or country on short notice. James M. Murray established his funeral home on the southeast corner of Fourth and Main streets in 1852. Over a hundred years later the establishment is still doing business at the same old stand.

## 69.

### *Shanghai Council*

Local polities were always a live issue in Greenfield, particularly after it became an incorporated town. The older men were inclined to leave things as they were. They were more interested in keeping taxes down than in keeping up the appearance of the town. The younger men became dissatisfied with the kind of government "the old fogies" were giving Greenfield. "By a strategic maneuver," we are quoting the words of young Henry L. Dickey who was one of the conspirators, "the young men seized control of the town government at the election in 1855 and proceeded to lift the town out of the mud and the mire." The Shanghai Council, as it was known, constitutes one of the dramatic incidents in the political history of Greenfield. The young councilmen found the town in a deplorable condition. Main street was full of ruts and gullies and hog wallows. Stray cows and hogs roamed the streets at will. The prospect was marred by unsightly dumps.

They were particularly incensed by the condition of the "Park," as the plot of ground set aside by Duncan McArthur as the site for a courthouse was known. It was a sort of no-man's land. The County

Commissioners saw no reason why they should expend county funds to keep up a courthouse site for which they had no need. The Park was overgrown with dogfennel and jimson weeds. It was the rendezvous of the rag-tag and bob-tail element of the town. Young boys congregated at night at the public scales on Washington street, adjoining the Park, and made the night hideous with their yells. Gypsies and other nomads camped on the site. Dan Rice's circus pitched its tent in the Park on its annual visit to Greenfield. Disreputable characters congregated there on Saturday nights, drinking and carousing. People on their way to church on Sunday morning were shocked to see small boys foraging for the whisky bottles the revelers had thrown into the bushes the night before. To the boys, however, it was strictly a commercial proposition. Doctors and druggists paid them a cent apiece for the bottles.

With the proverbial efficiency of the new broom, the Shanghai Council proceeded to clean up the town. Gutters were repaired, sidewalks laid, streets graded, unsightly hollows filled in. The dogfennel and jimson weeds were cleared out of the Park, new trees and shrubs were planted and the tract enclosed in a neat paling fence. A pound was established for stray cows and hogs found wandering on the streets and a fee charged for their release. After a couple of years the zeal of the Shanghai Council seems to have waned somewhat, according to an editorial which appeared in the *Greenfield Republican* in August, 1857: "Where are the energetic, persevering young Shanghai Council? Are the improvements all made, is the Market House built, is a portion of Washington Avenue, upon which so much time and money has been spent, washing away unnoticed? Is Pine street opened to its full width and dogfennel taking the Park? One year ago the spirit of improvement which stirred the city fathers seemed to be imperishable. They dug down hills, filled up hollows, built pavements, planted shubbery and shade trees. The watchword was improvement while their expenditures were judicious." The editor goes on to warn the young reformers that, "if they don't wake up, the town will have a new council at the next election." Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Shanghai Council, they did set in motion certain civic forces which were destined to transform Greenfield into a pleasant "green country towne."

## 70.

*Union Schools*

In 1854 the schools of Greenfield were completely reorganized. The Board of Education secured the old Seminary building, added a south wing and completely remodeled the building. Administrative duties were assigned to a professionally trained Superintendent.

ent. The curriculum was revised, the pupils classified by grades. The first Board of Education elected under the reorganization consisted of three prominent citizens, Hugh Smart, Lyman Daniels and Allen Strain. The Union Schools, as they were called, opened in September, 1854. The first Superintendent was J. C. Thompson who served in that capacity until his untimely death in February, 1856. He was held in high esteem by both pupils and townsmen. A monument was erected over his grave in the Old Burial Ground by popular subscription. It was undoubtedly the first public memorial ever erected in Greenfield. John Chamberlain took charge of the schools and completed the school year as acting Superintendent.

In September, 1856, Rev. T. H. Herdman succeeded to the superintendency and served until his retirement in 1864. The first school report of which we can find any trace appeared in the *Greenfield Republican* under date of December 4, 1856. It was signed by Superintendent Herdman and indicates that the system had five classes with a total of 302 pupils which would seem to indicate that the teachers in those days carried a load of sixty pupils. Teachers were not selected on the basis of educational qualifications as much as on their availability. Mrs. Louise Dunlap Watts used to tell how she entered the noble profession of teaching while still a pupil in the school. One day the Superintendent came into her room, looked the pupils over and said to the teacher, "I think that Tilly will do." Tilly was the name by which Mrs. Watts was known in her girlhood days. And thus Tilly became a part-time teacher at the munificent salary of \$12.50 a month. She was soon elevated to the status of a full-time teacher at a salary of \$25.00 per month.

Not everybody in town had been converted to the idea of consolidating all the schools into a single unified system. In response to many criticisms, the Board invited Judge Alfred S. Dickey to visit the schools and render an unbiased opinion. Judge Dickey's report was published in full in the *Greenfield Republican* in its issue of May 22, 1856. He said in part: "I was irresistibly led to contrast the old log cabin school of my boyhood days with what I beheld around me in our Union Schools with their comfortable and well furnished rooms, the school library of well selected books, a large blackboard in every room, a place for every hat, bonnet and book, the calm and pleasant but firm and dignified manner of the teachers, the entire absence of the ferrule. I noted the manual, mental arithmetic and singing exercises, the almost unbounded delight with which the primary department seems to perform their whole duty." He concluded with the observation, "I could but wonder if anyone, after visiting the school, could longer oppose it and desire to return to the old system."

The Board of Education also brought Professor H. H. Barney,

the State Commissioner of Education, down from Columbus in May, 1856. He addressed what the local paper described as "a large and highly intelligent audience in Smart's Hall." A meeting of teachers from the surrounding counties was held in Greenfield on November 1, 1856, for the purpose of organizing the Tri-County Teachers' Association. The new organization held a Teachers' Institute in Greenfield the following year. At this meeting Horace Mann, the most distinguished educator of those days, delivered three lectures which were described in the local paper as "replete with instructive illustrations and sound educational doctrines."

## 71.

*Reform Movements*

The years from 1830 to 1860 were fraught with wild religious mysticism and hysteria. Mountebanks preached the second coming of Christ and the end of the world. Many new and strange sects sprang into existence. Their members hopped, screeched and babbled in strange tongues. Joseph Smith discovered the Book of Mormon, written on gold plates, and founded what his fanatical followers termed the only "true" religion. Even the established churches did not entirely escape the wave of emotional hysteria. They were sometimes harsh in the enforcement of the Church Discipline. A gentleman whose name is not mentioned in the records of the Greenfield Presbyterian church was suspended from membership in 1825 for dancing. When he appealed to the Presbytery, his appeal was turned down since "the Scriptures command us to do all things to the glory of God; but promiscuous dancing is not performed with a view to divine glory." At a meeting of the Presbytery in Ripley in 1836, Dr. Crothers presented the following poser: "A member of the church in taking a drove of hogs to Virginia repeatedly drove on the Sabbath. He pleaded that he was late in getting to market and provisions were becoming dear and that by resting on the Sabbath these difficulties would have been considerably increased." The Presbytery refused to grant the exception.

Many churches took an uncompromising attitude toward secret societies, particularly the Masonic fraternity. As early as 1831 the Chillicothe Presbytery had branded Masonry as "unlawful and inexpedient." Again in 1853 it passed a resolution "that this Presbytery would again declare that Masonry and Odd Fellowship are unchristian and sinful in principle and practice." Nevertheless, in 1847 five citizens of Greenfield organized a lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The charter members were R. C. Kinkead, E. B. Tuttle, W. G. Frye, James Grove and Wilson Bell. On August 11, 1847, the Ringold Lodge Number 90 was installed by Grand Master Thomas Spooner of Cincinnati. It was named in honor of

Captain Ringold who had been killed a short time before in the Mexican War. The lodge bought the three story stone building that stood on the present site of the First Presbyterian church from David Bonner and used the third floor as a meeting hall. Later on they built the large brick building on East Main street which still bears the letters I.O.O.F.

At a meeting of the Chillicothe Presbytery held in Greenfield on April 3 and 4, 1849, the Greenfield church asked the question: "Does membership in an Odd Fellows society require the cognizance of the *Judicatores*?" The question was answered that it did and that it was "the duty of the judiciary to proceed as directed by our discipline." The Greenfield church then suspended the member of the lodge from the communion of the church. It was not until 1867 that the church withdrew its opposition to fraternal organizations. On May 28, 1859, the Masonic Lodge Number 318 Free and Accepted Masons was chartered with Silas Irions, J. O. Perry, Thomas Patton, Sanford Bradley, Horace Strickland, G. W. Smalley, W. J. Quarry, Charles Robinson and William McCallum as charter members.

The question of temperance became a burning issue during this period. No social odium had attached to the production or consumption of spirituous liquors in pioneer days. An early commentator describes the settlers as "temperate in their temperance." And he adds, "The sin of intemperance did not consist of drinking but of getting drunk." Many people, however, had become acutely aware that drunkenness cannot be entirely disassociated from drinking. Fights and brawls were an everyday occurrence in Greenfield, particularly in the taverns where the rough and boisterous elements congregated. Reeling men were a common sight on the streets. Ladies shuddered when they found it necessary to run the gauntlet of the saloons which lined both sides of East Main street. On March 3, 1832, the Presbyterian church adopted the following resolution: "Resolved — That in the exercise of Discipline this Session will consider trading in ardent spirits or use of them otherwise than for medicinal and mechanical purposes unlawful and inexpedient."

The Discipline was strictly enforced. On all family visitations the Pastor of the church was accompanied by an Elder. Two questions were always asked of the head of the family: "Do you keep up family worship" and "Do you keep ardent spirits about the house and, if so, what use do you make of them?" The moral crusade against intemperance reached its peak in the Fifties. Copious tears were shed over *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* which was almost as popular as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Reformed drunkards traveled over the country addressing mass meetings and urging everybody to "sign the pledge." Greenfield had its temperance society, its mass meetings and its temperance orators. The church

revivals in the winter and the camp meetings in the summer always emphasized the temperance issue. Many young men, under the emotional stress of these meetings, were induced to sign the pledge but not all remained faithful. There was a lot of backsiding.

By the year 1860 we find a more militant note creeping into the temperance movement. The *Greenfield Republican*, under date of July 19, 1860, records a raid on the saloons in the vicinity of the depot. It appears that a crowd of about thirty persons got off the midnight train. Armed with stones and implements of destruction, they proceeded to batter down the doors of the saloons in the neighborhood of the depot. They seized the liquors and poured them into the gutters. The town Marshal who, according to the paper, was "always on the alert," made an attempt to quell the riot but with little success. He was hit with rocks on the hip and between the shoulders and had to retire for repairs. The mob boarded the train as it pulled out, after issuing a warning that Frankfort and Chillicothe were next on their list.

## 72.

### *Aunty Crothers*

Dr. Samuel Crothers had four wives. The last was the Widow McCague who came to Greenfield in 1833 to "keep house" for her brother, Dr. Milton Dunlap. After Dr. Dunlap's marriage, the neighbors began to suspect that there was "something in the air." Their suspicions were confirmed when it was learned that Joe Wilson, a divinity student who was studying under the guidance of Dr. Crothers, was carrying notes back and forth between his teacher and the Widow McCague. One bright April morning, Mrs. Kinkead noted that there was a good deal of activity around the Dunlap house. When Judge Alfred Dickey and Rev. Gage entered the house, she immediately dispatched one of her daughters to break the news to Mrs. Smart. The whole neighborhood was agog when Dr. Crothers arrived and entered the house. After an interval, the bride and groom appeared, entered a gig and started in the direction of Red Oak which seems to have been a favorite spot for Greenfield honeymooners. Thereafter the Widow McCague was known as Aunty Crothers to the ever widening circle of the Dunlap and Crothers families.

The Presbyterian parsonage occupied three full lots bounded by Washington and North streets. It was set well back from the street in a garden of old-fashioned flowers. Aunty Crothers' flower garden was one of the show places of Greenfield. Her attractive daughter, Nancy Foster, married John M. Crothers, a son of Dr. Crothers by a previous marriage. As a result of this "happy combination of eugenic factors," Samuel McChord Crothers was born.

The family moved to Illinois but after the death of his father, Samuel returned to Greenfield and spent the formative years of his boyhood under the potent spell of his grandmother, Aunty Crothers.

Samuel was something of a prodigy. He entered Princeton at an early age and is said to have been the youngest graduate of that institution since Aaron Burr. Most of his adult life was spent in New England. He was for many years pastor of the Unitarian church in the shadow of Harvard University. No pastor ever had a more distinguished congregation. He became one of America's foremost essayists, recalling the Golden Age of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell with whom he is frequently compared. A subtle but delicious sense of humor pervades his *Gentle Reader* and *Pardoner's Wallet*. He has paid tribute to Aunty Crothers in his books and has enshrined her name in literature.

The spot where Dr. Crothers had lived and labored and prayed was peculiarly dear to him. In 1856 he decided to pay a last visit to his son, John, in Oswego, Ill. As he stood on the platform of the railway station, he remarked to a friend, "Will I ever see Greenfield again?" He never did. He died at the home of his son on July 20. His remains arrived in Greenfield on July 23. When the train pulled into the station, Washington street was lined for blocks with every kind of vehicle. The whole town and country had turned out to pay their last tribute to a great and good man. He was laid to rest in the Old Burial Ground, just a few yards from the pulpit where he had preached so long and so earnestly. His wife survived him by many years. She did not pass away until February 13, 1881.

In 1855 the Presbyterians erected a large two-story brick building on the site of the original stone church. Upon the death of Dr. Samuel Crothers, Rev. John Wiseman, a graduate of the University of Glasgow became pastor. He was installed December 7, 1857, and continued as pastor until 1863 when he was succeeded by Dr. Samuel Dickey Crothers whose remarkable pastorate covered a period of 37 years. A group of colored citizens organized a Baptist church on July 8, 1866, with Elder J. Powell as moderator and Elder J. M. Meek as clerk. The meetings were held in a schoolhouse three miles north of Greenfield. In 1874 the congregation erected the Shiloh Baptist church on Lafayette street.

## 73.

### *The Greenfield Fair*

Just north of town where the New Martinsburg pike makes a sweeping curve to the west there was, and still is, a beautiful grove of fine old forest trees. It has probably been the scene of more "good times" than any similar spot in this section of Ohio.

At different periods it has been known as Douglas Park, the Old Fair Grounds and Chautauqua Park. For over a hundred years it has been the favorite rendezvous for camp meetings, family gatherings, band concerts, picnics, circuses, fairs, carnivals, Chautauquas and sporting events, such as football, track and baseball. And finally it afforded a delightful background for the great white-tented city where Hobson, Bryan and Dr. Cook, the discoverer (?) of the North Pole, thrilled the people of Greenfield with their oratory.

On May 25, 1859, the greatest picnic recorded in the annals of the town was held in Douglas Grove. The local paper reported: "The day was one of those May days when nature laughs and groves are fresh and green and the sun's mild luster warms the vital air. Kinkead's Sax Horn Band welcomed the arrival of all who came by railroad. By ten o'clock between three and four thousand people were on the grounds. Every imaginable amusement was carried on such as swings, dancing etc. Eight brass bands gave lively cadence to the order of the day. The Highland Sax Horn Band from Rainsboro won the prize of \$25 as being the best band. That fine military company, the Harrison Guards, from Chillicothe was present. All in all, it was a magnificent, rare, rich and racy picnic, unequalled seemingly in the history of May Day festivals."

On July 4, 1858, a grand celebration was held in Greenfield's other picnic grounds out on West Main street, known as Davis' Grove. Colonel A. G. Franklin, known for his gastronomical triumphs, prepared the feast in the grand old Virginian tradition and Kinkead's Sax Horn Band was on hand, of course, to provide the music. After the feast, a young man just embarking on the practice of law, made his maiden speech which according to those present was a "humdinger." For the next fifty years this young man was destined to be the unofficial orator of Paint Creek Valley on all civic occasions. His name was Henry L. Dickey. The purpose of the occasion as stated by Jacob Slagle, was to organize the Greenfield Agricultural Society with a view to holding an annual fair. The proposition met with an enthusiastic response. The society was organized with Thomas Murray as president and Robert C. Kinkead as secretary. And thus was born the Greenfield Fair which, for almost half a century, was destined to become the most celebrated event of the kind in Southern Ohio. Certainly no fair in this section of the state provided a more beautiful background than the magnificent grove of virgin forest trees where the people gathered every year to renew old friendships, make new acquaintances and enjoy the manifold thrills provided by a zealous management.

The Greenfield Fair was always held in the Fall of the year after the harvests had been garnered into barns and bins and the farmers had plenty of leisure time to enjoy the fruits of their labors. It rounded out and dramatized the achievements of the com-

munity. It added a touch of color and a bit of pageantry to the monotony of everyday life. It afforded, as an old Fair poster expressed it, "Amusement, Enlightenment and Entertainment for All." The October days were clear and crisp, the loveliest days of the year in Ohio.

If the tang in the air became a trifle too sharp for comfort, there were always great log fires in whose pleasant glow the people could bask. The first Fair was held October 20, 21 and 22, 1858. The total receipts were \$2,226. Encouraged by the success of their initial effort, the management went ahead and erected a hundred cattle stalls, two hundred horse stalls, an Exhibition Hall, a dining room, and laid out a third-mile track which was soon extended to half a mile. The minutes of the Fair Board, with the list of awards for this and the second Fair held October 12, 13 and 14, 1859, are still complete and intact. They constitute one of the treasured possessions of the Murray family.

## 74.

*The Gold Rush*

John Wood was a Greenfield boy whose imagination had been fired by the discovery of gold in California in '49. He was in the full vigor of his young manhood, twenty-five years of age, possessed of the high courage and spirit of adventure of his famous grandfather, Colonel James Wood of Albemarle county, Virginia. He determined to seek his fortune in the Golden West. He laid aside his law books, packed his carpet-bag and set out for the "gold diggings." He kept a diary of his journey which later was published in a limited edition. Today that diary is a collector's item, listed by dealers in rare books at \$200 a copy. It is a remarkable human document, one of the finest — perhaps the finest — description of the great trek across the plains and desert to gold diggings ever written by an eye-witness. John Wood was an extremely articulate young man. He knew how to say what he wanted to say with skill and precision.

On April 3, 1850, John Wood left Greenfield to join the great mass migration which was pouring westward. In Cincinnati he joined a company bound for California. On April 5, the company embarked on a river steamer and floated down the Ohio to St. Joseph, Missouri. Here they joined a wagon train bound for the coast by way of the Black Hills. The train consisted of several ox-drawn covered wagons. They followed the river for many miles, then struck out across the rolling prairies where they saw great herds of buffalos. At night the wagons would form a circle, lashed together with log chains, for protection against howling wolves and hostile Indians. They stopped at the great sandstone bluff

known as Chimney Rock where John Wood, with youthful zest, carved his name in the stone where, no doubt, it can still be found today. The journey at first was a great lark to the youthful gold seekers. They hunted in the woods and fished in the streams. They gathered around the campfire at night, played the banjo and sang songs.

Soon the hardships began to multiply. They encountered violent storms and swollen rivers. Their horses stampeded. They lost some of their cattle. The Black Hills provided plenty of scenery but scanty forage for the livestock. Food supplies began to dwindle. After the Black Hills came the sage brush country, the great barren deserts. And then the equally barren Rockies with snow-blocked trails. Sickness had long been prevalent, sickness and death, for the wagon train was swept by the dread scourge, cholera. Many of John Wood's comrades died and were buried by the wayside. It is an amazing story which John Wood tells in his diary, a heart-rending story of hardship and privation, of hunger and starvation, of trails littered with dying horses and cattle, of companions who perished by the way. He sets it all down with meticulous detail. Even when wracked with sickness, he never failed to make his daily entries. And when, after many months, he arrived at the El Dorado of his dreams, he was too sick and disillusioned to feel any elation. He closes his diary with a contemptuous reference to the gold which had lured him three thousand miles from his native Greenfield —

*"A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,  
Which, being cast into the fire, came out  
A shining thing which fools call gold."*

John Wood was something of a poet and philosopher as well as an adventurous young man. He had very little gold when he finally returned to Greenfield, in fact less money than he had when he departed. Before his great adventure, he had been preparing for the ministry at Wittenberg College but he had incurred the wrath of the powers that be by writing a story, using some Biblical characters in a fictitious setting. He had been promptly expelled. He then took up the study of law, and on his return home, began to practice law with a little farming on the side. "In his law practice," according to his grandson, Charles Slavens, "he would go from town to town. They tell the story that he would pack his Blackstone and some of his other law books in one of his saddle bags and his nightgown, home-grown tobacco and a bottle of liquor in the other and off he would go." He acquired a 500 acre farm in the Paint Valley near Bourneville and here he spent his declining years. He died in September, 1896, and was buried in Chillicothe.

There were two routes to the goldfields of California — the Overland Route and the Sea Route via Panama. Like John Wood,

John Parrett, a grandson of Frederick Parrett, the founder of the family in this community, had a bad case of gold fever. He decided to take the Sea Route. Like John Wood, he kept a diary. On May 16, 1853, he left his home and traveled to New York where he embarked upon the steamship, Illinois. On May 20 he records in his diary: "We are ready for departure. A landlubber feels some odd sensations when, for the first time, he is pushing out of sight of land. Mine, however, were very pleasant as we sailed down the bay." His sensations were not so pleasant the next day when he began to experience "the affliction to which landlubbers are subject when they go down to the sea in great ships." However, he was in fine fettle by the time the boat reached Jamaica. "While the vessel was moving toward its moorings," he writes, "large numbers of colored boys came swimming around the vessel, calling, 'Chuck-a dime, massa, chuck-a dime.' The passengers threw many coins into the water and watched the boys dive for them."

After leaving Kingston, rough weather was encountered and John had another touch of seasickness. On May 29, he records, "Still too sick to enjoy preaching." On May 30 the ship arrived at Aspinwall on the Isthmus. "The people," he writes, "are a mixed race composed of Indians, negroes and Spaniards with a touch of baboon." The goldseekers made their way to Cruces, thirty-five miles up the Chagres river, partly by a narrow-gauge railroad and partly by river boat. At Cruces he records, "Hundreds of pack and saddle mules were standing blindfolded or tied to each other, ready to start across the Isthmus." The pack train, however, transported only baggage. Unable to charter either a horse or a mule, John made the trip over the high mountains on foot, eventually reaching Panama City. Here he embarked on a boat bound for California.

Arrived at the goldfields, he proceeded to buy a share in a gold mine. The receipt for his claim is still in the possession of his descendants. It reads: "I have this day sold and delivered possession to John Parrett of my right and title in a certain gold mine in Alabama flat on Johnstown creek bounded and described as follows, Beginning at a stake at the line of Martin's claim, north of the garden opposite the Kentucky House, thence down the creek to Clemon's claim, including the land from hill to hill on either side. The interest above conveyed is one undivided fourth part, for and in consideration of four hundred and fifty dollars in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, 29th June, A.D. 1853, J. H. McMinn." John spent eighteen months working his claim. Finally, he decided to return home. Setting sail from San Francisco, the vessel on which he traveled was wrecked shortly after passing through the Golden Gate. He lost all his baggage and equipment but he managed to preserve a buckskin belt which was securely fastened around his waist. Its little pockets were filled

with the precious gold dust. That buckskin belt is today the treasured possession of his grandson, Dwight Parrett.

## 75.

*Social Life*

The people of Greenfield enjoyed a very pleasant social life in the Frivolous Forties and the Fabulous Fifties. Many of the social events revolved around the church and the school. There were box suppers and socials in the churches and spelling matches and exhibitions in the schools. For the older ladies there were quilting bees and sewing circles where flying fingers vied with flying tongues. There were entertainments in the home of course, a function or an infare, a Kensington or a Five O'clock Tea, perhaps a picnic supper under the spreading shade trees out in Davis' Grove. Weddings were always occasions for feasting on the part of the invited guests and a free-for-all "belling" on the part of those who had not been invited.

We have an eye-witness account of the wedding of Robert Kerr and Margaret McElroy on May 27, 1847, with some gratuitous fashion hints: "The wedding day came at last after due preparations, a day of bright sunshine and gladness and good will. The groom wore a new tailor-made broadcloth suit and, if I remember right, from the left-hand rear pocket depended about six inches of the new red pocket handkerchief as fashion required. Around his neck was a piece of extravagance in the shape of a silk neck handkerchief almost a yard square. The bride wore an up-to-date black silk dress. The love of a bonnet which crowned the bride's outfit was, I judge, of the coal-scuttle variety, of capacious frontage, inlaid with artificial flowers, suitably decked with ribbons and the closed end of it was set at such an angle as to make it look toward the North Pole." We commend this account to the modern Society Editor. For once, at least, the sartorial splendor of the groom has been given equal prominence with that of the bride.

For the younger people there were hayrides in the summer and sledrides in the winter. And coasting, of course. There were plenty of hills on which to coast within the town's limits. Hills had not yet been cut down and hollows filled in. Charles J. Bell tells us: "The young ladies of those days were certainly as handsome and stylish as the girls of today. I saw sixteen girls one winter day when the snow was just right carry a big board they had knocked off the old Douglas tanbark mill up on the hill where McWhirt lived — back of the Old Seceders church — and the whole crowd got on it and started down the hill like a house on fire. The board lit half way up to Etz Bryan's blacksmith shop where Ed Miller's bank is now and only two girls stayed on it.

The boys who helped fix the board went home feeling very much shocked. Calico, dimity, ribbons, laces, elastics, gloves, shoestrings, heels of stockings and hairpins were scattered all along the road of the tornado."

Greenfield also had its "polite society" of a more exclusive sort. There were parties in the big houses set far back from the street with tree-shaded driveways leading up to columned porticos and gardens of old-fashioned flowers. Sometimes there was dancing — round and square dances and even that modern innovation, the polka — but only the more daring chose to flout the cold disapproval of the church whose ban also included card playing. More often the young people indulged in proper parlor games such as "Postoffice" and "Charades." They gathered around the spinet and sang "My Darling Nellie Gray" and other popular songs. They managed to have a lot of fun in a highly proper and decorous manner, of course. For young ladies and gentlemen were thoroughly conversant with the *Rules of Polite Behavior* laid down by the Emily Post of that period. Here are a few of the rules set forth by that arbiter of conduct:

1. Don't seize ladies by the waist.
2. Always keep callers waiting until they have had time to notice the outlay of money in your parlor.
3. Never let your hostess know that you have found insects in your bed.
4. If you throw down a waiter loaded with splendid cut glass, you should not appear in the least mortified.
5. Tasteful topics for conversation must be chosen. The conversation may gradually center on the Egyptian Obelisk or the Tower of London.

We are inclined to believe that the *Arbiter Elegentiae* was just spoofing. When Tom hired a spic-and-span horse and buggy at Benner's livery stable just to bring Nellie home from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, it is doubtful that the conversation revolved entirely around the Tower of London. Grandpa and Grandma had their romantic moments in spite of Victorian taboos. We may infer as much from an item which appeared in the local paper on June 16, 1859. It indicates that "love will find a way." The item records the elopement of two of Greenfield's younger set — Aleck Wiseman, an eighteen year old youth, and Lydia Davis, who is described as "sweet sixteen." "Miss Davis," the item records, "went to visit Judge Dickey's family at Lyndon station and on the same night the youthful Wiseman, with carpet-sack in hand, trudged in the same direction to meet the object of his affections. It is stated that they got on the early train Friday morning and were concealed in the baggage car by the baggage master and passed Greenfield about five o'clock on their way to Cincinnati. Wiseman did not

succeed in coaxing a marriage license out of the Probate Judge and, as a last resort, some Squire was induced to marry them on a ferry boat in the middle of the Ohio river." The item adds that "the bride's father was very much grieved and enraged."

## 76.

*Styles*

There were no beauty parlors in Greenfield in antebellum days. Whatever artificial aids were necessary "to paint the lily and to gild the rose" were administered in the strict privacy of the home. No lady would have dreamed of powdering her nose in public. Nevertheless the ladies of that period had plenty of chic and charm with their frills and furbelows. The refurbishing of the feminine wardrobe was a matter that required and received a great deal of thought. The occasional new frock had to be carefully planned, materials assembled and the latest styles ascertained from *Godey's Lady's Book*. Old frocks had to be made over so as to conform to the changing vagaries of fashion. The village dressmaker was always called in when special creations were under construction. Fittings called for the professional touch, a service which required architectural rather than artistic skill.

There were men even in those days who scoffed at feminine styles and indulged in a perverted sense of humor at the expense of the ladies. In September, 1857, we find the editor of the *Greenfield Republican* gently chiding these masculine critics "who rail at arts they do not understand. Whether it be the bloomer or the trailer, the scoopshovel bonnet or the full-back crowner, the long-point or the short-point belt waist, the bustle or the hoop skirt, it's all the same. Ireful satires, bombs and squibs are fired from ambuscades all over the land." And, apparently, with no more effect than today.

Dress reform first hit Greenfield in 1852 when Harriet Pomeroy sent a letter to the *Buckeye Blade* which the editor printed in the issue of June 11. Miss Pomeroy asks, "Well, sir, is there anything immodest in a pair of pants?" She goes on to answer her own question in the negative and to present the case for bloomers. "We adopted the bloomer because we do not choose to carry from morning until night two to four pounds of calico suspended from our waist." She intimated that she was going to ask the Council at its next meeting to appropriate a sufficient sum of money "to purchase a vial of camphor for all those whose noses are so exceedingly sensitive that they may not, should they chance to meet a bloomer on the street, be under the necessity of fainting." We are not informed whether Council did purchase the vial of camphor or not but it is a matter of record that it was almost half a century

## *Historic Houses*



**Dean Waddell Home, South Washington Street, built by G. I. Rucker in 1859. Photo taken in 1880**



**Old Harper House, 1841; photo taken in 1860**

## *Early School Houses*



**First School House,  
sixteen feet square,  
1810-1815; inlot #16**



**Old Log School House,  
Old Burial Ground,  
1816-1837**



**Southside School  
House, Mirabeau  
Street, 1837-1854;  
inlot #120**

before a young lady appeared on the streets of Greenfield wearing bloomers.

The selection of the hat and bonnet, gloves and sachets — the little accessories which make or mar the whole ensemble — was quite as important as the dress itself. The first milliners of whom we have any record were Sally Cool and Jane Thompson. Jane lived in the second story of the Lang building where the Merrills first lived after their arrival in Greenfield. She supported her invalid sister by "doing up" bonnets for the ladies and leghorn hats for the men. Millinery work consisted largely of bleaching the fine straw of leghorn headgear and adding a few flowers or ribbons. By 1856, however, the town had acquired an up-to-date millinery shop. We find this advertisement in the local paper: "Mrs. P. Hill takes pleasure in informing the ladies of Greenfield that she has just returned from Cincinnati with a full and splendid assortment of millinery goods, consisting of bonnets, plumes, artificial flowers, head dresses, silks, satins and velvets. Particular attention paid to wedding bonnets."

## 77.

### *"Boy Meets Girl"*

Just how did a young man in antebellum days manage to meet a young lady when there was no mutual acquaintance to introduce them properly? In view of Victorian taboos, he couldn't whistle at her in the manner of the modern wolf. Equally out of question was the direct approach, "Hey, babe, how about a date tonight?" Shocked by such an exhibition of crudity, the young lady would undoubtedly have called a policeman. The situation called for a more subtle approach, a more ingenious technique. Two letters, discovered in the archives of a prominent Greenfield family, may shed some light on this matter. The first letter is dated October 14, 1841, and reads in part: "Doubtless you will be surprised at the reception of a letter over my signature but I assure you that I do not intend to offer violence to your feelings or to insult your modesty. And although I am almost a total stranger to you, yet I have presumed myself sufficiently upon your goodness as to make known to you through the medium of an epistolary communication that which in reality exists and, should it meet your disapprobation, I hope you will pardon my credulity and excuse me for the liberty I have taken in thus addressing you. The first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you left a lasting impression which I find difficult to eradicate."

Having offered his apologies, the young swain continues in high flown language to tell the young lady that he wants to meet her. He adds, "It may seem strange to you that such a short ac-

quaintance should have produced such an effect upon my mind. I cannot account for it myself but I can say that it is even so. If you think it worthy of your attention I hope that you will give this letter a perusal and after you have read it, if you cast a contemptible look upon it, excuse the author and do not expose him by showing it to anyone but give it to the flames. But if you can conscientiously with your own views give me an answer, whether it be favorable or unfavorable, I will pledge you my veracity that it will remain a profound secret."

The second letter is from another swain asking the same privilege in somewhat briefer but equally polite terms which would seem to indicate that the young lady was something of a heart-breaker. We do not know whether she graciously accepted the request of either of her correspondents but it is quite evident that she did not commit their effusions to the flames as requested. However, we at least are not going to violate their confidence by exposing their names.

## 78.

*Sewing Circles*

The old-fashioned sewing circle has been unmercifully lampooned as a sort of "hen huddle," organized primarily for the purpose of facilitating the dissemination of neighborhood gossip. Such a view is a rank libel on the good ladies who composed those circles. They always had a beneficent purpose in view, such as the purchase of a carpet for the church vestry or the repair of the parsonage steps. In the by-laws of the Greenfield Benevolent Sewing Circle, organized on January 26, 1848, it is clearly stated: "To prevent useless and unprofitable conversation and for the improvement of the mind, there shall be appointed by the president at each meeting one member to select and read at the succeeding meeting some instructive and entertaining book." The by-laws also discourage any rivalry in the refreshments served: "Entertainment shall consist of plain diet and everything of luxury or extravagance carefully avoided."

We have also had the privilege of examining the minutes of the Methodist Sewing Circle which was organized March 3, 1857, for the purpose of "furnishing the new Methodist church." The Circle seems to have been unusually successful in raising funds. The following account of a Lawn Festival held at the fine new Mains mansion on West Main street on the evening of June 30, 1857, appears in the minutes: "The tables were well supplied not only with substantials but also with many luxuries and delicacies such as superb cakes of many shapes and kinds, ice cream, strawberries, lemonade, etc. The beautiful grounds of Mrs. Mains were beauti-

fully and tastefully arranged for the occasion. Three long tables were spread — the poetical and imaginative might have it that they groaned — with choice substantials. Then there was under a nice shady tree a grandly decorated table displaying a choice variety of the delicacies mentioned above, the sight of whose goodly stores made many a well-stuffed stomach ask for more. Then came the Bouquet store where appeared in tasteful display many a vegetable beauty. Brilliant lamps and many candles were hung and placed around at proper intervals which added much to the beauty of the scene. Admission to the supper was  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents and, to any one of the delicacies, ten cents. The company was large — the evening only a little too cool and windy to be entirely pleasant — and in many respects the affair was a happy one to all present, as well as profitable to the Circle."

Unfortunately, the name of the budding literary genius who wrote that description of a Lawn Fete almost a hundred years ago wasn't signed to the minutes. The house where this Festival was held may be identified as "the big house on the hill" which used to be known as the Boyd house. It is still standing on West Lafayette street, a conspicuous landmark with its great portico supported by massive columns. In antebellum days, and for many years after the war, its grounds extended all the way to Main street. A magnificent driveway, lined with catalpa trees, led up to the main entrance. The house was built and occupied by Samuel Mains, who, in his younger years, had served as a rider on Methodist circuits. The treasurer's report of the Methodist Sewing Circle shows that the organization had on hand \$140.68. After due deliberation, they decided to lend this amount to Judge Eckman "on his note at ten percent, payable on demand, with good and sufficient security." Another affair, an oyster supper, was given on December 24 and netted the Circle \$209.43 which was promptly loaned to Judge Eckman at ten percent interest.

## 79.

### *South Salem*

South Salem owes its existence to its Presbyterian church which dates from 1802. It was organized by the Rev. Dr. Ralston with a membership of 32 communicants. For two years the green wood served as a temple for the devout adherents of the Calvanistic doctrine. In 1804 a log church was built near the spot where the first communion was administered. The first regularly ordained minister was Rev. Robert Dobbins, who took charge of the church in 1805 and served until 1808. He was succeeded by Rev. James H. Dickey who served the church and community for 26 years. During those years the community was simply known as Salem Meet-

ing House. In 1837 the church acquired as its pastor Rev. Hugh Stewart Fullerton, a man of vision, who increased the membership from 140 to 490, a remarkable growth for an isolated country church. Rev. Fullerton felt keenly the need for better educational advantages. At a meeting held at the home of Satterfield Scott, his parishioners decided to build an Academy.

Those who had no money to contribute gave of their time and material. All the hauling and unskilled labor was done by members of the congregation. Men went into the surrounding forest and felled great trees for beams and sills. Patient oxen drew heavy carts loaded with stone quarried along Paint creek. It was said that every stone was laid with a prayer. So rapidly did the work progress that the Academy was ready to open its doors in 1842. It was so successful from the start that the community wasn't able to provide accommodations for all the students who wanted to enroll. This led to the platting of the town of South Salem by John Sample in 1846 and the erection of several houses to accommodate students. Eventually a second building of brick was added to the Academy. Many famous men attended Salem Academy in its heyday. Bishop Stephen Merrill set up a little shop in South Salem and worked at odd jobs to pay his expenses. Other students included Judge Alfred Yaple of Cincinnati, J. D. McDill, Senator from Iowa, J. J. Pugsley, Congressman and Joseph Benson Foraker, Senator and Governor of Ohio.

One of the early heads of the school was Rev. J. A. I. Lowes whose association with the Academy constitutes a long and interesting chapter in its history. He had passed a part of his early life on the Mississippi. The bell that hung in the belfry of the old Stone building was the gift of one of his friends, the captain of a river steamboat. Around that bell cluster many stories, some of them boyish pranks at the expense of the "Professor." On one occasion the bell kept ringing in a peculiar manner during the still hours of the night. Some of the boys had secreted a cow in the lower hall of the Academy, given her plenty of hay to keep her contented and attached a rope, connected with the bell, to her horns. When the cow shook her head the bell rang. Professor Lowes, who slept on the second floor, came running down the stairs and bumped into the cow just as worried citizens began to arrive in droves.

During the early years there were no graduation exercises. Exhibitions marked the end of the school year. The first mention of the awarding of diplomas in the minutes of the Board is dated June 24, 1875. J. T. Dague was Principal and the class consisted of W. Edgar Pricer, Rusha Pricer, Liela A. Cox, Maggie S. Campbell and John A. Moomaw. In 1859 the stockholders voted to transfer control of the Academy to the care of the Chillicothe Presbytery. With the growth of high schools the Academy began to decline. Eventu-

ally it was absorbed by the Buckskin Township High School which is today the inheritor of the splendid traditions of a grand old school.

In the old burial ground in South Salem rest the remains of a half-sister of Queen Victoria. The gravestone bears the inscription: "Mary A. wife of B. J. Morter, a native of England, Died April 16, 1852, aged 34 years, 1 mo. 4 days." Lower down on the base of the monument is the single word, "THINK." Mary A. Harriett was the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, and a half-sister of Queen Victoria. She was disinherited and barred from the succession to the throne when she married a commoner, Blythe Jagway Morter. Her husband came to America to establish a home. His wife followed with their six children. They settled in South Salem, occupying the house now owned by Harry Hester, formerly the Link Bennett home. Morter was a worker in marble and followed that trade in South Salem. His wife soon died and the children were separated and reared in different homes. One of the daughters, Emily Harriett Morter, became the wife of Isaiah Mowbray and the mother of Forrest Mowbray, a teacher in the Greenfield Schools. Such is the strange but seemingly well-authenticated story of Mary A. Harriett. It is a far cry from Buckingham Palace to the little hamlet of South Salem but who will say that Queen Victoria was any happier on her throne than her half-sister in her humble cottage in a pleasant little village where "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood"?

## 80.

### *Rural Churches*

In 1831 Rev. George W. Maley of the Highland Circuit organized a group of twelve members at the home of James Meredith on the Rapid Forge road south of Greenfield. For several years meetings were held in the homes of the members and in the "old stone school house," an hexagonal-shaped structure which stood on the farm of C. C. Moxley. In 1845 a church was built on land donated by William Middleton. It was known as the Bethesda church. The building faced south with two wide open doors in front. The seats had very high backs and were exceedingly uncomfortable. A pewter chandelier in which candles were used afforded illumination. Around the church a small hamlet grew up which in the course of time was known at Fruitdale. When a new church was built the name was changed to the Fruitdale M. E. church. Among the Bethesda parishioners was an old Irishman by the name of Robert McCalla who wrote a strange book known as the *Book of Testimony*.

After the death of his beloved wife, religious fervor became the dominant chord in his life. He bore testimony to the power of

the Lord on every possible occasion and at last, well advanced in years, he set forth his religious convictions and experiences in the *Book of Testimony*. The publishers to whom he submitted the book promptly returned it with the suggestion that it needed some punctuation marks. Nothing daunted, Mr. McCalla borrowed some school books from a neighboring school girl and set about mastering the art of punctuation. The book was finally published in 1893. He probably never sold a copy but he had the satisfaction of presenting it to his friends, ministers, schools and various church organizations. "This thing of faith," he writes, "is a wonderful thing. In order to be faithful to God we must be faithful in all our ways."

At a meeting of the Presbytery at Salem Meeting House in April, 1809, "a society on the waters of the Buckskin and North Fork of Paint creek requested that the Presbytery take them under their care and grant them supplies. The name which they have assumed is Pisgah." The Scotch-Irish character of the membership is indicated by such names as Kerr, Ross, Hughes, Harper and Finch. In August, 1811, Rev. James Henry Dickey was installed as pastor and continued until October, 1817, when he was succeeded by his brother, Rev. William Dickey. The brothers are described as magnificent preachers. William was "a blunt, strong man whose words were sometimes as sharp as a thorn." He was a man free of all pretense. Once he was thrown from his buggy and was carried into a neighbor's house unconscious. When he recovered consciousness, he found the elders of his church gathered around his bed offering up prayers. "Father Dickey," one of them asked, "when you came out into the blessed light from that profound darkness, tell us what first came into your mind." Father Dickey replied, "I knew that I wasn't at home. The furniture was all strange but of fine quality. I looked at the bed, the quilts were all bright and clean, I looked at the sheets, they were as white as snow, and I just wondered whether, before I got into this nice clean bed, I had washed my feet."

Rev. R. C. Galbreath describes his visit to Pisgah in 1855 during the pastorate of Rev. William Gage. "When we got there," he relates, "the woods about the church were full of horses and men. The church itself was packed with people but there were more outside than in. Clusters of men were everywhere sitting on the grass and on logs of fallen trees. Horses stamping at the flies were hitched to all the saplings and to the hanging boughs of the great oak and hickory trees that made up a magnificent forest. After the first sermon, there was an intermission and soon the grounds had the appearance of a monster picnic for which the good women of the church had made preparation, not only for themselves but in such full measure that they could offer abundant hospitality to the strangers within their gates."

## 81.

*Abolitionists*

In 1830 the people of the United States had not yet made up their minds whether they were a nation or simply a federation of autonomous republics. Cleavages were already beginning to appear in the social structure of the country. The industrial and financial aristocracy of the North was pitted against the slave-owning and agricultural aristocracy of the South. The older civilization of the East found itself out of harmony with the new democracy of the West. In every community there were cleavages between the landed gentry and the men who worked with their hands. The early settlers of Greenfield had been primarily concerned with the pressing problem of conquering the wilderness. They were only interested in those social problems which directly affected themselves. They were proud of the fact that they lived in a land that had never known the taint of slavery but, at the same time, they were inclined to look with a certain degree of tolerance upon an institution they abhorred as long as it was confined to the South.

There were a few abolitionists in Greenfield from the earliest days but no great number until after 1840 when abolition assumed the proportions of a national movement. As early as 1827 we find the Chillicothe Presbytery to which the Greenfield church belonged appropriating funds for the circulation of an anti-slavery pamphlet. Many good people still looked upon the abolitionists with suspicion and distrust. For some of this feeling the abolitionists were to blame. Like all noble movements, it had attracted certain "lunatic fringe" fanatics. There were the extremists who attacked the members of secret societies, particularly the Masons. There were those who created dissension within the church over such trivial matters as the singing of the psalms. One abolitionist gained a great deal of personal unpopularity by insisting that anyone who rode into Greenfield on Sunday should be arrested for desecration of the Sabbath. But the number and influence of the abolitionists grew as the tension tightened between the North and the South.

A visit of Frederick Douglass to Greenfield gave great impetus to the movement. He was the most famous of all the runaway slaves. He had had a harrowing youth under the slave-master's lash but had escaped to the sanctuary of Massachusetts where he had defeated all efforts to return him to his Maryland master. He had dedicated his life to the emancipation and betterment of his race. He possessed a superb voice and stage presence which made him one of the foremost orators of his day. Eventually he became a figure of international importance. At the time of his visit to Greenfield, he was just at the beginning of his remarkable career. One

beautiful autumn afternoon in 1844 he walked into town and inquired for Dr. Milton Dunlap, one of the leading abolitionists.

Dr. Dunlap welcomed him cordially, took him into his home and treated him as an honored guest. Mr. Douglas had just had a harrowing experience in Pendleton, Indiana. A pro-slavery mob had warned him to leave town and had closed all the churches and halls to him. The Quakers, however, built a platform for him in a grove. When he attempted to speak, he was attacked by the mob and knocked unconscious. The Quakers had nursed him back to health, secreting him by day in the tall corn. Mr. Douglas remained for a week in Greenfield as the guest of Dr. Dunlap. He delivered several impassioned addresses in the local churches and made many converts to the cause of abolition. When he was ready to depart, his many Greenfield friends and admirers presented him with a good riding horse and saddle.

The Abolition Society of Paint Valley was organized in Greenfield on April 24, 1833, with Colonel Thomas Rodgers as the first president, Hugh Smart, vice-president, Joseph T. Irwin, recording secretary, Rev. J. H. Dickey, corresponding secretary and Joseph Lawhead, treasurer. Adam B. Wilson afterwards became secretary and most of the minutes, which are complete and intact, are in his handwriting. The minutes are now in the possession of Dr. W. H. Willson, his grandson. One of the most indefatigable workers in the organization was Dr. Samuel Crothers who, during his young manhood in Kentucky, had developed an uncompromising hatred of the institution of slavery. He had heard much in Kentucky to the effect that slavery was just a patriarchal institution based on the authority of the Old Testament. He wrote several volumes and pamphlets disproving the contention that slavery has the full sanction of the Scriptures.

Dr. Crothers was the first writer west of the Alleghenies to take this stand. His anti-slavery works were widely read and exerted a tremendous influence on the abolition movement. When the General Assembly of the church in 1818 took a somewhat equivocal stand on the issue, he persuaded the Chillicothe Presbytery to adopt a resolution that "slave-holding is a sin against God and man, that justifying it by an appeal to the Scriptures is blasphemy of Almighty God and prostitution of His Word, that we cannot have fellowship with an ecclesiastical body which tolerates those sins in its communion."

The Abolition Society of Paint Valley included Highland, Ross and Fayette counties but most of the meetings were held in Greenfield, with occasional meetings in Salem Meeting House, Bloomingburg, Washington C. H. and Hillsboro. On August 6, 1836, the Society disbanded but was immediately reorganized as the Greenfield Anti-slavery Society. The Society was primarily interested in edu-

cational and missionary work in the cause of abolition. It published several anti-slavery pamphlets and circulated them widely in the surrounding counties. From time to time it employed an agent "to ride" for a specified period in the interest of the cause. The last entry in the Record Book was made on August 27, 1845, but it is distinctly stated in the minutes that the members would continue the work. This is about the time that the Underground Railroad became very active in the Greenfield community. The members no doubt considered it expedient not to commit their activities to writing, particularly as there were some southern sympathizers in the community who grew more and more outspoken as the tension between North and South increased.

## 82.

*Dayton*

According to tradition — and in this case tradition seems to have a substantial basis in fact — the first negro citizen of Greenfield was named Rachel. She had no other name. In an old ledger of the Douglas tannery we find an interesting entry. It is recorded that Dr. Crothers had bought a pair of shoes for "Rachel." The entry was made in 1848. By that time, of course, Greenfield had a considerable number of colored residents. It is quite possible, even probable, that Rachel had lived for many years in the community and had become an object of charity in her old age. Most of the colored citizens lived on West North street which was usually referred to as "Dayton." The name is said to have been derived, not from the neighboring city of that name, but from a negro named Geoffrey Day to whom we have already referred in these Chronicles.

In 1840 the colored citizens of Greenfield organized their own church group but they were not able to build a church until 1843. It was a rude log cabin on Fifth street near North. The first trustees of the African Methodist church, as it was known, were Edward Raines, Thomas Bird and Solomon Turner. Most of Greenfield's colored citizens were "free negroes," as those who had been manumitted by their masters in the South were known. The census of 1850 enumerated 434,000 free negroes in the United States. There were even colonies of these free negroes south of the Mason and Dixon line. One colony in Kentucky is said to have "owned" its own preacher. Greenfield frequently harbored runaway slaves. A colored man by the name of Samuel Rouse came to Greenfield and worked at his trade of blacksmithing. He was a fine workman. One day two Kentuckians came into his shop and recognized him as a runaway slave for whom a large reward was offered. They took him before the court of Justice Wright and proceeded to prove their

property as required by law. A slave was merely a chattel, a valuable piece of property with no more rights than a stray horse or dog. Naturally the case created a lot of interest in the community. When Justice Wright called his court to order it was packed and jammed to the doors. Many curious spectators, who could not get into the room, milled about outside. There seemed to be "something in the air." In the crowd was Old Barney, a powerfully built darkey, who was suspected of being hand in glove with the local abolitionists.

Old Barney took up his stand at the door, his huge bulk filling its entire frame. The case was called, the Kentuckians proceeded to prove their property. As the papers were all in due legal form, Justice Wright had no other recourse than to pass judgment in their favor. While the necessary orders were being prepared and notarized, Sam gradually edged his way toward the door. At a prearranged signal, Barney braced himself against the jambs of the door with wide spread legs. Sam darted between his legs and disappeared in the crowd outside. Many, who no doubt were in the plot, surged toward the door completely blocking the entrance. In the excitement and confusion which prevailed, precious minutes were lost during which Sam and Barney completely disappeared. After the excitement had died down Barney returned to Greenfield. In due time, Sam's friends learned that he had reached Canada safely. Old Barney continued to act as "Scout" and "conductor" on the Underground Railroad which transported "freight" to Canada. He possessed not only courage but a beguiling personality which proved invaluable in the many delicate missions assigned to him.

### 83.

#### *Underground Railroad*

The Underground Railroad is said to have carried 30,000 runaway slaves to the sanctuary of Canada. The most active "port of entry" on the Ohio was the little town of Ripley where John Rankin, a Presbyterian minister, and his six husky sons handled the "freight." The movement had its own distinctive terminology based on railroad terms. Greenfield was one of the most important "stations" on that branch of the Underground which ran from Ripley through Hillsboro, Greenfield, Bloomingburg and Columbus with "terminals" in Cleveland and Conneaut. The railroad was planned carefully so as to permit frequent cross-country switches to confuse and confound the pursuing slave-hunters. Greenfield was the key-point axis for three important branches.

The most important station south of town was the home of Colonel Thomas Rodgers which could easily shift the freight eastward through South Salem or northward through Greenfield. At

this point the "shippers of freight" were Thomas Rodgers, John R. Strain and Squire William Wilson, all of whom had been active in the Abolition Society of Paint Valley. Where the Buckskin flows into the Paint, William Douglas was the shipper. West of Greenfield the big brick house of Adam B. Willson received the freight and rerouted it northward to the Bonner farm or eastward into Greenfield. At New Petersburg the Miller family handled the traffic. North of town the McElroy farm had a secret hiding place in the garret while east of town the old Dean house concealed many trembling fugitives in its "dungeon."

In Greenfield the greatest caution had to be exercised as there was a considerable number of southern sympathizers who were not averse to taking "thirty pieces of silver" for the betrayal of these unhappy fugitives. The old frame Pommert house on East Main street, the Hyer mansion now known as Avalon south of the railroad tracks, and the Bonner home on Main street between Fourth and Fifth streets were stations. Another station was the log barn on Washington street back of Dr. Dunlap's residence which eventually became the old Harper House. Here runaways were concealed in the haymow, the most famous being Eliza of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame. In the four decades of its history that section of the Underground in and around Greenfield is said never to have lost a passenger.

The operations of the Underground Railroad had to be carried on with the greatest secrecy. The presence of strangers on the streets of Greenfield was always a danger signal and their presence was quickly reported by "Scouts," such as Old Barney. On one occasion three runaway slaves were overtaken by a posse from Kentucky at the bridge over the Rattlesnake and fired upon. They managed to escape and made their way to Greenfield where they were hidden by the abolitionists. Early the next morning, Barney was dispatched on a reconnoitering expedition down the creek road. He encountered the Kentuckians who asked him if he had seen anything of the fugitives. Barney removed his hat, and, in his best plantation manner, replied, "Now that you ax me, I did see two black men and a yeller gal shootin' though the woods toward Salem." The Kentuckians demanded the shortest way to Salem and, when he gave it, threw the old darkey a half dollar and rode away, unaware that they had been within half a mile of the hiding place of the fugitives.

One bright Sunday morning, David Bonner encountered three strangers on the Public Square. Suspecting that they might be looking for the three fugitive slaves who, at that very moment, were concealed in the basement of his house, he entered into conversation with them. They had just arrived in town and had not yet had their breakfast. With a hospitality which rivaled the justly cele-

brated southern brand, Mr. Bonner invited them to have breakfast at his home. They accepted with alacrity. Mrs. Bonner was a very long time in preparing that breakfast but finally they all sat down to a bountiful meal of fried ham, eggs and potatoes, with stacks of wheat cakes smothered in golden maple syrup. After they had disposed of the breakfast with great relish, Mr. Bonner invited his guests to participate in the usual Sunday morning worship. He selected the longest of the psalms to read and expound, followed by a long-winded prayer and commentary on the psalm. When his guests finally departed, the fugitives were well on their way to the next Underground station.

The McElroys had just moved into their new four room stone house which was a great improvement on the old log cabin with its puncheon floor. It was midnight near the end of January, 1843, when young John McElroy was awakened from his slumbers by the fierce barking of the watchdog, giving notice that a train was approaching. From his trundle bed, he watched the preparations of the older members of the family to receive the travelers. The fire was stirred and the candles lighted and a lunch prepared. When the trainmen arrived with their passengers, they ate the lunch and discussed the necessary arrangements to protect their human freight. The leader of the little company of fugitive slaves was Peter Dent who is described as "a very black negro, a free man, and a licensed Methodist exhorter."

The runaway slaves described the master from whom they had run away as kind and considerate but he had fallen into debt and all of his possessions were about to be sold at auction. They were afraid that they were going to be "sold down the river." Peter Dent, who had bought his own freedom, offered to act as their guide. He was armed with a bowie knife, horse pistol and rifle and had made up his mind that they would never be taken alive. As it was mid-winter and Lake Erie was icebound, the party decided to remain at the McElroy farm until spring. Toward the end of February, the McElroys were surprised by a call from their old pastor, Dr. Crothers. As he was accustomed to pay frequent calls on the members of his flock, no one was surprised to see him riding north of town on his old bay mare. Dr. Crothers came to warn them that the slave-hunters had arrived in town and had distributed hand-bills offering a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of Peter Dent who had stolen seven slaves from Mason county, Kentucky.

The fugitives were hidden away in cellar, garret and haymow and a sharp watch was maintained all day. John McElroy writes, "Friends came, one by one, from various directions. Soon after dark, two strong carriages were in readiness, curtained and each drawn by a span of good horses. The fugitives were divided between the two and, on the front seat of each, two prudent and courageous

young men took seats. They drove south and passed within half a mile of the town where the slave-hunters were stopping, and then on southeast to a secluded farmhouse in the Twin hills where they left their passengers and then returned by a different road. A week or two later, when the excitement had died down, the journey was resumed and successfully accomplished."

The passage of the Fugitive Slave law in 1850 converted many people to the cause of the abolitionists. It brought home to the people of the North the unsavory aspects of the whole system of human slavery. The act permitted "foreign emissaries" to invade the free soil of Ohio and claim their human chattels. Ohio soil was no longer free from the taint of slavery. The law made the courts and officials of the great sovereign state of Ohio part and parcel of the traffic in human beings. An alleged runaway could be seized and shackled no matter where he was found. He was denied a trial by jury. He could not testify in his own behalf. He was denied the privilege of summoning witnesses. The Bill of Rights did not apply to him. Ohio bitterly resented the Fugitive Slave law. Southern Ohio, in spite of the southern origin of many of its people, became the scene of a sort of border warfare. The publication of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* gave a further impetus to the cause of the abolitionists. Its first installment appeared in the *National Era* in June, 1851. Copies of the magazine, as they were received in Greenfield, were passed from hand to hand until they were worn out. After its appearance as a serial it was published in book form in almost every language in the world. It was dramatized and in that form reached millions of people. It was undoubtedly the greatest propaganda novel ever written. It made the Civil War inevitable.

The episode of Eliza fleeing across the broken ice, pursued by baying bloodhounds, is undoubtedly the most thrilling incident in the novel. Most people know that this incident is based on fact but only a few are aware of the dramatic part which Greenfield took in Eliza's escape. Paul Grim, writing in the *Ohio State Archeological and Historical Quarterly* in 1937, discusses Eliza's escape: "A black woman who lived just across the river from Ripley was cruelly treated by her mistress and decided to escape to Canada. It was late winter and the river was frozen over solidly but a recent thaw threatened to break up the ice. It was night and water was running over the ice but she did not hesitate and carried her child safely to the Ohio shore. She made her way to the Rankin home, entered, built a fire and dried her clothes. She then aroused Rankin's sons who took her two miles farther before daylight. By this time the ice had broken up in the river and it was no longer possible to cross except by boat. Her pursuers followed the next day and thought that she had drowned until they discovered a piece of

child's clothing on the Ohio side of the river. The fugitives were forwarded to the Greenfield neighborhood where they had to remain. The woman's husband — George Harris in the Stowe novel — followed her in a few weeks and with the aid of the Rankins reached Greenfield. Several days later he and his wife were re-united and remained in Greenfield until spring. They reached Canada in the early summer."

The slavery question created dissension in the churches of Greenfield, the rabidly militant abolitionists insisting upon a course which the more modern abolitionists thought inconsistent with the dignity of the church. The conflict was particularly bitter in the First Presbyterian church. As a result of the controversy, the more extreme abolitionists withdrew and formed a new church group which was usually referred to as the Free Soil church. Its official name was the Free Presbyterian church. It was organized October 13, 1848, with Rev. A. L. Rankin as pastor and twenty-one members. James McConnell and William Smith were elected elders. The membership was soon increased by a number from the Rocky Spring and South Salem churches. In 1849 a frame church was built on the southwest corner of North and Second streets. Rev. D. M. Moore succeeded Rev. Rankin in April, 1851, and continued as pastor until 1865 when the church disbanded. The members returned to the parent church. The building was sold to the A. M. E. church and is still occupied by that denomination.

## PART IV

### WAR AND CRUSADES

1860 — 1870

*"To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."*

## THE CLOSING YEAR

*The year has reached its evening time,  
And well its closing gloom  
May warn us of the lonely night  
That gathers round the tomb.*

*But many a distant year and age  
May slowly come and go,  
Before the sleepers of the grave  
Another spring-time know.*

*And yet beyond the gloomy vale,  
Where death's dark river flows,  
On sunset shores our faith is fixed—  
Our deathless hopes repose.*

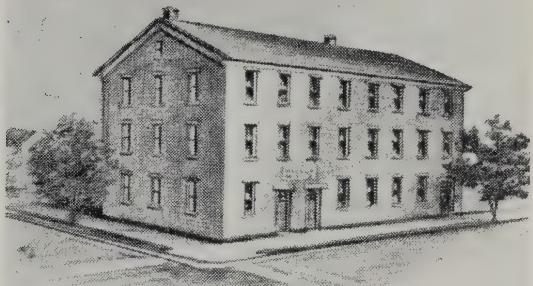
*We trust that when the night of time  
Shall into morning break  
We shall from long and heavy sleep  
With song and gladness wake.*

*And the bloom that here in sadness  
Faded from the flowers we love  
Shall with its mortal gladness  
Crown us in the world above.*

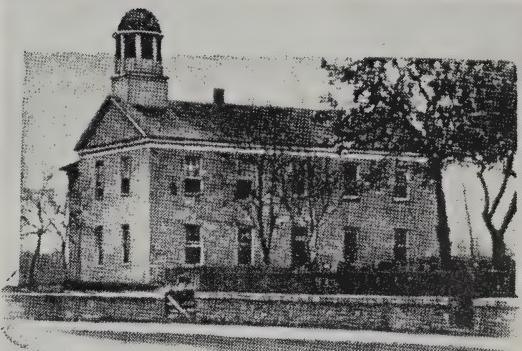
— OTWAY CURRY

## *Early School Houses*

**Northside School  
House, Old Odd  
Fellows Building,  
1840-1854; built in  
1837; inlot #187**



**Greenfield Seminary,  
1846-1852; Union  
Schools, 1854-1884;  
outlots #20-21**



**Old Seceders Church,  
South Street, 1858;  
Union Schools, 1867-  
1884; inlot #89**



# GREENFIELD

! Shiloh Township Route 30 Rals to an Inch



## **Greenfield in 1870**

Still a "greene country towne," lighted by kerosene lamps, set on ten-foot poles, its graveled streets, flanked by flagstone walks, hitching racks and wooden pumps; its chief industries were the woolen mills, tanneries, grist mills and quarries.

The year 1860 began peacefully enough for the people of Greenfield and a thousand other Midwestern villages. Few people sensed the imminence of war. They had become inured to ever recurring crises which were always solved by compromises. Copies of the *Greenfield Republican* for the year 1860 reveal that the citizens were more concerned with their local affairs than with national issues. T. M. Gray, Mayor of Greenfield, issued a proclamation that all dogs running at large and not securely muzzled would be killed by the Marshal who was authorized and required to faithfully discharge his duties. Rucker, Dunlap & Company wanted 500 cords of firewood for their lime kilns. H. Smart & Son was offering candles for sale at Christmas prices. N. M. Pike, the perennial advertiser, had on hand a large assortment of hats, caps, boots, shoes, straw goods and stationery. Hats, according to the announcement, would be manufactured on short notice. Samuel Heidingsfeld inserted his first advertisement in the *Republican* on November 22, 1860. He laid stress on the fact that he intended to make his store the leading clothing house of Greenfield and that he had established an intimate connection with one of the leading clothing manufacturers of Cincinnati which would enable him to make the "right price." For almost three-quarters of a century, S. Heidingsfeld and later S. Heidingsfeld & Son, made good on that initial promise.

The people of Greenfield were particularly excited about the approaching Fair. The *Republican* had this to say: "Now is the time for everyone to get ready. Let the proud stock raiser bring on his fine cattle and horses, sheep and hogs — the produce raiser his fine wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and pumpkins — the machinist his reaper and mower — the housewife her bread, pound cakes, preserves, pickles and jams — the smiling miss her quilts and needlework — the cabinetmaker his bureau, bedstead, washstand and sofa — the saddler, his saddle; the shoemaker, his boots and shoes; the tanner, his leather; the tailor, his coat — and the ladies their plants, flowers and last, but not least, their smiling faces without which there would be little sunshine."

There was a lot of talk in the pleasant "green countrie town'e" about the new Town Hall they were going to build. The Council had already taken steps to acquire title to the plot of ground on the Public Square which was generally referred to as the Park. Since Duncan McArthur had set aside this plot of ground as a site for a courthouse, the title was vested in the County Commissioners.

On June 11, 1859, Mayor Mitchell Gray had announced that he had secured a lease on the land for 99 years, renewable forever. At the regular election on April 2, 1860, Greenfield citizens had approved a tax levy for the erection of the building by a vote of 257 to 144. The plans called for a two-story brick building with a frontage of 75 feet on Main street and eighty feet on Washington. There would be three store rooms on the first floor, a mayor's office and a jail. Provision would be made on the second floor for an auditorium and two offices. The building was never erected. Before the actual construction could get under way, Greenfield boys were marching southward to the refrain,

*"John Brown's body lies amoldering in the grave  
But his soul is marching on."*

## 85.

### *The War Begins*

It is difficult for us to realize today that Abraham Lincoln, the most idolized of all our presidents, was just a country lawyer seeking office in 1860, his ungainly physical characteristics lampooned and ridiculed by a large section of the American press. Few political leaders believed that he had any chance of being nominated by the Republicans for the presidency. Nevertheless he was nominated at the convention in Chicago on May 16, 1860. Greenfield had its first Republican rally on a June night in 1860. The night was hot but the account which appeared in the *Scioto Gazette* was even hotter. It had apparently been written by a member of the opposition party and fairly bristled with sarcasm, ridicule and irony about as subtle as a sledge hammer. Twenty-three white Republicans and two "cullor'd brethren" met in Smart's Hall. One of the latter soon took his hat and left. The object of the meeting was to hear a report from Squire Irions who had attended the Chicago convention as a delegate and had cast his ballot for Abraham Lincoln.

The correspondent directed his shafts at all who participated in the meeting. Colonel Hyer, who presided and made the keynote speech, was described "the nine-pin alley, ex-Know-Nothing member of the Ohio Senate." Captain Gibson was dubbed the "erstwhile conferrer of military titles," an obscure reference whose significance has been lost in the dim haze of the past. The writer took several dirty digs at Squire Harve Irwin who, in the course of his extemporaneous remarks, said that he would be in there fighting when he could see "the smoke from the enemy's camp." Then, according to the account, he "squatted down and caved in as had his shirt collar before he arose." This is evidently a reference to the fact that Squire Irwin was a short, rotund gentleman of

considerable avoirdupois. Squire Irions' address was filled with references to "Honest Abe" and "rail-splitting." After the burst of oratory and the appointment of committees, "the first fire, the first enthusiasm and the first meeting of the Republicans came to a conclusion." We offer this account as an example of political reporting in the Sixties — at its best or worst. It is a matter of record, however, that Greenfield gave a substantial majority to Abraham Lincoln at the election on November 6.

On March 4, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the U. S. A. Seven southern states had already seceded from the Union and had formed the Confederate States of America with Jefferson Davis as president. Lincoln made it clear in his inaugural address that he intended to preserve and protect the Union. On April 12, the land forts manned by 7,000 Confederate soldiers, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. Within two days the Fort had been reduced to a mass of rubble. The South had chosen war. On April 15 President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 volunteers. It is hard to realize the excitement and the wrath which greeted the news that Fort Sumter had fallen. Ministers from their pulpits urged their congregations to support the President in this great crisis. Soldiers flocked to their armories. Boys in distant states returned to their homes so that they could go to war with their buddies. The call for volunteers was quickly filled. Legislatures appropriated huge sums for the prosecution of the war. The die was cast. A thoroughly unwarlike people was committed to the greatest of all civil wars for which, in no sense, they were prepared.

## 86.

### *Company K*

Greenfield affords an excellent example of the instantaneous response to the President's call for volunteers. The tax for the new Town Hall had just been collected. On April 20, the Council met in extraordinary session. N. M. Pike offered the following resolution which was carried unanimously: "Resolved, In view of our country being threatened with Civil War that the citizens be requested to sign an article instructing the Council to appropriate so much of the Town Hall fund on hand as may be necessary to arm our citizens for the defense of our country and homes." Recruiting headquarters were established on the second floor of the Smart building. It was crowded with young men from the town and neighboring farms seeking to enlist in Company K, 22nd Regiment O.V.I. This company was entirely recruited from Greenfield and its immediate vicinity.

After the new recruits had signed up they were sent across the street to the office of Dr. Billy Wilson for their physical exam-

ination. Dr. Wilson's office and residence stood on the corner adjacent to the Park where Midway avenue now joins Washington street. As late as 1856 the site had been occupied by an old log cabin, a relic of early pioneer days. Dr. Wilson had removed the cabin and erected an elegant residence with an adjoining office. With a green patch of lawn in front of it and surrounded by a wrought iron fence, it was for many years one of the show places of Greenfield. Company K was organized with W. T. Paine as Captain and Jack McArthur and Harry Rayburn as Lieutenants. Captain Paine was a shoemaker by trade. His chief qualification for his new position seems to have been the experience he had gained in the Mexican War. The raw recruits had had absolutely no military training but they were the stuff out of which soldiers are made. They were accustomed to outdoor life, the use of firearms and the management of horses, all valuable assets to a soldier.

An old newspaper clipping gives us a humorous account of the training of the recruits: "In the early months of the Civil War, a company of recruits was drilling on the Public Square. The officer in charge carried a sword in one hand and a copy of Hardee's Military Tactics in the other. Finally he brought the squad up against the Park fence. While he thumbed the book for the command to release his troops from their predicament, the boys grinned and winked at each other. Among the spectators was old Thomas Rodgers who had seen service in the War of 1812 and had drilled the Highland County Militia for many years. Someone suggested that Colonel Rodgers might be able to solve the problem. At the request of the Captain, he climbed the fence and took command. As the old man took the sword in hand, the old time fire began to flash in his eye and his short, sharp commands rang out like pistol shots. But presently some cog in his mental machinery seemed to slip. He gave the wrong command and the squad came up against the fence again. A friend, who had seen him drill in his earlier days, sensed what was the matter. He stepped up and handed the Colonel a big roll of genuine dog-ear tobacco. The old man had discontinued the use of the weed for many years but he now seized the twist and took a mighty chew. As the magic tincture began to overflow his tongue, it seemed to touch the secret springs of memory. The right word of command sprang from his lips and the squad was extricated from its predicament."

## 87.

*Off to War*

Company K went into camp at the old Fair Grounds. Not having any tents the boys slept in Floral Hall. People from town and country brought the boys blankets and plenty to eat. The problem of uniforms was more difficult. A committee of citizens

took the matter in hand, solicited funds and dispatched R. H. Miller to Cincinnati to purchase a quantity of blue cloth. Lieutenant Jack McArthur who was a tailor cut out the cloth and passed it on to the ladies of the town who made it up into uniforms. The Town Council bought the brass buttons out of the Town Hall fund. And thus Greenfield's Pride—the famous Company K—was equipped and made ready for war. A great mass meeting was held at the Fair Grounds on the eve of the departure of the company for Camp Jackson where they were to be mustered into the service of the U. S. government.

A beautiful silk flag was presented to Captain Paine on behalf of the citizens of Greenfield. Miss Clara Hudson, one of the town's most beautiful ladies, made the presentation speech while E. H. Miller accepted the flag on behalf of the Company. H. L. Dickey, a member of the state legislature, came down from Columbus and presented Captain Paine with a copy of Hardee's Military Tactics. Each member of Company K was given a copy of the New Testament. It is said that it was on this occasion that Miss Hudson first met Shan McBee whom she afterwards married. This was the first of Greenfield's many war-time romances.

The departure of Company K on the B & O was marked by a great ovation. The whole town and country gathered at the station to see them off. It was a new and strange experience for the little Midwestern village which had never known the horrors of war. Many tears were shed as the train pulled out of the station bound for Camp Jackson where they were mustered into service on April 27, 1861. President Lincoln had issued a call for volunteers on April 15. Within the short space of twelve days the town had recruited, organized and equipped a full company of volunteers and had seen them mustered into service. Company K served out its time in Virginia and had the distinction of sending back the first Confederate prisoners to Camp Chase.

It is hard for us to realize today that Highland county had more inhabitants in 1860 than it had at the outbreak of the Second World War and that our contribution in manpower was greater than it was in our most recent conflict. The Civil War was fought by boys from the small towns and farms. There were few exemptions for farm boys. The food to feed vast armies was produced with rather primitive means by old men, women and young boys. During the progress of the conflict, hundreds of young men enlisted at the Greenfield recruiting station and were assigned to many different branches of service. Many Greenfield boys served in the 168th O.V.I., the 22nd O.V.I., the 81st O.V.I., the 73rd O.V.I., the 69th O.V.I., the 11th Ohio Cavalry and the 2nd Ohio Heavy Field Artillery. There is not a single campaign and hardly an important battle in which they did not participate. The story of their military experiences would make a many-volumed history of the Civil War.

They fought at Bull Run, in the terrible battles of the Wilderness, at Chattanooga, at Shiloh, at Vicksburg and at Gettysburg. They marched with Sherman "from Atlanta to the sea." Some were captured and suffered unspeakable hardships in Libby prison and at Andersonville. They were present when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. They marched in the great review before President Lincoln in the nation's capital at the close of the war. And finally they came marching home again — some of them — to be received by the old home town with wild acclaim.

## 88.

*The Home Front*

On the home front, the women of Greenfield were always doing something for soldiers. They scraped lint for wounds, made bandages and clothing, haversacks and mittens, collected provisions and blankets. They wrote cheerful letters to the boys at the front, kept the home fires burning and did much of the work on the farms, in the shops and factories. They were always on hand when troop trains passed through the town with baskets of sandwiches and pots of steaming coffee. All social activities centered around the war. Entertainments were given to raise money for the soldiers. In 1862 an original play with the title, *Maid of Shiloh Field*, by Henry L. Dickey, was presented in the old stone M. E. church on East Mirabeau street. The play concluded with a patriotic tableau in which Miss Fannie Smart played the part of the Goddess of Liberty and Emmit Ankeny, George Washington. The church was packed and jammed and all the players, we are assured, "acquitted themselves with the proficiency of professionals." At least one of the programs is still in existence. Across it someone has written, "Do you remember what a time the boys had when the show was out?" We wonder.

Oldtimers used to speak in hushed tones of the cold New Year's Day of 1863. It was certainly frigid judging from an incident related by Mrs. Louise Dunlap Watts. The family had assembled in the kitchen for their breakfast and the coffee, steaming hot, had been poured into the cups. They then adjourned, as was their custom, to an adjoining room for the usual morning prayers. When they returned the coffee was frozen solid in the cups. Only twice was the North invaded by the South. The Battle of Gettysburg, universally regarded as one of the decisive battles of all history, was fought on Pennsylvania soil. It marked the high tide of the Confederacy. Morgan's Raid, however, brought home to the people of Southern Ohio the horrors of war.

In July, 1863, John Morgan, a dashing Confederate Cavalryman, made a sortie across the Ohio. For almost a month he ter-

rorized Southern Ohio, robbing, burning and pillaging. Stories of the excesses of Morgan's men came filtering into Greenfield. It was reported that he was heading straight for the town. The Irwins buried their highly prized silver tea set in the garden, the McElroys took their fine horses and tethered them in the bushes along the creek. Others took similar precautions. The "Squirrel Hunters," as the local home guards were known, were assembled on the Public Square to defend the town. The guards were composed of decrepit old men and young boys. They would have had very little chance against Morgan's seasoned cavalrymen. The Squirrel Hunters armed themselves with every available weapon. Some one suggested that they burn the bridge across Paint creek, but wiser heads pointed out that the Raiders could ford the creek at any point without the aid of bridges.

Morgan's Raiders actually reached a point north of Peebles and seemed headed directly for Greenfield. And then, for some mysterious reason, they turned sharply to the east and continued their raid in that direction. For the first and only time in history, Greenfield was saved from invasion. Eventually, state troops succeeded in surrounding the Raiders at Salineville. On July 26, 1863, Morgan surrendered with 400 men. The raid had lasted just 23 days. Morgan was imprisoned in the Ohio State Penitentiary but four months later succeeded in escaping, either through the bribery of guards or with the aid of southern sympathizers. When the tunnel through which he was supposed to have escaped was opened up in 1914, it was found to be unfinished. The natural supposition is that other means were used to effect his escape.

## 89.

### *Copperheads*

It is difficult to realize today that the North was not fully united in its war against the Confederacy. There were a lot of "fifth columnists" just as there were in our last war. Their neighbors called them "Copperheads." Defiantly the Copperheads cut the heads out of copper pennies and wore the emblem as a badge of honor. As the war progressed, the Copperheads sometimes felt the weight of their neighbors' anger. They went underground and organized a secret society known as the *Knights of the Golden Circle*. At one time there were 80,000 Knights in Ohio alone. They resisted federal conscription, attempted to capture the legislature by clandestine means, planned a new Northwest Confederacy. They instituted draft riots. Their methods were suspiciously like those of Communists today. They had a "V" sign for victory and a password *Nuohlac* which is simply Calhoun spelled backward. Their leader was a Congressman from Dayton by the name of Clement L. Vallandingham who, protected by congressional immunity, used

the halls of Congress as a sounding board for his anti-war propaganda. He was finally courtmartialed, convicted and banished by President Lincoln to the South.

Greenfield had its Copperheads. At one of the Fairs, one of these obnoxious persons noisily denounced the government and shouted, "Hurrah for Vallandingham!" Enoch Muirhead, a powerfully built man, walked over and smashed the mouth which had given expression to disloyal sentiments. Enoch was one of the town's colorful characters. He was an original genius. He invented a perpetual motion machine which worked — sometimes. Like old Lem Jucklin, he knew the Bible from "kiver to kiver." He scorned the little artificialities of life such as suspenders and shoes and socks. "He went barefooted from April until after the Fair in the Fall," according to Harry Waddell. "He had the body of a gladiator, grave, dignified majestic. If he were to appear on the streets of any city today, his personality would command respect. He eschewed profanity and vulgarity. His ground was philosophy and religion. With graceful gesticulation, he would be seen towering above the crowd, discoursing on Moses and the Prophets."

Life was exciting in Civil War times. People opened the Cincinnati papers, which came in on the evening "Accommodation," with fear and trembling. There were long casualty lists of the dead, wounded and missing. Not infrequently the name of a Greenfield boy appeared in those lists. There were shortages in everything. The lack of coffee was particularly felt as the American people had become a nation of coffee drinkers. A concoction of chicory and other ingredients was offered as a substitute but never became popular. Money was scarce. Copper and nickel coins disappeared from circulation. Postage stamps were used for small change until the government issued a fractional currency known as "shinplasters." The first clean, crisp "greenbacks" appeared in 1862 and continued to be legal tender for many years after the war.

## 90. *Captain Crawford's Diary*

Company C, 81st O. V. I. was organized by Captain James C. Crawford and Hugh Robinson. It was recruited largely from the area around Greenfield and Chillicothe. Captain Crawford, a lineal descendant of Greenfield's first postmaster, was in command with Hugh Robinson, a county school teacher, as First Lieutenant. The company had a distinguished record. It participated in the campaign along the Mississippi, marched with Sherman to the sea and engaged in mopping up operations in the Carolinas. Captain Crawford kept a factual day by day account of his war experiences during the years 1863 and 1864. His diary tells of battles and skirmishes

and forced marches but it is particularly interesting in its pictures of camp life. The company went into camp at Corinth, Mississippi, in October, 1862, and remained there several months while the raw recruits were being whipped into shape for active service.

The hardening process consisted of constant drills, picket duty, work on the fortifications and forced marches, sometimes several days in duration. Most of the recruits had a very hazy idea of military discipline. One boy decided that a furlough was coming to him and, when he got his pay, departed, leaving a note for his captain stating that he would be back in 18 or 20 days. He returned on schedule but spent the next 30 days in hard labor on the fortifications "with a ball of twelve pounds weight and a chain twelve feet long attached to his leg." The warm and balmy weather of early winter suddenly changed while the company was on a long march and on January 16 they had a blinding snow storm. The boys staged an impromptu battle with snow balls. Another change, and they were pelted with the largest hail stones that Captain Crawford had ever seen. "New Year's Day was a grand time here among the contraband," he records. "I have seen the burlesque African but the genuine article is far beyond comparison." The contrabands were the negro slaves who fled from the plantations and sought sanctuary in the Union camp.

Some one has said that the measles were responsible for more deaths in the Civil War than the bullets of the enemy. There was plenty of measles in the camp at Corinth and many deaths. Captain Crawford relates the sad story of the death of a Greenfield boy, Mitchel Collier. On February 10, 1863, he comments: "Stayed at the hospital last night with Mitchel. He was wandering in his mind all the time until he died which happened about half past two this morning. He was buried at 1:00 p.m. The coffin was draped with the colors and the music was plaintive and the muffled drums added to the mournful sound." Mitchel's father, William Collier, had been expected at any moment but he did not arrive until after the burial of his son. "It was a terrible blow to him," Captain Crawford commented. "He expected to find Mitch well or nearly so." An effort was made to find a burial case without success. Mr. Collier departed, stating that he would send Jim Murray, the Greenfield undertaker, to bring Mitchel back home. In due time Jim arrived with a carpetbag filled with presents and letters for the Greenfield boys. The coffin, however, was delayed several weeks by high waters but finally the body of the young soldier was disinterred and started on its homeward journey.

Packages and mail from home were frequently delayed by floods along the Mississippi and its tributaries. The soldiers particularly missed the letters from the home folks. They could always go out and forage for food. Captain Crawford did not receive any mail

from home for five weeks. Finally a Christmas box, mailed in Greenfield on December 20, arrived on March 14. "It was all right," the Captain writes, "but the butter was a little strong." One Greenfield mother packed a lot of sausage in a pair of leather boots. The sausage was inedible when it arrived but the boots were well greased. Captain Crawford survived all the vicissitudes of war to meet a tragic fate. On February 20, 1893, he and one of his sons were killed when their vehicle was struck by a D.T.&I. train at Fruitdale.

## 91.

*War Experiences*

As the war progressed, the casualty lists lengthened. A never ending stream of sick and wounded kept pouring back from the front, a grim reminder to the home folks of the stern realities of war. E. H. Miller used to say, jokingly, that he was killed in the Battle of Bull Run. His name did appear in the casualty list but when his father and Dr. Milton Dunlap made the journey to Washington to bring back the remains, they found him, not in the morgue but in a hospital, seriously but not fatally wounded. Wars have their incidents in which stark tragedy and grisly comedy are sometimes strangely blended. Take, for instance, the case of William A. Shrock, familiarly known as Kit because of his admiration for Kit Carson. Kit was wounded twice in the Battle of Gettysburg and left with the dead along a trench. During the night, it rained, the earth gave way and he fell into the trench where he lay half-buried until dawn. Thinking that he was dead, the stretcher bearers the next morning lifted him out of the trench and started for the burial ground. They were considerably startled when the "corpse" feebly assured them that he was still alive.

Many Greenfield boys had harrowing experiences during the war but certainly none more harrowing than those of John Young in the unspeakable prison camp at Andersonville. He was a member of the 54th O.V.I., a Zouave regiment whose members wore a cap with a tassel on it, a bright colored blouse and baggy trousers. He was captured in the campaign against Atlanta and sent to Andersonville where 30,000 prisoners were imprisoned in a stockade. He tells us, "We got a chunk of coarse corn bread — the cobs had been ground with the grain — and a piece of meat twice a day. Sometimes we cooked cow-peas but had to pick dirt, sticks and bugs out of them. We drank the putrid water of the stream that ran through the camp into which sewage of the camp was drained. Many men got the scurvy as we never had anything fresh or green. I have seen men who had the gangrene sitting all day with their hands and feet buried in the sand to keep away the flies. We

would go around in the morning and gather up the dead and carry them to the gate and lay them in rows. When the wagons came with the provisions, they would cart away the dead." When Sherman swept down through the Carolinas in the spring, the rebels loaded their prisoners in box cars and started them toward the Union lines. Mr. Young finally found himself in the midst of the 5th Ohio Colored troops. Here he found several Greenfield colored boys — John Baird, Alex Fuller, Jess Wines who had run a barber shop in the basement of the Smart building, and John Black. They washed him up and Jess shaved him. "I was so thin," he says, "that they called me the human skeleton." When he got back home he told his mother that all he wanted was "plenty of fried potatoes."

The history of sieges, battles and marches is only a small part of the history of war. The camp routine, the canteen and mess troubles; the grousches and the gripes of the men; their troubles with the sutler who sold tobacco, provisions and liquor to the soldiers; the foraging expeditions; the fun which they took where they found it; all these form an interesting and sometimes amusing background for the grimmer aspects of war. Many amusing anecdotes are told of Till Willis, long a familiar figure on the streets of Greenfield. On one occasion, Till had worn out his shoes on the endless marches so he took them off and threw them away. He applied to the captain for another pair of shoes but he didn't seem to know how to fill out a requisition slip to get a new pair. On Sunday a dress parade was ordered. Till was equal to the occasion, however. He borrowed a shoe brush and a box of blacking and gave his feet "a patent leather polish which would have made a dago bootblack turn green with envy." When the old Captain arrived opposite Till, instead of blowing up as anticipated, he simply ordered Till to fall out and return to his tent. Next day a pair of shoes was issued to Private Willis.

## 92.

### *The War Ends*

The Battle of Gettysburg left no doubt as to the ultimate outcome of the Civil War but it required almost two years of further warfare to convince the Southerners that they were fighting for a lost cause. Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea with its scorched earth policy, followed by Grant's relentless march on Richmond, finally convinced General Lee that further resistance would be foolish. He surrendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. On April 15 Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by the actor, John Wilkes Booth. The rejoicing of the North turned to deepest sorrow. When the news reached Greenfield, a great mass meeting was held on the Public Square on Sun-

day, April 16. It was addressed by Dr. Samuel D. Crothers and other prominent citizens. Resolutions of grief and sorrow were drawn up and adopted. These resolutions were spread on the minutes of the Town Council at its regular meeting on April 28. All churches and public buildings were draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

And thus, the greatest of all Civil Wars came to its unhappy end. Like all wars it left an aftermath of broken hearts, broken homes and broken bodies. And, like all wars, it left to posterity a legacy of problems which sooner or later would confuse and confound the people. It is estimated that it cost ten billion dollars to carry on the war. For less than half that amount all the slaves might have been freed and their masters fully compensated. The war settled once and for all the problem of secession. It definitely established that this country is "one nation indivisible" and that no state can arrogate to itself the right to secede. The war freed the slaves but it created the problem of "color." Wars never destroy human prejudices, they only intensify them. The wise and humane statesmanship of a Lincoln, so beautifully expressed in his inaugural speech—"With malice toward none, with charity toward all"—might have effected a peace of reconciliation. The punitive policies of the government with its carpet-baggers, petty politicians and bureaucrats only succeeded in still further alienating the South for many years.

As far as Greenfield was concerned the war might be termed "the lost years." Little material progress was made in those troubled times. The ambitious projects which were under way when Fort Sumter was fired upon were abandoned. The young men returning from the military camps found it hard to adjust themselves to the conditions of civil life. Some had been seriously wounded. Some had been incapacitated by disease, exposure and confinement in prison camps. There were many war widows and orphans in Greenfield. An impoverished government could care for them at first only on a subsistence level. Times were hard. Money was scarce, prices were high and wages were low. The prevailing wage was less than a dollar a day for a six-day week. The working day ranged from ten to twelve hours. Shortages in many essential commodities persisted for years. The standard of living for the great mass of the people was scarcely higher than in pioneer days.

Farm lands had been depleted by the war. Buildings in Greenfield had fallen into a highly disreputable state of repair. Streets were in a deplorable condition. We find the *Greenfield Republican* in its issue of August 10, 1865, describing those streets in terms almost identical with those it had used ten years before: "The noble work of cleansing gutters and filling up hog wallows seems to have ceased entirely. Many of the sidewalks were completely

flooded on Saturday after a shower of rain, so much that it was almost impossible to pass and repass. Hogs in great numbers are suffered to run at large on our streets, much to the annoyance of our citizens." The census of 1870 indicated that Greenfield had made a slight increase in population. The population was 1710. Of this number 1582 were native born, 187 were negroes and 130 foreign born, chiefly Irish and German with a few English.

## 93.

*The Calaboose*

The minutes of the Town Council for the decade from 1860 to 1870 are in an advanced state of disintegration but they throw many interesting sidelights on the activities of a small town during those troublesome times. The handwriting of the minutes ranges all the way from the fine copperplate script of E. P. Pearson to barely legible scrawl of other recorders, as the clerks in those days were called. Mr. Pearson was exceedingly meticulous in keeping the minutes. Under a small blot on one of the pages he wrote, "It wasn't me who made this blot." Unfortunately he leaves us no clue as to the real offender. Several able men served as Mayor during that decade — T. M. Mitchell, H. L. Dickey, John Eckman and his son, William H. Eckman.

Greenfield was in excellent financial shape at the end of 1860. The financial report indicated that the town had received \$2,752.16 from all sources and had disbursed only \$1,660.35, leaving a comfortable balance of \$1,891.81. A considerable part of the balance, however, was due to the Town Hall fund which had been collected but not disbursed. We might contrast these figures with our 1954 budget which called for municipal expenditures amounting to \$378,456. The financial condition of the community rapidly deteriorated during the war years. For several years the village fathers debated what to do with that Town Hall fund. They used a part to help equip Greenfield's first military company. They finally decided that the town's greatest need was a jail as the war had created a lot of rowdyism in the community. They decided to take the money and build the jail. In June, 1864, Council accepted the plans for the new building which had been drawn up by William H. Gray. Work on the structure was begun immediately. In addition to the jail, a small office was provided for the Mayor and Marshal and here the Council met until the more commodious Town Hall was built. The first mention of a Council meeting in their new chambers is found in the minutes of March 30, 1866. Mayor John Eckman presided with A. J. Smart, A. G. Franklin, James Porter, H. L. Dickey, Councilmen and William McMurdie, Recorder, present.

The Calaboose, as it was generally known, was located on the west end of the Park, facing Main street. It was a small stone building, 20 by 30 feet in dimensions. Thanks to the meticulous way in which the records were kept, we know that the stone work was done by DeVoss Brothers, the carpentry by Christopher Shrock, the painting by A. G. Elder. James Murray, Sr., furnished the table and bookcase, W. T. Irwin, the stove and fixtures, Norton & Sons, the glass and putty. The Calaboose continued to be used as a jail long after the Town Hall was built. It was finally torn down in 1892 to make way for Midway avenue. The cells faced to the south. Through iron-barred windows, the prisoners could catch a glimpse of "that little patch of blue which prisoners call the sky." Many Oldtimers remember watching the prisoners gazing out from behind the iron bars and wondering how it felt to be "in durance vile."

## 94.

*Train Wreck*

It happened on February 4, 1864. Mrs. Allie Adams had planned a shopping excursion to the City on the morning Accommodation but a shoemaker, who was slow in repairing her shoes, upset her plans. Naturally she was somewhat irritated but her irritation quickly changed to a feeling of profound thankfulness when the news reached Greenfield that the train had been wrecked at Lees creek. A pier of the high trestle spanning the creek had been undermined by the spring floods and ice gorges. As the train went thundering across the trestle, the pier had given way without warning. The locomotive had been precipitated into the gorge below, lighting squarely on the wrecked pier. The baggage car and two coaches had crashed down upon the engine. The engineer and fireman had a miraculous escape from death but twelve passengers had been killed and twelve more seriously injured. Several were burned to death. Some drowned. One witness declared that it seemed like a horrible nightmare—the rush of the water, the roar of the fire, the shrieks of the dying.

Tom McElroy had not been as lucky as Mrs. Adams. When the train stopped at Greenfield, he had boarded it. He was carrying on his person \$85,000 in cash. This huge sum was intended to purchase "substitutes" for men who had been drafted into the army but took this means of avoiding military service. The government had permitted men who, either from disinclination to fight or because they were needed in some essential business, to hire a "substitute." This was usually done by paying \$300 to a man's family. Mr. McElroy was merely acting as agent in transferring this huge sum to a Cincinnati bank. His badly charred body was identified by the money he was carrying on his person.

The Civil War like all wars past and present was followed by a period of unrest, lawlessness and moral laxity. A group of young men living in and around Greenfield banded themselves together in a sort of vigilante organization. It was known as the *Raging Tads*. Their object seems to have been to punish sundry persons whose doings may have been within the law, but, nevertheless, outraged their neighbors and the community at large. Such organizations usually begin on a high moral plane and sometimes have the tacit approval of the best people in the community. But sooner or later, such groups lose the odor of sanctity and become instruments for paying off personal grudges. Many innocent persons suffered at the hands of the Raging Tads until public sentiment and the strong arm of the law forced the organization to disband. During the next twenty years the Raging Tads kept reappearing under such names as the *White Caps* and the *Nightriders*. Eventually they died down and nothing more was seen of these self-righteous censors of public morals until the appearance of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920's.

## 95.

### *Village Activities*

The village Council had its hands full during the war years trying to keep its house in order. The minutes are strewn with names of prominent citizens who were cited for their failure to repair sidewalks and curbs, keep their alleys and premises clean and other derelictions. One citizen was cited for building his house out over the sidewalk; another for failure to fill up a ditch; another for fencing in the south end of Fourth street and using it as a pasture. Council also received many petitions and complaints about public nuisances such as slaughter houses, garbage disposal, insanitary outhouses and hogs and cattle wandering in the village streets. Council ordered the Marshal, Fred Marks, to secure a pound where live stock could be incarcerated but such a pound was not built until 1868 when a sort of stockade, surrounded by a board fence eight foot high, was erected in the Park behind the calaboose.

On several occasions, Mr. Marks seems to have been involved in serious difficulties. On one occasion he was severely reprimanded by the Council for the way he had trimmed the shrubbery in the Park. The police court blotter, on another occasion, records "on this 2nd day of September 1866, Andrew Smith, James Smith and Joseph Smith did unlawfully assault, beat, wound and abuse the said Fred Marks with intent to kill." Council offered a reward of \$50 for the apprehension of the culprits. Being Marshal, apparently, was no bed of roses. In the minutes of June 12, 1866, the Marshal was ordered "to sell at public auction on Saturday, June 16, be-

tween the hours of two and five o'clock the grass on the Public Square, the grass to be mowed all at the same time and taken off." At a succeeding meeting Fred reported that he had sold the grass to S. W. Allen for \$7.90.

The town scales were a source of considerable concern to Council. They were frequently out of repair and the weighmaster complained that some who made use of the scales didn't take the trouble to pay the fee. Collections were finally left in the hands of the local bank. Something of a sensation was created when the weighmaster reported that the bank claimed that it was entitled to half of all it collected. There were frequent discussions about the town pumps. On June 3, 1861, J. H. Sellers, familiarly known as "Pump Sellers" for obvious reasons, was employed to repair two pumps on Main street for \$34, private citizens having agreed to pay ten dollars of the cost. On July 30, 1867, Council agreed "to bear half the expense of digging a well, walling and putting in same a common log pump in front of Mr. Hotspillar's residence, said Hotspillar to keep the pump in order." Another well and pump were installed in front of L. W. Baldwin's grocery on similar terms and another on Second street near the railroad.

Many matters were brought before Council — the repair of the Park gate, the erection of a horse rack from the northeast corner of the Public Square to the Council chamber, the disappearance of several of the fire ladders, the purchase of a horse and wagon for municipal purposes, a request by R. S. Leake to establish a fruit market on the Public Square and a request by J. M. French for permission to put up billboards on the east side of the Park. Mr. French's circus was wintering in Greenfield that year and for several successive years. On June 3, 1861, the matter of a new fence for the graveyard came up. Council discussed "the probable cost of same, the style of fence most suitable and serviceable and the relative merits of oak, poplar and locust posts." On complaint of citizens Council ordered that the Liberty pole on the Public Square be cut down to a height of six feet.

Council made an heroic effort to do something about the streets. With the aid of subscriptions from citizens some improvements were made. The street commissioner was ordered to collect the poll tax which had been established by ordinance on August 14, 1851, requiring every citizen to give two days' labor on the streets or to pay three dollars. Apparently it had never been rigidly enforced. When the commissioner was slow in his collections, Council passed a resolution on March 24, 1868, that "all arrearages of delinquents in reference to working their requisite time on the streets are to be deducted from the salary of the street commissioner." Smallpox invaded Greenfield in 1869. On January 21, Council ordered the Marshal to "barricade the sidewalk on both sides of Mrs. Paxton's boarding house and to notify the boarders

to change their clothes and leave the premises. Also that members of the family be notified to keep indoors and that a suitable person be appointed to bring them supplies."

## 96.

*Newspapers*

The newspapers of Greenfield did not fare very well during the war period. They were poorly printed on poor paper with little advertising and even less local news. The *Greenfield Republican* had less than 200 subscribers when G. W. Sprung purchased the paper in 1865. Its only competitor, the *National Union*, had even less news and advertising. It was published by L. A. Allen in a print shop on the third floor of the Smart building. The paste pot and the shears seem to have been Mr. Allen's chief stock in trade. In one of his issues, he apologizes for the lack of news on the ground that he had just had a visit from his old friend, the "Shakes." Mr. Allen brought the first pool table to Greenfield in 1865. Perhaps he spent more time listening to the click of the ivory balls than in seeking news.

Mr. Sprung continued to publish the *Republican* under its old name for several months. Then he enlarged the paper and changed its name to the *HIGHLAND CHIEF*. He placed his son Rankin in charge as editor and manager. The Sprungs constitute the longest newspaper dynasty in the history of Greenfield journalism. They published and edited newspapers for 35 years. Their only competitor for many years was the *Highland Mail* which was started in 1869 by C. C. Butler but survived for only a year or so.

"We always looked forward with joyous anticipation to the arrival of the *Highland Chief*," said the Oldtimer. "We were always regaled with such thrilling bits of news as, 'Eph Jones has built a new fence in front of his home which adds very much to the appearance of the same.' On one occasion Editor Sprung missed the bus. The *Highland Chief* carried the news that 'Harve Irwin is building a new bay window on his house which adds very much to the appearance of the same.' When we found that Harve hadn't built a bay window, the joke was on the editor. Harve was carrying that bay window around with him, attached to his own person."

The *Highland Chief* records another and final attempt to establish a new county with Greenfield as the county seat. On June 18, 1873, a mass meeting was held on the Public Square with Henry Dickey as the principal speaker. A resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a committee to take up with the state legislature the matter of the creation of the new county. The crowd then voted enthusiastically to hold a basket picnic at the Fair Grounds on the Fourth of July. Naturally the movement to erect

a new county met with strenuous opposition on the part of those counties which would lose a part of their territory. One neighboring newspaper declared that the promoters of the enterprise "showed ears of larger dimensions than ordinary donkeys." It was the last attempt to create the County McArthur. Thereafter Greenfield was content, as one citizen expressed it, to become "the best town in the best county in the best state in the best country in the world."

## 97.

*School Days*

The opening days of the Civil War were days of great excitement to the schoolboys of Greenfield. They watched the recruits drilling in the Park, followed them out to the Fair Grounds when they went into camp and climbed up into the trees along the B & O tracks so as to get a last glimpse of their big brothers as they departed for war. School attendance fell off to an alarming extent. There was no truant officer to bring them in. In some of the grades the attendance fell to 30% in 1861. At the close of the school year, F. W. Pearson, who had charge of the Grammar School, wrote bitterly in his register, "To Jeff Davis, the traitorous rebel, may be attributed the large falling off in attendance during the last six weeks."

Rev. T. H. Herdman continued as Superintendent until 1856 when he was succeeded by E. E. Brown who served until 1866. In that year Rev. J. G. Blair, formerly principal of the Seminary, returned as Superintendent and remained until 1868. He was followed by C. W. Cole who proved a highly efficient Superintendent who believed in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Mr. Cole's record, however, did not remotely compare with that of a certain Headmaster of Eton who tanned the little epidermises of 76 Etonians at a single session. In fact, his reputation seems to rest on a single incident. In the interest of school efficiency, Mr. Cole installed a system of merit cards as a reward for proficiency in studies and perfection in deportment. He announced that every pupil must earn a minimum of three merit cards each month or else —! The boys didn't take the edict very seriously.

One day, it is related, Mr. Cole appeared unannounced at the little schoolhouse on South street and demanded to see the pupils' merit cards. The girls eagerly displayed their cards but many of the boys did not have the required quota. While the teacher sat aghast at every fall of the rod, Mr. Cole proceeded to carry out his original threat. The air resounded with the roars of the boys and the sobs of the sympathetic girls. One boy many years later admitted that he had never had a fistful of aces which afforded so

much satisfaction as his three merit cards. The news quickly spread to the other schools creating a brisk black market in merit cards.

On September 29, 1868, the Board of Education adopted the following rules: "Pupils shall not engage in any games or sports in the rooms or halls, go in and out at the windows, chew gum or tobacco in the school rooms or smoke cigars in or about the buildings, stand or walk on the benches or write on the walls, cut, deface or in any manner injure the school furniture or property." Rules are usually the outgrowth of experience. It is rather shocking to contemplate that pupils ever chewed tobacco or smoked big, black cigars in the class room or around the buildings. It is interesting to note that there is no record that these rules were ever revoked by the Board. It is still extra-hazardous for pupils to indulge in any of those forbidden pastimes.

The old Seminary building soon proved inadequate for the needs of the community. In 1867 the Board purchased the one-story stone building east of the Christian church, often referred to as the Old Seceders church and remodeled it for school purposes. Within a few years additional buildings and rooms were purchased or rented for school purposes. One department was housed in an old shop that stood on the southeast corner of Washington and North streets, another in the second story of the frame building that once stood on the present site of Dr. W. H. Willson's office and a third was located in a small frame building which stood on the site of the First M. E. church.

The close of the war brought a considerable increase of the colored population. We read in the minutes of the Board under date of June 1, 1867: "The Board of Education have bought of Mary Ann Patterson the west half of Lot Number 174 for the purpose of building a schoolhouse for colored citizens for which we have paid the sum of \$52." The site was located on North street not far from Fifth. The first teacher in the new school was Samuel F. Morris, "a man named Reynolds who was originally employed to take charge of the school having left suddenly for parts unknown." No light is thrown on the reason for Mr. Reynolds' mysterious disappearance. A large two-story frame building was erected and served as a school for colored pupils until 1888 when the policy of segregation was abandoned and colored children were admitted to the white schools. Greenfield was one of the first towns in Ohio to abandon racial segregation.

The minutes of the Board of Education reveal some interesting facts. On May 25, 1860, the cost of running the schools for the current year was \$2500. On January 16, 1866, we find the first recorded case of expulsion from the schools. Mr. E. E. Brown, the Principal, was ordered by the Board to exclude two boys "for reasons that are plainly understood by them and us." In 1870 the Board revived the old custom of appointing a committee of citizens

to examine the pupils. Possibly this was responsible for a resolution passed by the Board on April 7 of the same year: "Parents expressing dissatisfaction at their children not being promoted are referred to the Superintendent." There seems to have been some "passing of the buck" in the good old days. It is interesting to contrast the cost of running of the schools in 1860 with the Board of Education's budget for 1954-55 which calls for \$351,885.

## 98.

*Hotels*

Jesse Harper continued to operate the *Harper House* which he had purchased from A. G. Franklin in 1861 until his retirement in 1884 when he sold the property to his son-in-law, Henry L. Dickey. The hotel was continued under various managements until it was torn down in 1901 to make way for the *New Hotel Harper*. Mr. Franklin did not retire from the hotel business. He acquired a two-story frame building on the southeast corner of Washington and Lafayette streets which he operated as the *Franklin House*. It was well and favorably known to the traveling public, its dining room famous for its excellent food and its lobby, with a pot-bellied stove, the favorite gathering place for both travelers and townspeople. We do not know when the building was erected. The plot of ground on which it stood was conveyed by Hugh Smart, Rice Vass and N. M. Pike to Joseph Elder on April 23, 1849.

We find in the reminiscences of Oldtimers vague references to the building in antebellum days. Billy Mains who lived to the ripe old age of 103 years made chairs in a part of the building. There are references to an old shingled shed which extended out over the sidewalk in front of the building and to a cupola on top of it which contained the dinner bell. These had disappeared many years ago. The present generation is familiar with the appearance of the old Franklin House in the days of its advanced age. Long abandoned as a hotel, the old frame building had become a ramshackle firetrap, a picturesque reminder of the days that are no more but a fire hazard to neighboring property, when it was torn down in 1945 by C. A. Kenworthy, the hybrid seed corn man.

Two other hotels were opened to the public in the early Seventies. The *Shimp House* stood on East Mirabeau street on the present site of the James property. It is mentioned in the *Highland Chief* in its account of the dedication of the Town Hall in 1876. Two of the bands which participated in the big band contest were quartered in the *Shimp House*. Later on it was known as the *Woodland House* and was completely destroyed in a spectacular fire about 1887. For several years the basement with its corridors and many

rooms was a favorite rendezvous of neighboring boys who found it an ideal place to play the early equivalent of the "cops and robbers" game.

The Atlantic Hotel was located far out of the business district. It stood on the northeast corner of Summerfield and Washington streets and was built, apparently, for the purpose of attracting visitors who arrived by train. It was a substantial two-story structure built of stone. Both in appearance and in atmosphere it was suggestive of the old time inns and taverns. It had a bar where spirituous liquors were dispensed to an appreciative public. Its atmosphere of conviviality attracted many patrons. A large sign, supported by an iron grill, swung out over the street. As you came up from the depot the sign read "First Chance." As you went down the street toward the depot, it warned the traveling public "Last Chance." Many heeded the warning.

## 99.

### *Village Marshal*

The village marshal has always been a picturesque figure in our highly individualized community, particularly in the days before Greenfield began to assume certain urban airs with uniformed policemen, patrol cars and up-to-date methods of crime detection. The most fabulous of all these village marshals was undoubtedly Fred Marks whose deeds have been celebrated, not in song but in the stories of innumerable Oldtimers who were brought up under the benevolent aegis of his authority. Fred held the position of village marshal in the stormy period which preceded and followed the Civil War. The lot of a law-enforcement officer was not a happy one in those troublous times.

Fred was the only officer in the town. He patrolled the streets by night and day. He settled family disputes, escorted the bibulous home at nights, rounded up the hobos who infested the town and met all the trains so that he might spot suspicious characters as soon as they set foot in town. He acted as janitor at the calaboose and swept out the Mayor's office. He did almost everything from priming the town pump and cutting the grass in the Park to the removal of a dead cat in an adjacent alley. He performed one gratuitous service far "beyond the call of duty." Before the earliest pedestrians could stir abroad on snowy mornings, Fred and his faithful horse had already opened a pathway through the snow drifts.

He was bedeviled by youthful pranksters and the boisterous horseplay of young men. Hallowe'en was always a hectic night in Fred's life for the young scalawags of the village were on the loose. While one band would distract his attention in a distant part of

the town, others would bring their plunder and pile it up on the Public Square. The pile of gates, benches, outhouses, barrels and boxes sometimes outtopped the old *Harper House*. There was one advantage, however, in this arrangement — everybody knew exactly where to look for their missing property the next morning.

Political feeling ran high in those days and partisan rancor was apt to express itself in physical violence rather than in rational argument. There was no such thing as a private fight, everybody joined in. Fred waded into the fiercest affrays with billy-club in hand, dealing and receiving blows with equal indifference. On one occasion he went on horseback to New Martinsburg to make an arrest but the whole neighborhood turned out against him and Fred was obliged to return home without his prisoner, a bloodier but not a wiser man. One Oldtimer relates, "I remember seeing a dozen boys swimming his noble old war-horse around and around in Job's Hole, 'til the stains of the carnage were washed away."

After the new Cemetery was opened, Fred gave up his position as village marshal and became one of the early caretakers. He possessed a natural skill in landscaping and much of the beauty of our City of the Dead can be traced to his indefatigable efforts. Eventually Fred passed on to his reward and was laid to rest in the beautiful burial ground which he had helped to create. Many years later some of the scalawags who had tormented him in the days of their youth erected a monument over his unmarked grave. It is a block of rough-hewn granite with a polished tablet on the front bearing the inscription:

FRED F. MARKS  
October 31, 1817 — October 12, 1897  
Village Marshal — Cemetery Sexton  
Erected in the memory of a  
Faithful Public Servant  
A. D. 1915

100.

### *The Women's Crusade*

We are indebted to the researches of Wilbur McWilliams for a full and explicit account of the most dramatic episode in the history of our community—the Women's Crusade. Contrary to popular belief Carrie B. Nation did not originate the direct or hatchet method of sabotaging the liquor traffic. More than a generation before Carrie's hatchet splashed her name on the front page of every newspaper in America, a band of Greenfield women went on a rampage and wrecked the saloons and drug stores of the town. It was a highly exciting and hectic afternoon but in its entirety the affair covered more than two years and ranged all the way

from stark tragedy to ludicrous slapstick. On September 3, 1864, young William Blackburn was passing the saloon of Newbeck and Hirn when a stray bullet, fired in the saloon, struck and killed him instantly. No arrests were made. When it became evident that the culprit would never be apprehended, many citizens thought that the time for direct action had arrived.

That section of East Main street from the Public Square to Second street had once been a reputable business section but with the passage of the years merchants had removed their shops "up the hill" to the section adjoining the Public Square, leaving East Main street to saloons and disreputable dives. During the turbulent Civil War period, dealers in spirituous liquors had grown increasingly bold and defiant of public opinion. The manner of young Blackburn's death brought to a head the simmering indignation against the saloons. Public wrath was increased by public drunkenness and fights on the streets, wife beatings, sale of whisky to minors and a general flouting of the law. No decent woman could walk along the street without being insulted. Appeals by church groups brought no improvement in law enforcement. On the rainy morning of July 10, 1865, Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Crothers were passing one of the saloons when they were pushed off the sidewalk into the gutter by a loutish drunk. They fled to the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Love, called in a few neighbors and held a council of war. They summoned Mayor John Eckman and told him frankly that they intended to take possession of all the liquor in the town and asked him if he would provide a place to store it in the calaboose. The Mayor did not take their declaration seriously. He was amused at their bizarre proposal and refused to have anything to do with it. He observed facetiously that they might return the liquor to Mother Earth from which it came.

The Mayor was not so amused that afternoon when he saw a group of tight-lipped women emerging from the Free Soil church in battle array. They formed a procession and marched up Main street with Mrs. Young, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Love, who had buried one soldier son, at their head. Behind their leaders the others walked in military double file. The procession stopped at William S. Ling's Drug Store and delivered a combination resolution and ultimatum which declared, "That the ladies of Greenfield are determined to suppress the liquor traffic in their midst. We demand your liquors and give you fifteen minutes to comply with our request or abide the consequences." The startled Mr. Ling merely went inside and locked his door, leaving the ladies outside in the street. The ladies were somewhat nonplussed by Mr. Ling's uncooperative attitude, waited fifteen minutes and then drifted across the street to the Newbeck & Hirn saloon. Forewarned the owners had locked the doors. Someone read the ultimatum but the

doors remained locked. The men in the saloon leered at the women through the windows. There was a growing suspicion among the rank and file of the women that the saloon keepers weren't going to surrender their liquors peaceably. Some of the meeker ones whispered of going home.

A dramatic occurrence turned indecision into determination. Mrs. Drusilla Blackburn cried out, "Here is the place my boy was murdered!" Mary Cool acted first. She smashed a window, climbed in and dared the men to stop her while she unlocked the door. Mrs. Blackburn was the first to enter, then her two daughters. The others followed. From the voluminous clothing of the day, hatchets, axes and hammers appeared and bedlam broke loose. In a few minutes Newbeck & Hirn were out of business. Barrels of whisky and beer were rolled to the sidewalk, the heads knocked in and a flood of assorted liquor filled the gutter and flowed down the hill to old Paint creek. Bottles and jugs were thrown out of the door and smashed on the sidewalk. Suddenly the place was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The owners claimed that their loss was five hundred dollars.

Flushed with accomplishment and victory and, as some afterwards claimed, slightly intoxicated by the fumes of Newbeck's whisky, the women returned to Linn's Drug Store. Linn watched the raid from the second-story window. Without further ado, the ladies smashed the door with their axes and swarmed in. At this point the Mayor arrived and tried to stop the raid. He threatened to prosecute every one of the women under the riot act. The women merely ignored him and proceeded to send Linn's liquors to join those of Newbeck's on the way to the creek. Linn claimed that his stock was valued at \$1100. The women, followed by the irresolute Mayor, proceeded to Dr. Slagle's Drug Store and read their ultimatum. Dr. Slagle promptly surrendered and told the ladies to take his stock which consisted of "four hundred dollars worth of choice liquors." The ladies told Dr. Slagle that they would pay for the liquor at some unspecified future date and expressed their appreciation for his cooperation. Thereupon they threw his stock into the gutters. Eighteen months later Dr. Slagle had received no compensation. At the drug store of Robinson & Norton, the ladies found the door unbarred but Mr. Robinson was standing behind the counter with two drawn revolvers. He declared that he would shoot the first person who touched his liquors. He afterwards declared that one revolver was empty and the other had only two cartridges in it. The sight of the revolvers had a sobering effect on the ladies. Mr. Robinson offered to negotiate a settlement. He would ship the liquor out of town the next day if the ladies would leave quietly and not molest anything in the store. With the guns pointing at them, the ladies accepted the proposition and left. Mr. Robinson kept his word. The liquors were shipped out of town the next day.

The next call was Binder's store. Binder offered the same terms and the ladies accepted. Binder also kept his promise. Then the crusaders entered the saloon of James Morris who had "two hundred dollars worth of bad whiskey." Morris listened to the ultimatum and told the ladies to help themselves. They threw the stuff into the gutters. While the raiders were operating elsewhere, Mrs. Wiedenour, who ran a "drinking parlor" where Zinnecker's barber shop is now located, had time to prepare for the callers. When they arrived, they were told that there was no liquor on the premises. Apparently this was true. They searched the barroom and adjoining drinking parlor without finding any whisky. In the drinking parlor everything seemed to be in pious order, with a Bible and hymn book side by side on the center table. But an inquisitive woman lifted the corner of the red table-cloth which adorned the center table and discovered that the table consisted of boards laid on top of a whisky barrel. Mrs. Wiedenour's whisky promptly went down the hill.

Except for the Mayor no one made any effort to stop the raid. It was reported that Fred Marks, the village marshal, hearing of the raid, had gone fishing. A joyous crowd followed the ladies, some giving advice and encouragement. Three gentlemen who showed the ladies the best method of knocking in the head of a barrel were later arrested as active participants. Others sang an improvised song:

*"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching,  
Don't you hear the hatchets at the door?  
Oh, good Mr. Linn, they are spilling out your gin,  
And you'll never sell to minors any more."*

It was a field day for the chronic inebriates of the community. Appalled at the sinful waste of so much good liquor — it is estimated that between 2500 and 3000 gallons were dumped into the streets — they began salvage operations. Broken bottles and jugs were pressed into service and filled with the liquor flowing down the gutters. It was a rainy afternoon in the horse-and-buggy era and the liquor was somewhat diluted. The women chased the salvage crew, knocking the bottles out of their hands. They managed to consume a lot of liquor, however, in hasty gulps. Some tried to drink directly from the gutters. One woman rushed at one such imbiber and dunked his head in the liquor until he almost strangled. Another drinker who was a great temperance advocate when in his cups joined the women in a frenzy of zeal for their cause. An innocent bystander slipped off the sidewalk and landed in the gutter just as a barrel of beer was being dumped a few feet upstream. He was completely inundated. One shrewd wit, late from the Emerald Isle, outgeneraled two young women who were chasing him down an alley. Balancing the jug upon his shoulders, he loosened his sus-

penders and let them fall at the psychological moment. His timing was perfect. His pursuers fled in consternation.

On the following day, the dealers began criminal action against the raiders, filing their affidavit in Hillsboro as "no officers could be found in Greenfield willing to issue process or to arrest the parties accused." The affidavit was signed by William S. Linn. Warrants were issued for the arrest of fifty-seven of the women participants and for the husbands of eleven as being responsible for the conduct of their wives. They were charged with "having on the tenth day of July, 1865, unlawfully, wilfully and maliciously destroyed the personal property of William S. Linn to the value of \$1100." Constable Manning of Hillsboro served the warrants. The defendants appeared before Squire G. W. Sellers in Greenfield on July 17, pleaded not guilty and waived examination. The case was referred to the common pleas court in Hillsboro. Bonds ranging from \$100 to \$400 were promptly furnished. The Prosecuting Attorney for Highland county was William Harvey Irwin of Greenfield, an acquaintance of all the accused and doubtless sympathetic to their cause. At the October term of court, the Grand Jury had a busy session. It examined 104 witnesses, found 32 bills of indictment but returned no indictment against any of the raiders. In present day terminology it ignored the case. The dealers promptly brought civil action for damages in the name of Linn against approximately the same number of defendants.

Through a series of postponements and legal maneuverings the case did not come before Judge Albert S. Dickey, also from Greenfield, until January, 1867. The ladies who were charged in the suit arrived in Hillsboro by train and were met at the station by most of the population of the town. They were given an enthusiastic reception, taken as guests to the finest homes in the town where they were entertained for the duration of the trial. On the streets and in the court room they were treated as conquering heroines. None of the active leaders of the raid were named in either the civil or criminal actions. Mrs. Blackburn, in particular, would have created too much sympathy for the defense. The array of legal talent included Judge Robert Briggs of Fayette county, young Henry L. Dickey of Greenfield, later a Congressman, Steele who was to become a famous Judge and James Sloan, formerly a judge of the same court, in charge of the case for the plaintiffs. Judge Stanley Matthews was in charge of the defendants' case. Associated with him were young Mills Gardner and William Harvey Irwin.

Judge Sloan was a brilliant man. He must have lived four of the most exasperating days of his eminent career. His adroit questionings brought no results, he could get nothing out of any of the women. He could not discover who instigated the meeting, who conducted it, who wrote the ultimatum or who were present. A

court reporter for a Cincinnati daily wrote, "The testimony of the lady defendants reveals a most perfect Know-Nothingism. It must not be said any longer that females cannot keep a secret. Greenfield would be a good place to start a female secret society." However, Sloan was able with other testimony, including the Son of Erin who had almost sacrificed his pants to save his whisky, that there had actually been a raid, that Linn's property had been destroyed and that at least some of the defendants had had an active part in it.

All of the attorneys had a part in the final arguments. Sloan talked for three hours, Matthews for four. On the night of January 23, the jury retired. Eighteen hours later they returned to the court with a verdict. It awarded Linn \$625 damages. His lawyers' fees had amounted to more than that. The defense immediately gave notice of appeal. The dealers asked for a conference, accepted nominal damages and dropped the suit. As usual in such controversial cases, there had to be a goat. In this instance it was Judge John Eckman. From the evidence it appears that he had made just one mistake. He didn't think the women would do it. Judge Matthews was in fine fettle when he discussed this phase of the case. "The ladies of Greenfield," he said, "had their municipal corporation and, priceless treasure! a Mayor; and in their extremity they sent for this embodiment of municipal authority — the highest functionary within their reach — the Mayor of their little commonwealth." Judge Matthews continued in this vein, castigating the Mayor for his refusal to provide a place for the storage of the liquor and particularly for his sarcastic advice to consign it to Mother Earth. "The idea of spilling the liquor," he continued, "originated in the breast of Mayor Eckman. If Mayor Eckman had been as wise as he looks he would not have said that."

The Women's Raid marks a milestone in the history of the temperance movement. It added a militant note which had been lacking in the past, a religious fervor which is the distinguishing characteristic of all great movements whether they succeed or fail. The crusading spirit of the women of Greenfield was the well-spring from which came the Praying Crusade which was launched in neighboring Hillsboro eight years later from which came the Women's Christian Temperance Union and, still later, the Anti-Saloon League and National Prohibition. The trial of the ladies of Greenfield who had wielded the hatchet and the axe so effectively, fully reported in the papers of the day, dramatized as nothing else could have done the evils of the liquor traffic. The militancy of their methods were not adopted but the militancy of their spirit undoubtedly exerted a tremendous influence on the whole future course of the battle against the saloon.

**TODAY**

*Today  
Slips silently away  
To keep a rendezvous  
With Yesterday.  
And neither I nor you  
Can hold her fast.  
Even while we sigh and say,  
Tomorrow is another day,  
We are Tomorrow's past.*

— F. R. HARRIS

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